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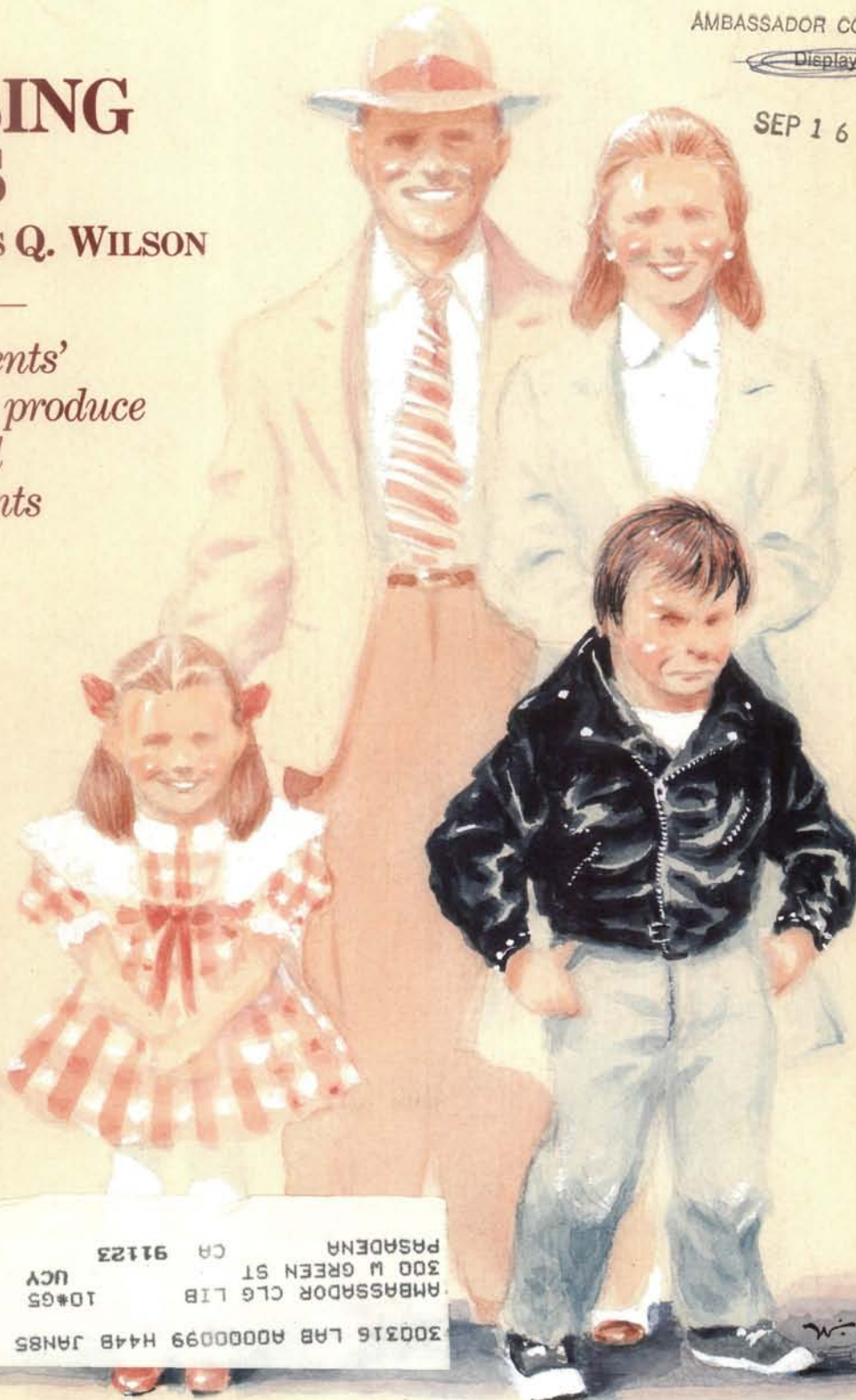
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RAISING KIDS

BY JAMES Q. WILSON

*How parents'
mistakes produce
brats and
delinquents*



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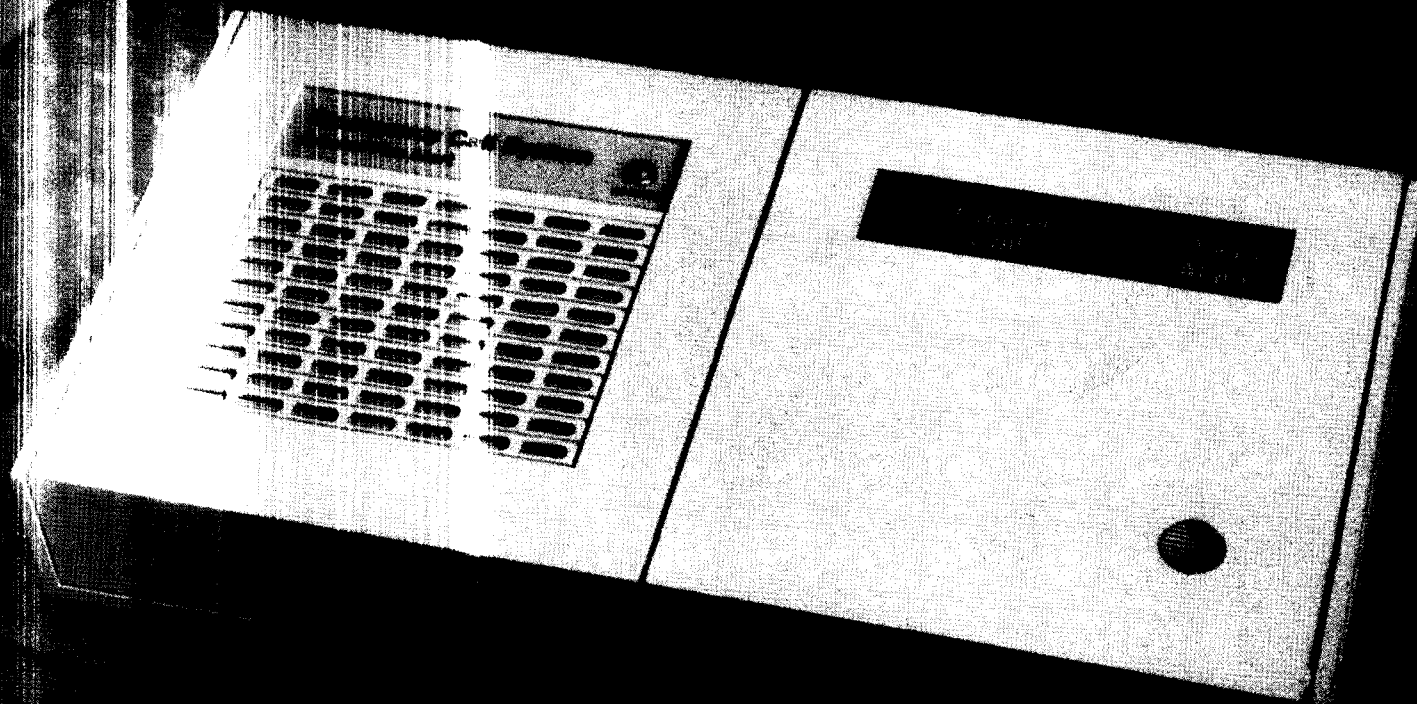
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VOLUME 252 No. 4
OCTOBER 1983



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In Colorado 1-479-3330

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The Atlantic October 1983
Vol. 252 No. 4

Published monthly by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
02116

Second class postage paid at
Boston, Mass., Toronto,
and at additional
mailing offices

Printed in the U.S.A.
Copyright © 1983, by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
(ISSN 0276-3077)

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Postmaster:
Send address changes to
The Atlantic, Box 2546,
Boulder, Colorado 80322.

Cover illustration by Michael C. Witte

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FALLOWS ON ADELMAN

First things first: the drawing on pages 46-47 of Jim Fallows's story on Ken Adelman (July *Atlantic*) had the Foreign Relations Committee all out of order. Instead of Tsongas, Cranston, Pell, Helms, the committee sits Helms, Pell, Cranston, and Tsongas—by seniority and party. Second, and far more important: I fear that Fallows's story was not much more accurate than your artist's drawings.

As an admirer of much of Fallows's past work, it saddens me to see him allow his close friendship with Mr. Adelman to interfere with his responsibilities as a journalist. Fallows may buy Adelman's story about not reading the Rowny memo before passing it on to Robin West, or he may even credit Adelman with thinking through the theological complications of the senators' questions on nuclear war rather than just fearing that any answer was bound to offend the senators or else Administration hard-liners. I suppose that Fallows may even have believed that Adelman's ostensible inability to recall his interview with Ken Auletta, despite the latter's provision of notes and phone records, may have been due to Adelman's "sense of principle," although, for the life of me, I cannot figure that one out. But as a journalist he should provide better evidence than his own (unstated) assumption of Adelman's good will.

It is no coincidence that, as Fallows points out, "only the conservatives seemed no worse off at the end of the fight" (though I strongly object to his characterization of liberal objections to Adelman as "sniping"). The fact is, Ronald Reagan appointed a man to head ACDA specifically in order to weaken its mandate to pursue arms control within the Administration. Completely lacking in the type of stature that had characterized all past directors of the agency, Adelman himself should not be blamed for losing his sense of propriety (not to mention his memory) in pursuit of a job well over his head.

As for Fallows's attempt to portray the ACDA director as a victim of a pro-arms-control witch-hunt, rather than

simply another Reaganesque fox-in-the-chicken-coop appointee, I must wonder what has become of the writer . . . I previously held to be among the most effective in town.

ERIC R. ALTERMAN
Washington, D.C.

James Fallows's sympathetic (poignant?) account of "The Ordeal of Kenneth Adelman" certainly paints Adelman's Democratic detractors as mendacious tricksters, but it begs the point.

Even from Fallows's removed and enlightened perspective, Kenneth Adelman is clearly not the man to be this nation's chief arms negotiator.

Like too many members of the Administration, Adelman does not understand that the flip side of words is action. One simply does not go around muttering inflammatory charges and accusations, especially in as sensitive an area as nuclear-arms control, without expecting that others will interpret sharp phrases as attesting to dangerous intentions. Given that arms negotiations will always be at the center of the media spotlight, whatever the precautions, and that they will become the stuff of which propaganda is made, Adelman's clumsy writings and his clumsier handling of his Senate confirmation hearings suggest that the candidate would engender true misunderstanding in any real setting.

More unsettling yet, however, is Kenneth Adelman's apparent blankness on the existential questions of our time, regarding the causes and outcomes of nuclear war. If he has "no thoughts in that area," he has no business pretending to be an aware citizen, let alone the key American facing a Soviet delegation that surely has some thoughts in that area. He certainly does not represent the Americans with whom I have discussed potential oblivion.

James Fallows may have thought he was doing Kenneth Adelman a good deed, but he has only confirmed a national suspicion: regardless of his age, Adelman is a callow fellow.

ROBERT JACOBSON
Sacramento, Calif.

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Thank you for the article on Kenneth Adelman by James Fallows. Most of your writers have a point of view shining brightly forth, but Mr. Fallows did not. As a result, I feel informed and not propagandized.

W. M. BOLLENBACH, JR.
Ajijic, Mexico

James Fallows replies:

I have learned a lot from the reaction to this article, which has been almost totally party-line. Many friends of the Reagan Administration say it was "fair," "constructive," et cetera. Many of those "committed to arms control" have, as these letters indicate, considered it a bit of outrageous truckling to Adelman. To those who complain, I offer two explanations for our differences in view.

One concerns the value of journalism that explores how something happened, as opposed to what the author thinks should have happened. I have written my share of the "should" articles. In this case, I thought the most interesting and important story was the "how." The episode illustrated the role of the vast Washington subculture of staff assistants and experts; the mechanics of building, maintaining, and losing a reputation in the capital; the way that bitter controversies can rivet the city's attention for weeks or months, and then suddenly blow away. (My principal regret is that I did not explain more about one important aspect of the "how": nomination battles are Washington battles, fought in the Washington press, and I should have told how each side attempted to flog its case through its allies in the press.) In objecting to this approach, the liberals are saying, in effect, that if you take nuclear weapons seriously, you must take the Adelman controversy seriously. I am saying that you can view arms control with the utmost gravity and still feel that the Adelman case is significant primarily as an anthropological study.

The other difference concerns how much Kenneth Adelman really matters. Although I never said so directly, the tone of my article implied that the nation's welfare would not be much affected, for good or ill, by the outcome of this fight. The Reagan Administration's approach to arms control is well known. It proceeds under Adelman as it did under Rostow, and as it would have under the yearned-for Brent Scowcroft, the man Adelman's opponents most often mentioned as the ideal replacement.

In a sense, my supposed "close friendship" with Adelman may account for my view. Because I had met Adelman before, I saw him as typical of a hundred other players of the Washington power/policy game, rather than as the scheming monster (or nincompoop) his opponents saw. I felt better able to explain the strengths and weaknesses he brought to this fight. I did not approach him with horror or awe; to me, he was one more participant in the endless drama in which career and policy are intertwined, one more character from that most illuminating political saga A Dance to the Music of Time.

TRYING TO MAKE CHINA WORK

Ross Terrill's report on China (July Atlantic) is a rare gem. In a world that usually shapes its words to further some unspoken economic or political purpose, Terrill's honest and clear-eyed reportage comes as a welcome relief.

In this account of his latest trip, Terrill says he got the impression that "China doesn't know what it really wants," but that the "unchanging key" is that "the nation is ruled by a Leninist dictatorship that intends to remain such." Yes, Deng's regime is Leninist. Yes, it intends to remain so. But it may not be ruling the nation much longer—precisely because it is Leninist. The original Lenin, in 1921, did exactly what Deng Xiaoping did in 1971: he turned his back on the mandate of envy that creates and sustains every Communist nation; he opted instead for productivity, for the incentive of prospering through one's own labor, for the New Economic Policy. Nine years later his regime was destroyed by Stalin's restoration of the mandate of envy. Lenin's productive kulaks were slaughtered, his political acolytes paraded through show trials into the bloody basements of Lubyanka Prison. They had forgotten that the primary proletarian motive is to see that those productive kulaks don't get ahead of the pack. They had forgotten that primitive masses embrace communism not to increase productivity but to decrease inequality—and to snatch a little prosperity out of the rich man's town house in the process. They had forgotten that a Communist regime must service the mandate of envy or there is no reason for its existence.

At the end of the 1960s, the Chinese

army suppressed Mao's attempt at a Stalinist restoration because Deng Xiaoping held out the promise of national power through modern industrial strength. Now that Deng's great leap into "comprehensive modernization" has proved illusory, the army's solid backing is coming apart at its ideological seams. When it finally unravels, Deng and his acolytes will go the way of their Leninist forebears, and the Chinese masses will wreak terrible vengeance on today's proud, modernist kulaks. But if Ross Terrill reports those events with his usual accuracy, we in the West will understand what's going on a whole lot better than we ever understood Stalin's rise to power in 1930.

CHARLES L. MACK, JR.
Lexington, Mass.

Regarding the July article on China by Mr. Terrill, I must observe that during my recent visit there I was appalled by the difference between what I encountered and what I had expected to see. Instead of people joyously emerging from the sordid mistakes of the "Gang of Four," and gratefully embracing the new economic liberalism of the post-Mao period, I found fear and repression, a people frightened to chat with a foreigner and chained to dead-end lifetime jobs.

Frankly, the cute little articles churned out by reporters based in Peking for American newspapers—stories about opening some musty church for Christmas after thirty years—are an obscene farce. For one billion people, religion is forbidden. I found no temples, religious books, priests, services, or philosophies of religion. Although I read widely, somehow that negative truth had never been stressed.

Let me also praise Mr. Terrill for his courage in admitting that earlier writings of his had failed or needed criticism. He even cites the work. It is a sign he is more interested in writing what he feels is true than in defending a reputation.

BEN BARBER
Cambridge, Mass.

I wonder what China did to deserve such shabby treatment from that end-of-the-rainbow-seeking writer Ross Terrill. His all-round condemnation of the People's Republic of China is hardly befitting a university professor who has been studying that country and its language for as long as he has.

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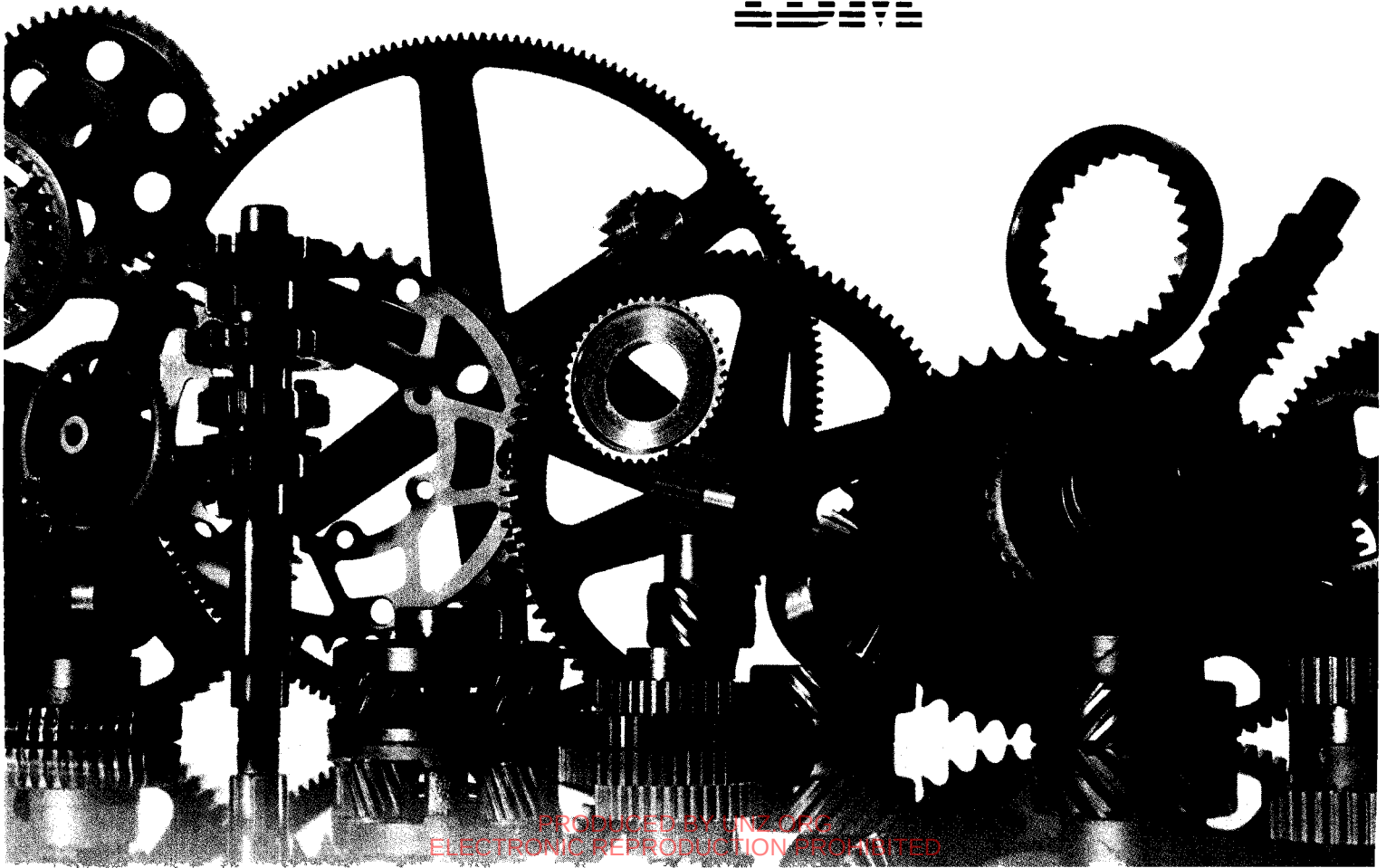
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It is bewildering, to say the least, that Terrill cannot accept at face value China's various political eras. He, like anyone who traveled there in the early seventies, has to bear individual responsibility for being consumed by the country's newness, uniqueness, and charm. Terrill's 1972 book is not some bad dream from which he can suddenly awake. It is a good book that happened to be written during a political period that has since ended.

RICHARD PENDLETON
Boston, Mass.

Ross Terrill replies:

Perhaps I find China more "shabby" than before because China has shown more of itself than it used to. For my verdict I gave reasons and evidence (within the limits of the fact that the editors cut my article by 25 percent), and each reader must weigh these for him or herself. No, I can't "accept at face value China's various political eras" without making a moral and political analysis of them. It bothers me that Peking labels black as white, and I must ask myself what sort of system does this. I appreciate Mr. Pendleton's praise for 800,000,000: The Real China, but I feel my Mao and my forthcoming biography of Jiang Qing better portray the Chinese political system.

There is a gap, as Ben Barber says, between China's image and what China is really like. It existed long before the era of good feelings of the 1970s, and, in a way, it still exists. Beyond any connection with swiftly changing fashions in the United States, it stems from Chinese subtlety in keeping the realms of society and state separate from each other. There are rich and fascinating layers of Chinese life that survive and transcend the dead hand of the Communist system; the Chinese are as skilled at presenting these to the foreigner as they are at preserving them from any profound politicization. Whatever this tells us about Chinese stoicism and the superficiality of Marxism's grip on Chinese minds, it makes the foreign observer's task of aligning the political and nonpolitical realms of Chinese life a tricky one.

I hope Mr. Mack is right, and that the main impact of my work has been to inform my Western readers about China. At any rate, I cling to my independence; the U.S. once denied me a visa because I visited "Communist China" and came back saying it was a going concern, and

China may one day deny me a visa for failing to conform to its truth-of-the-moment. I see less difference between Leninism and Stalinism than Mr. Mack does. Communist political systems have a strong tendency to remain such; the institutions Lenin founded are all too clearly recognizable in the Soviet Union of today. Perhaps Mr. Mack is correct to expect a counterattack against Deng Xiaopingism, launched under the banner of egalitarianism. I feel China's future problems are more likely to arise from the military's reaction to Deng's reform policies and from a growing regional differentiation in that huge land.

I have learned from these and other letters received. We don't have the clear-cut "truth" about China in today's era of skepticism, any more than we had it in yesterday's era of good feelings. China remains a difficult place for foreigners to understand, because of its secretive political system and cultural particularity, and because of our own baggage of assumptions about this nation that is distant yet intriguing to us.

MORE ON ARMS CONTROL

In his article about European arms-control negotiations (August Atlantic), Robert Johansen says: "In forcing the Soviet Union to back down in the confrontation over Soviet missiles in Cuba in 1962, the United States moved Soviet officials to commit themselves to an enormous expansion of their missile force and to vow that such a diplomatic reversal would never happen again." Isn't this a somewhat strained interpretation of the Cuban missile crisis? It suggests that President Kennedy should have argued to himself along these lines: "I must let the Russians deploy their nuclear missiles in Cuba. If they are forced to back down in a military confrontation, they will be so humiliated that—in years to come—they will arm themselves to the teeth so as never to be humiliated again."

At the time of the Cuban missile crisis, the nuclear-missile armaments of both the Soviet Union and the United States were minuscule compared with today. The arms race has generated huge increases in the nuclear capabilities of both superpowers since the early sixties. The race started years before the Cuban missile crisis, and I doubt the Cuban

missile crisis had much effect on the pace at which it has been run; in fact, it is possible that if Kennedy had allowed the Soviet Union to deploy its missiles in Cuba, the arms race since then would have been more keen than it has been. To blame the Soviet Union's present-day nuclear capability on American action during the Cuban missile crisis is ridiculous.

JOCELYN TOMKIN
Austin, Tex.

Robert Johansen replies:

I do not claim that the Cuban missile crisis caused the arms buildup in general. And certainly U.S. actions during the Cuban crisis do not excuse the Soviet military buildup. But they do help explain my point: military threats exacerbate the arms race. The Soviet diplomatic reversal in Cuba deepened the commitment of Soviet leaders to an enlarged arms buildup and probably quickened its pace. The ouster of Nikita Khrushchev as head of the Soviet government and the demise of his promising arms-control initiatives were brought about in part by powerful Soviet military officials angered and humiliated by the outcome of the missile crisis.

This is not to suggest that President Kennedy simply should have accepted the presence of Soviet missiles in Cuba. He most likely could have achieved their removal, and helped curb the arms race in the long run, through a less confrontational resolution of the crisis. The Kremlin might well have given up its missiles in Cuba in return for a U.S. promise to remove aging U.S. missiles from Turkey. Even before the crisis arose, President Kennedy had expressed to his staff his interest in dismantling those missiles. This approach could have prevented Soviet humiliation and might have opened the way for further arms-control measures.

Even if one disputes whether the Cuban missile crisis might have been resolved along different lines, it is difficult to dispute this larger point: military threats, even when posed to counter other threatening acts, stimulate fear, anger, and the determination to arm further. We see this clearly when observing the actions of Soviet leaders, whose military advances inspire U.S. countermeasures. Efforts to curb the arms race require our willingness to turn the same critical eye on the actions of our own leaders, both past and present.

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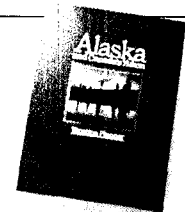
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REPORTS & COMMENT

HOUSING EXAMINING A MEDIA MYTH

The "new poor" and homeless discovered by the press a few months ago seem to have vanished; meanwhile, the real poor still need help



EARLY IN THE winter of 1983, an unsettling story grew to prominence in American newspapers and on television newscasts: hundreds of homeless men and women were gathering in tents near Houston, Texas. Many among them were not solitary drifters but whole families driven to destitution. Over a few weeks, media attention on "Tent City" became so great that dwellers there were compelled to enlist one of their members as public-relations director, to fend off microphone-waving interviewers. Then, one day, a fire destroyed one of the tents, killing a man inside. The county fire marshal ordered the makeshift city abandoned, and it was. The story disappeared.

Was this the early warning of a national problem? Around the time of the Tent City story, newspapers and newscasts carried reports claiming not only that homelessness was increasing at an ominous rate but also that it was reaching into the middle class. *The Los Angeles Times*, for example, warned that "the 'new homeless' are vastly different from those who have populated the nation's skid rows and tenderloins for the last half-century." *The Boston Globe* spoke of the "contemporary homeless," who embodied a "radical change" from the past.

The New York Times referred to the "new poor"; *USA Today* to a "new breed" of homeless people. A *Washington Post* headline declared, "Middle Class: New Victims of Homelessness." These and other stories seemed to suggest that uncountable numbers of once-prosperous people would soon be wandering the streets. The beginnings of the nation's economic recovery may explain why this has not happened, but there is evidence that it was never likely to, even in the early winter of 1983, one of the gloomiest periods of the recession.

Homelessness in this most affluent of countries is an undeniable reality. Estimates of the number of people left homeless range from half a million to 2 million nationwide; there are no exact figures, because those who lack mailing addresses cannot be accurately counted. In New York City, it is estimated that 50,000 people are homeless, and there are only 4,500 shelter beds available to serve them; in Chicago, the estimate is 20,000,

and there are only 1,000 shelter beds; in Phoenix, it is 3,000, and the city has no shelter beds at all. The Salvation Army, which generally comes to mind as the institution most concerned about the homeless, has a total of 28,376 shelter beds nationwide—obviously a scant number in comparison with the country's need.

In the late fall of 1982 and the winter of 1983, the demand for these scarce facilities rose at a dramatic rate—in part, no one doubts, because of the economy. In Seattle, the emergency-housing department reported a 50 percent increase over 1981 in the demand for shelter, and was turning hundreds away; in Boston, at least 200 people a night were sleeping on the floor of the city's biggest shelter, because all the beds were taken. Shelters across the country experienced similar overflows. Yet, although the majority of the news reports about homelessness mentioned these problems, it was the "new homeless" angle—the idea





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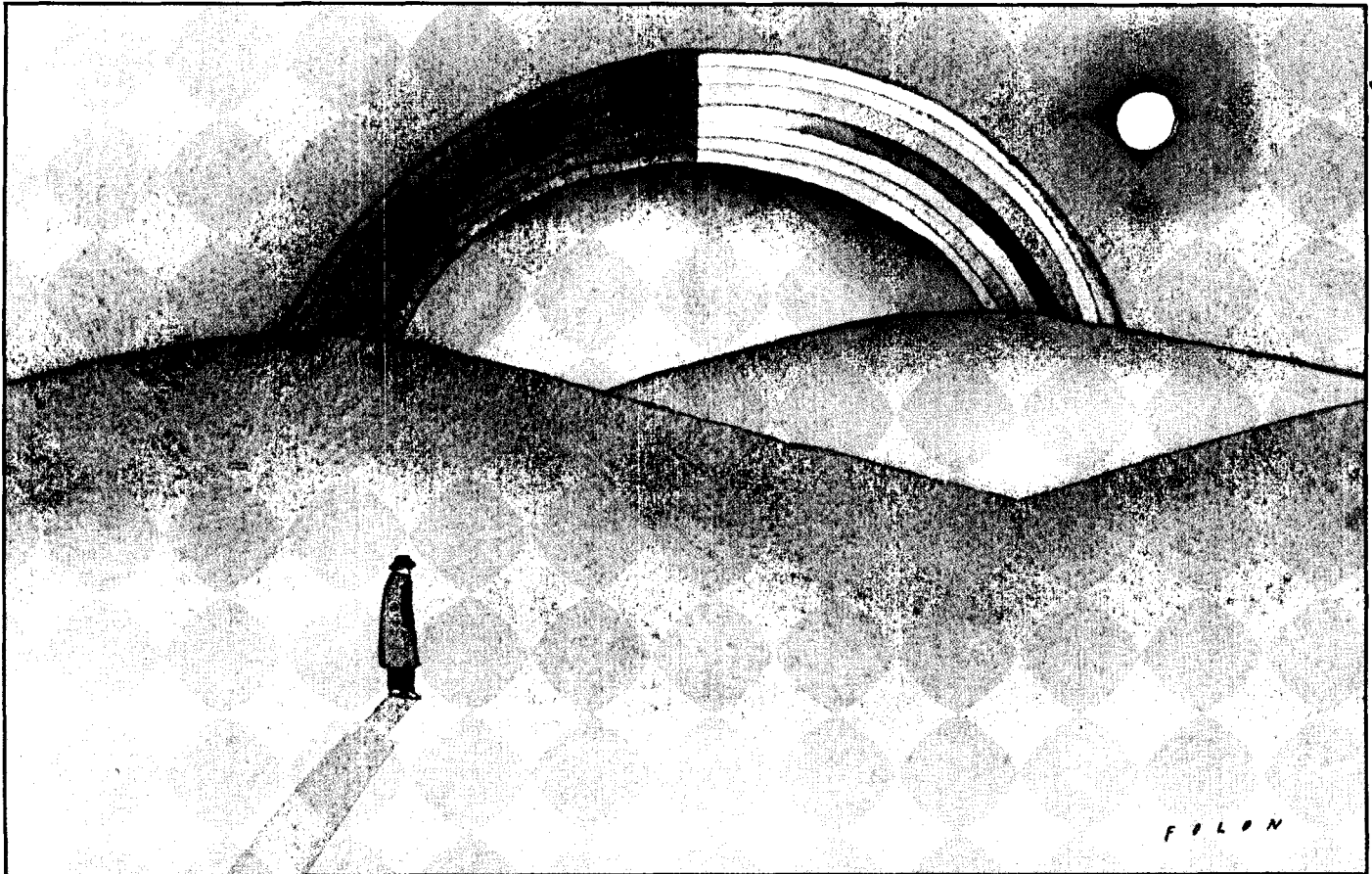
Warm breezes gently lift the gondola over the rainbow and then safely guide it back to earth. It's an experience to remember. Like an E&J Brandy. Enjoy it straight, over ice, or with your favorite mixer. It's the perfect well-deserved moment.

E&J Brandy

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ENERGY OPTIONS

The Practical and The Promising



The energy crises of the 1970's jolted America into greater awareness of alternative energy development. Some of the alternative sources being explored today will play an increasing role in the years to come. The question is, how much will the new alternatives be able to supplement our major energy sources?

Although overall energy demand in the U.S. dropped slightly over the last decade, the use of electricity actually rose more than 20 percent. This electrification trend has gone on throughout the century and is expected to continue. The United States Department of Energy recently reported that "the economy is very likely to turn increasingly to electricity for its energy requirements."

As this reliance on electric energy continues to grow, *all* the resources that can generate electricity are being examined. Some of the alternatives are discussed here. Others, like fusion and ocean thermal energy conversion, may play a role in the more distant future.

Sun, wind, earth, and water

SOLAR. In some respects, solar energy has begun to pay off. For the heating of water, solar systems are now economically competitive in some regions of the U.S. with plenty of sunshine. Also, there are new buildings benefiting from "passive" solar designs. They utilize the sun through nonmechanical means such as skylights and heat-storing rock beds.

For the generation of electricity,

however, solar technologies are in early stages of development. Although some limited uses are being made, solar electricity is still too expensive for widespread practical use.

One possible system is the solar-thermal electric station, or "power tower." A small solar-thermal plant in the Mojave Desert uses a large field of mirrors to track the sun and focus its heat onto a centrally mounted steam boiler that drives a turbine-generator.

Another solar electric technology is photovoltaics. It uses silicon or other semiconductors to convert the sun's rays directly into electricity. Researchers are working on increasing the efficiency and reducing the high costs of photovoltaics.

WIND. Wind power, like many alternative energy sources, depends on geography. It is most promising in the Great Plains, in mountain passes,

and along coastal areas, where winds are strong and steady.

Some of the larger wind projects have had problems. But they are being addressed, and utility companies today are involved in well over 100 wind-power research projects. California's Energy Commission has



Reliability and strength of the wind play an important role in the location of "wind farms" like this one in Altamont Pass, east of San Francisco. Wind generators are spread over hundreds of acres of land.

predicted a wind-power potential of 1000 megawatts for the state by the year 2000, if current trends continue. That's the equivalent of one major electric power plant, or approximately 2 percent of the state's present electrical capacity.

GEOTHERMAL. The internal heat of the earth is another energy source. Geothermal energy is captured from hot water or steam created by hot or molten rock. 1300 megawatts of geothermal electric capacity are now available in this country, mostly in California.

HYDRO. Falling water generated almost 14 percent of the nation's electricity last year. Most U.S. sites for large-scale hydro projects are already in use, but there is potential for further development of low-head or "minihydro": the use of small and medium-sized dams, either newly built or upgraded. By 1985, there may be about 400 new small-scale hydro projects, largely in the Northeast. Like other energy sources, though, hydro has limitations. These include the environmental changes that can be caused by damming a river, as well as the uncertain reliability of power that is fed by rain and snow.

BIOMASS. This term refers to a wide variety of fuel sources, including plant and animal waste, wood, algae, and garbage. The largest user of biomass in the U.S. today is the forest products industry, which gets about 50 percent of its energy from wood wastes. Another form of biomass is

methane gas produced from decaying organic materials.

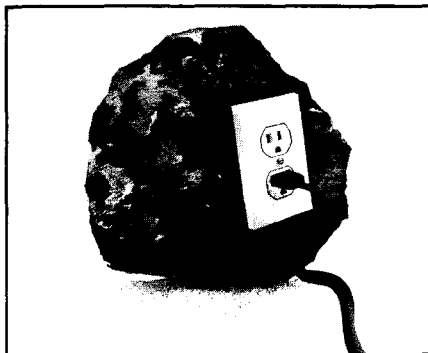
Energy sources we can count on today

Some of our important energy options involve not new production technologies but more efficient ways of delivering and using energy. So conservation methods, including industrial cogeneration, will also help meet our energy needs.

With all of America's energy alternatives, it's easy to forget how much of our electric power will still be generated from conventional fuels. The Department of Energy projects that by the year 2000, over 80 percent of the country's total electricity generation will still come from the abundant domestic resources of coal and uranium.

Oil and natural gas are more valuable fuels for transportation and manufacturing than for burning in power plants. Also, these fuels, especially oil, are subject to uncertainties over price and future supply.

On the other hand, we have enough coal to last hundreds of years. Coal will remain our dominant



We have enough coal in the U.S. to last hundreds of years. It is estimated that by 1990, electric utilities will be burning over 780 million tons of coal a year to supply more than half of America's electricity.

source of electricity. And advanced technologies such as coal gasification and fluidized-bed combustion are creating new ways to burn coal cleanly.

To secure a well-balanced supply of energy, America is also relying on nuclear power. Aside from the 80 plants already generating nuclear electricity in the U.S., 56 more have been granted construction permits by

ELECTRIC UTILITY ENERGY CONSUMPTION (Quadrillion Btu's per Year)

	1981	1990	2000
COAL	12.7	17.6	23.5
NUCLEAR	2.9	7.3	9.2
HYDROPOWER	2.8	2.2	2.7
NATURAL GAS			
OIL			
GEOTHERMAL, BIOMASS			
SOLAR, WIND			

Source: *Energy Projections to the Year 2000, July 1982 Update*, U.S. Department of Energy, 8/82.

The Department of Energy foresees sizable growth for both nuclear energy and coal in this country's electrical future.

the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission. And they are being built.

A steady and secure supply of electricity is critical for a healthy economy. Some of the alternative energy sources discussed here may eventually become significant contributors to America's electrical supply, depending on what part of the country you live in. Some may not. Whatever the future holds, we need to take advantage of the domestic energy resources already within our reach. We need to understand not only the electricity potential of tomorrow, but the electricity realities of today.

For a free booklet on *Energy Options* and the electrical future of America, send this coupon to:

U.S. Committee for Energy Awareness
P.O. Box 37012
Washington, D.C. 20013

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Information about energy America can count on today

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that middle-class families were being tossed onto the street—that captured the most attention. And it is in this emphasis that the reports turn out to be, by and large, mistaken.

THE ALARMS ABOUT middle-class homelessness tended to be based chiefly on statistics compiled by the Mortgage Bankers Association of America, the national trade group of mortgage lenders. The MBA's statistics, considered superior to those of any government-compiled source, are drawn from a quarterly survey of banks that together hold some 8 million home loans, or roughly a third of the total 27 million such loans that are institutionally written. Mortgage holders are at the core of the middle class. They have mustered enough economic success to handle the payments on their houses, but not enough to buy the houses outright; many live at the edge of their loans.

Through 1982, the MBA's delinquency rate—the percentage of homeowners behind in their mortgage payments—rose. So, too, did a much more fearsome statistic: the “foreclosure inventory”—the percentage of home loans on which a formal foreclosure action has been taken. The foreclosure inventory in 1982 was the highest since the Depression.

Clearly, many people last year were having problems with their mortgages. But did the MBA's statistics necessarily portend a dramatic increase in homelessness? Though the delinquency rate did worsen, it rose by only a fraction of a percentage point, from 5.35 percent at the beginning of 1982 to 5.70 percent at the end. Moreover, inspection of the MBA's records shows that delinquency has risen frequently since 1960; for example, at the start of that year the rate was 2.22 percent, and at the end 2.66 percent. The population has grown by 26 percent since 1960, but over the same period homeownership expanded by 58 percent; it is not surprising that people who have trouble affording a mortgage should have been included in the growing population of buyers. Nevertheless, the actual foreclosure statistics are not particularly frightening. Although this rate was, in truth, higher at the end of 1982 than at any other time since the Depression, it was only 0.67 percent, or one in 150 houses. At the beginning of 1982, the rate was 0.53 percent. In other words, the perception of a trend toward a new class of homeless people was

based on an overall shift of 0.14 percent. Foreclosure inventories, like delinquency rates, have been rising since the 1960s, and they have been high in several years that were not considered to be periods of economic emergency. In 1964, for example, the foreclosure inventory was 0.41 percent; in 1972, it was 0.52 percent.

Of course, if you torture statistics, they will confess to anything. Stated as “0.67 percent,” or “one house in 150,” last year's foreclosure rate does not appear to warrant much concern. But stated as 180,900 threatened households (0.67 percent of 27 million mortgages), the rate seems dangerous. To put these figures in perspective, it is necessary to know more.

Few news stories mentioned that the MBA's mortgage survey is slanted toward government-backed Federal Home Administration and Veterans' Administration loans. Because FHA loans can be obtained with a small down payment, and VA loans with no down payment at all, they traditionally suffer higher delinquency and foreclosure rates than bank-backed, conventional mortgages. The MBA's foreclosure inventory on these conventional loans, which make up the bulk of the country's mortgages, was 0.27 in the first quarter of 1982 and 0.39 in the last.

Then, too, few stories mentioned that there are more houses in the U.S. without formal mortgages than with them. The 27 million outstanding mortgages cover not quite half of the 60 million single-family houses counted by the Bureau of the Census in 1981. Millions of houses are owned outright; their residents are in no immediate danger of being displaced. Also, millions of houses are financed informally by sellers; according to housing experts, sellers are far less likely than banks to attempt to foreclose on loans.

Most important, few stories mentioned that foreclosures are not the same as evictions. The MBA speaks of a foreclosure “inventory” because houses whose mortgages are in foreclosure may remain in financial or legal snarls for years, during which time their owners continue in residence. Once the foreclosure starts, the owner might stall until his or her financial circumstances improve, re-finance the outstanding debt, or voluntarily sell the house to recover the investment. Unfortunately, there is no national statistic on the relationship

between foreclosure and home loss, nor is there any national statistic on evictions. But Thomas Harter, the MBA's chief economist, says that his studies indicate that only between 30 and 50 percent of all foreclosures begun are ever seen through. When the real-estate market is slack, bankers are more likely to let the owners of houses in foreclosure remain where they are, in hopes that the bank will eventually receive some payment, than to throw them out and risk getting nothing because no buyer can be found.

Of course, someone who voluntarily sells a house to escape foreclosure is still losing it, and is surely suffering a loss in standard of living; the owner may even be starting on the downward spiral toward homelessness, but that fate is still some way off. Because the much-cited foreclosure inventory does not necessarily reflect home loss, some feel that a better measure of the condition of the middle class is the MBA statistic for foreclosures that are beginning. This figure, however, would not have served the “new homeless” analysis, because it hardly moved in 1982; it was 0.20 percent in the first quarter and 0.22 percent in the last. In fact, the rate of new foreclosures was higher during the recession of 1973 and 1974, when it hovered at between 0.24 percent and 0.25 percent, than it was in 1982. This year, the rate is averaging 0.20 percent.

GIVEN THE IMPRECISION of the delinquency and foreclosure statistics, were there other ways to determine whether or not the “new breed” story was correct? Probably. One might have been the housing-vacancy rate. If middle-class people were, in fact, being driven to the streets in unusual numbers last year, apartments and houses should have been becoming vacant at a rapid rate. Vacancy statistics, however, do not show this. According to the housing division of the Bureau of the Census, home vacancy at the beginning of 1982 was 1.4 percent, and at the end it was 1.6 percent. Rental vacancies, likewise, changed little, beginning the year at 5.3 percent and increasing only to 5.5 percent by the last quarter. In many cities where homelessness was said to be a special problem, vacancy rates were even lower: less than one percent for all dwellings in New York City, and slightly under 2 percent in Baltimore (where the estimate of homeless people runs as high

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as 8,000) and in Salt Lake City (with an estimate of 1,000 people homeless).

Various surveys conducted by emergency-service agencies in the fall of 1982 provide no evidence of a surge in the numbers of middle-class homeless people. New York City's Human Resources Administration surveyed 681 new arrivals at city shelters. Of this group, only 11.7 percent came because they had been evicted by a landlord, and no one had been evicted as a result of foreclosure. The Greater Baltimore Shelter Network found that 3.6 percent of the city's homeless were arriving because of court-ordered eviction from a house or rental apartment. The District of Columbia's Department of Human Services found that only 10 percent of the people in shel-

Through the course of the hearing, the subcommittee also listened to forty-five expert witnesses—shelter operators, local housing officials, mayors, Salvation Army officers, community volunteers—all of them sympathetic to the plight of the homeless. Yet only one of these witnesses professed to believe that middle-class homelessness was a severe problem, and only a handful so much as mentioned the subject. Most spoke mainly of the expansion of homelessness among its traditional victims: the uneducated, the mentally ill, poor people who have never known wealth. The six homeless people who testified before the subcommittee about their plight were found and persuaded to appear by Mitch Snyder, a member of Washington's Commu-

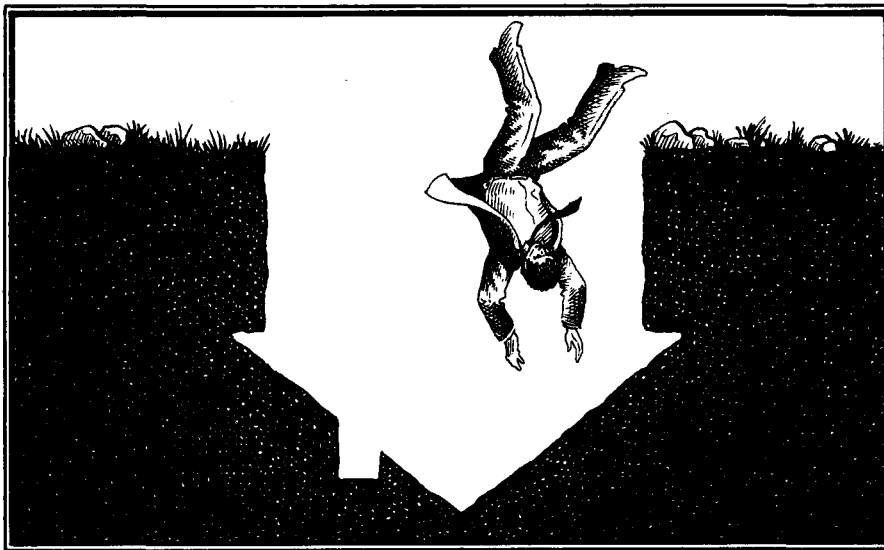
Pentagon listed 565 buildings, most of them Army Reserve facilities in downtown areas, that cities could have largely for the asking. Exactly three of the 565 buildings were put into use. The federal Department of Housing and Urban Development offered 900 structures, and only three of these were taken. "Most of the cities told us they either didn't have a problem or didn't want to deal with it," Gerald Kauvar, the director of the Pentagon shelter effort, says. Once the weather turned warm, and the economy seemed to improve, the reports about a homeless wave from the suburbs ceased.

THOUGH THE MIDDLE class may not be in special jeopardy regarding a place to live, and though available shelters may be sitting idle, neither fact ought to suggest that homelessness is not an intolerable problem. It is. But to help the homeless, it is necessary to understand who they are.

Many, of course, are victims of unemployment, though at the bottom of the job ladder, not on its middle rungs. Most studies show that the fastest-growing categories of new arrivals at city shelters are the young and women—groups that have the hardest time finding jobs in a contracting economy. For the young of all races and both sexes, the situation is particularly poignant. Many are going straight from childhood to street life, with no hope of a job, much less of a home to lose.

Other homeless people are victims of government neglect and social-service cutbacks (and some of the cutbacks, it turns out, are as likely to be sponsored by liberals as by conservatives). Over the past two decades, many believe, more needy people have been left to wander the streets as a result of the "deinstitutionalization" of patients in state mental hospitals than for any other single reason. In 1955, 559,000 patients were cared for in state-run mental hospitals nationwide. By 1979, the total had fallen to 146,000. Since 1963, the Veterans Administration has cut back on its housing of mental patients by 59 percent, to 24,000 patients as of 1980.

Needless to say, the conditions in most state mental hospitals have long been dismal. It was in reaction to their bleakness that liberal politicians and legal foundations began to demand, via legislation and lawsuits, that the "warehousing" of indigent mental patients end and that the nonviolent mentally ill be re-



ters were neither drawing payments from the federal Aid to Families with Dependent Children program (the welfare source most closely associated with painful need) nor eligible for them.

A hearing held last December by the housing subcommittee of the House Banking Committee, which has jurisdiction over federal housing law, helped to catalyze the profusion of "new homeless" stories. This was the first congressional hearing on homelessness since the Depression year of 1933; thus it served as an obvious (and legitimate) news hook. The subcommittee presented as witnesses six homeless people, all from middle-class or near-middle-class backgrounds. Their testimony, eloquent and desperate, would have touched the hardest hearts. It became the centerpiece of many of the stories that played up middle-class home loss.

nity for Creative Non-Violence, a volunteer group that seeks to care for the dispossessed. Snyder says that he chose those six witnesses precisely because they were *not* typical of the homeless—because, owing to their backgrounds, they were willing and able to express themselves before Congress. But in the subsequent press reports, they were treated as typical. "The middle-class factor was the most attractive media angle, and everybody picked up on it," a congressional aide instrumental to the hearing says.

In late winter, as temperatures fell and concern for the homeless increased, Congress appropriated \$100 million in emergency aid, and the White House announced a new program: it would offer vacant federal buildings as temporary shelters. This announcement was a page-one story nationwide. Soon the

NASA at 25

The Soviet launch of the first man-made satellite in 1957 galvanized the attention of the world—and gave America reason to pause. The space age had been born with America only as a spectator.

Stunned by the Soviet achievement, the U.S. marshaled its national resources to meet the new challenges of space. To ensure that in the future we would not lag behind in scientific know-how, Congress began a crash program in support of education. To meet the immediate challenge, Congress created the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to direct a concerted American effort in space. Although we may have squandered the educational lead the crash program gave us, NASA has served America well in the quarter century since its birth.

NASA deserves much of the credit for meeting and then quickly surpassing the Soviet achievement in space. NASA has reached out to the planets and has begun to explore the universe. It has fulfilled what was once a dream of the ancient world and then a national goal for the United States: "land a man on the moon and return him safely to earth before the end of the decade." President Kennedy stated that goal in 1961 and since then 12 Americans have walked on the moon. No other country

has sent even a single person there.

The research and scientific discoveries spearheaded by NASA have pushed technology forward, improving the quality of life, raising the standard of living, generating entirely new industries, and creating new jobs. So fundamental and so profound have been NASA's achievements that they quickly became part of our everyday life and have since been taken for granted.

Perhaps even more important than the myriad of practical applications is NASA's impact on the intellectual and spiritual well being of the nation. We are no longer a spectator in the space age. America is a full participant—indeed the leader. And this participation has fortified our national resolve, renewed confidence in our national purpose, and enriched the spirit of our times.

NASA mobilized the talents of science, industry, the universities, and government, advancing knowledge of our universe further than in all previous history. In doing so, NASA has set the standard for American efforts to compete across the whole spectrum of advancing technologies.

In this 25th anniversary year of NASA's birth, Americans should pause and reflect upon the great achievements and national pride that our space agency has brought about.



DRUNK DRIVIN

A national survey to help you evaluate your state. Compiled by the property and casualty insurance industry.



The drunk driver kills thousands of Americans a year, and injures more than half a million. This series of anti-drunk driving advertisements is dedicated to reducing this toll. Its purpose: to serve as a rallying point for the thousands of individuals and many organizations actively fighting drunk driving in America today. All data are as of August 1, 1983.

State	Drinking age	1st offense license suspensi
Alabama	19	90 days
Alaska	21 (1/84)	90 days (10/83)
Arizona	19	30 days
Arkansas	21	90 days-1 yr.
California	21	None
Colorado	21; 18, 3.2 beer	1 yr. (.15 BAC)
Connecticut	20 (10/83)	6 mos. (10/83)
Delaware	21 (1/84)	3 mos.
District of Columbia	21; 18, beer & wine	6 mos.
Florida	19	6 mos.
Georgia	19	1 yr.
Hawaii	18	90 days
Idaho	19	180 days
Illinois	21	1 yr. max.
Indiana	21	60 days-1 yr.
Iowa	19	120 days
Kansas	21; 18, 3.2 beer	Limited use
Kentucky	21	None
Louisiana	18	60 days
Maine	20	45-90 days
Maryland	21	60 days max.
Massachusetts	20	30 days-1 yr.
Michigan	21	6 mos.-1 yr.
Minnesota	19	30 days
Mississippi	21; 18, 3.2 beer	90 days-1 yr.
Missouri	21	90 days
Montana	19	6 mos.
Nebraska	20	6 mos.
Nevada	21	90 days
New Hampshire	20	90 days
New Jersey	21	6 mos.
New Mexico	21	None
New York	19	6 mos.
North Carolina	21; 19, beer & wine	1 yr.
North Dakota	21	91 days
Ohio	21; 19, beer	60 days
Oklahoma	21	1 yr.
Oregon	21	1 yr.
Pennsylvania	21	1 yr.
Rhode Island	20	3-6 mos.
South Carolina	21; 18, beer & wine	6 mos.
South Dakota	21; 18, 3.2 beer	30 days
Tennessee	19	1 yr.
Texas	19	1 yr. max.
Utah	21	90 days
Vermont	18	1 yr.
Virginia	21; 19, beer	6 mos.
Washington	21	90 days
West Virginia	19	6 mos.
Wisconsin	18	3 mos.
Wyoming	19	90 days

Note: 1. Higher of "presumed intoxicated" or "defined as intoxicated" BAC number
2. REDDI = Report Every Drunk Driver Immediately

America is at war. In every state, the battle is on against drunk driver.

How does your state measure up? Many states have reduced fatalities by increasing the drinking age. Or adopted proven deterrents such as roadside sobriety checks and suspended licenses.

In most states, organizations such as Mothers Against Drunk Drivers

G IN AMERICA

State task force	Blood Alcohol Concentration (BAC) defining Driving While Intoxicated (DWI)	MADD, SADD and RID chapters	Pending legislation	Existing measures
No	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		Dram shop liability (statute holding retail server of alcohol responsible for its consequences)
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD	Mandatory rehabilitation	
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD	Simplified legislation to clarify laws	Toll-free number to report DWI suspects
Yes	0.15	MADD, SADD, RID	Drinking age 21; revocation 0.10 BAC	REDDI ² line; admin. lic. revocation; dram shop
Yes	0.10	SADD, RID		liability
Yes	0.10	MADD, SADD		
No	0.10	SADD		
Yes	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		Statewide rehabilitation program
Report issued	0.12	MADD, SADD, RID	Drinking age 21; dram shop liability	
Report issued	0.10	SADD		
No	0.10	SADD, RID		Toll-free REDDI hot line
No	0.10	SADD, RID		Dram shop liability
Yes	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		
Report issued	0.13	MADD, SADD, RID	Drinking age 21; REDDI program	Toll-free line; CB radio watch; Dram shop liability
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID	Driving while impaired 0.05-0.10 BAC	REDDI hot line
Yes	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		
Yes	0.10	MADD, SADD		Mandatory education and community service
Yes	0.10	SADD		
Report issued	0.13	MADD, SADD		
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID	Drinking age 21	Dram shop liability
Yes	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		Dram shop liability
Yes	0.10	MADD, SADD		Dram shop liability
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		
Yes	0.13	MADD, SADD, RID		REDDI program; administrative license revocation
No	0.10	SADD		Montanans Against Drunk Drivers organization
Yes	0.10	MADD, SADD	Age 21; open container; license revocation	REDDI program; trooper incentive program
No	0.10	MADD, SADD		New law: 2 days in jail or 48 hours of public service
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		
No	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		\$1,000 license surcharge for convicted drivers
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD		
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD	Blood test for drivers in serious accidents	"STOP DWI" education program; dram shop
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		Limited dram shop liability
Yes	0.10	MADD, SADD		Dram shop liability
Yes	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID	Education program for first offenders	REDDI program; dram shop liability
No	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID	BAC to .05; breath tests for serious accidents	
Yes	0.08 (10/83)	MADD, SADD		Dram shop; REDDI program; CB reporting system
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		Dram shop liability
No	0.10	MADD, SADD		Toll-free hot line; Dram shop liability
Yes	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID	Drinking age 20 (beer & wine); open container law	
No	0.10	SADD		
No	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		Mandatory education requirement
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		Hot line program
Report issued	0.08	SADD, RID		Dram shop liability
No	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		Drinking age 19 vetoed by governor; dram shop
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD		
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD		Toll-free hot line; CB radio reporting system
Report issued	0.10	MADD, SADD		Administrative license suspension
No	0.10	MADD, SADD, RID		Dram shop liability
No	0.10	SADD	Drinking age 21; BAC .08; no plea bargaining at .10	Toll-free REDDI hot line; Dram shop liability

(MADD), Students Against Drunk Driving (SADD) and Remove Intoxicated Drivers (RID) are working effectively with legislators to fight drunk driving.

Most important are changes in the attitudes that once condoned drunk driving. The results of these changes in the form of new legislation, stricter enforcement and reduced death tolls are already a hopeful sign.

What can you do in your state?

Begin by reading our report, *Drunk Driving: A Killer We Can Stop*. It explains what every one of us can do to help. We'd like to send you a copy free of charge, as well as additional material to help you do something about drunk driving.



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- ☐ A copy of *Drunk Driving: A Killer We Can Stop*.
- ☐ A list of organizations active in my state.
- ☐ Your bibliography on drunk driving.

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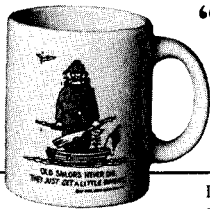
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leased. In this demand, liberals found conservative allies, who favored the emptying of state hospitals as a way of reducing government expenses. But while "freedom" has been won for the mentally ill, it is often only the freedom to shiver on the street.

"It is generally accepted that at least a third of the people now in city shelters have extensive histories of psychiatric hospitalization," Kim Hopper, a researcher for the National Coalition for the Homeless, told the congressional subcommittee. The chronically mentally ill have little hope of employment; many have slight awareness of what is going on around them, or even the capacity to take their medication, assuming some agency has managed to keep track of them to supply it.

Finally, many of the homeless are victims not of the recession but of prosperity. They are outcasts of the urban rebirths of the 1970s, the former residents of rooming houses, or, as they are called by social workers, "single-room-occupancy" (SRO) hotels. When cities began to seek ways to attract the booming travel and convention industries, they needed space for large new hotels and convention centers. The developers naturally looked for whatever low-value property was obtainable, and that was often an SRO. As a result, in the past decade San Francisco has lost 10,000 residential hotel units to urban renewal; New York has lost 31,000; the number of SRO hotels in Denver dropped from forty-five in 1976 to seventeen today. When SROs are demolished, their residents—who can barely afford to live in them as it is—have no place to go. As an economic proposition, urban redevelopment makes sense, but, like many sensible economic propositions, it exacts a social cost.

Community activists are finding themselves painted into a corner, obliged by their consciences to oppose job-enhancing developments and to favor the preservation of seedy flophouses. Groups in Portland, Oregon, for instance, have fought valiantly against development of the city's run-down Burnside district, a haven for alcoholics and panhandlers. The desire to preserve a place like Burnside is nonsensical unless the interests of the potentially homeless are taken into account.

Several federal programs to improve SROs and similar poverty-line dwellings exist, but the renovations are extremely

expensive, considering what they achieve. The Department of Housing and Urban Development funds projects, but also demands that all HUD-sponsored work be done to its specifications, which are generous in intent but restrictive in effect. HUD typically requires that rehabilitation be "substantial"—that each new unit have a separate kitchen and bathroom, and other features to bring it near to a middle-class standard. The regulations also specify that all federally sponsored work be done in accord with the Davis-Bacon Act, which generally stipulates that construction workers be paid at the top of union wage scales. As a result, HUD-sponsored rehabilitations cost between \$50,000 and \$100,000 per unit, while privately administered projects cost about one tenth as much. HUD recently underwrote the renovation of an SRO in San Francisco, the Padre Hotel, at a cost of \$80,000 per unit. In the process of meeting HUD codes, the number of units in the building was reduced from a hundred to forty-one, diminishing the poverty-level housing stock by fifty-nine in the act of preserving it. Another SRO hotel, the Aarti, in the same neighborhood of San Francisco, was improved without federal funds. The Aarti's renovation cost per unit is \$8,000, and the total number of dwellings in the building will decline by only eight, from fifty to forty-two. The Aarti lacks some features of the Padre—for example, it has common kitchens while the Padre has one per unit—but it is in other respects the same. In Portland's Burnside district, one HUD-sponsored SRO renovation (the Butte Hotel) was granted a waiver from the usual standards—chiefly, the requirement that a bathroom be installed in each unit was dropped—and project costs fell from \$40,000 to \$9,350 per unit. Of course, it would be ideal if all public housing could be improved to achieve HUD's standards, but this would also be prohibitively expensive. A by-product of this expense is that nearly all cities report a shortage of public or low-income housing, and long waiting lists to enter what housing is available.

"If HUD would loosen the restrictions nationwide, we could save a vast amount of money and do more for the poor," Bradford Paul, the director of the North of Market Planning Coalition, a community group in San Francisco, says. The Reagan Administration came to office ideologically committed to the elimination of direct federal funding of public

MICHAEL V. KORDA

GUNS ARE NOT THE PROBLEM.

There is a general assumption that urban intellectuals are "anti-gun." I suppose it's true, up to a point—but there are exceptions, and I'm one of them. Actually, I think there are probably a lot more exceptions than most people imagine. The problem is one of hypocrisy.

I know plenty of people in the liberal media who take a strong anti-gun position professionally—but will confess privately that they enjoy hunting (or did when they were kids), own rifles and shotguns and, in some cases, even carry a pistol for self-defense (with a license, I hasten to add).

This is hardly surprising. People come to the city to succeed, to "make it" in the "big-time," but they bring with them the memories and the pleasures of growing up elsewhere, where life is simpler, and those memories and pleasures, for many, include guns. They discover very quickly that an interest in guns (and to a lesser extent in hunting) do not represent popular attitudes in the urban elite. There is enormous social pressure, in academia, the media, among many "liberal" businessmen and politicians, against gun ownership—indeed, in many places where these worlds meet, an interest in guns is a social stigma, the kind of thing that produces instant hostility, even incredulity. So those who *do* like guns, keep quiet about it.

In fact, in New York City, when a recent court order made the names of pistol license owners a matter of public record, it was enlightening to see the way in which some of the more distinguished members of the media and the business elite tried to prevent their names from being quoted in the newspapers as pistol owners—myself, frankly, among them.

Those with a taste for irony may be amused to note that the Chairman of the Board of a major newspaper, perhaps the leading and most powerful voice against ownership in the United States, was also revealed to be a gun owner, as were several of the TV news celebrities of the major networks, which take an unyielding anti-gun position on the air. It's tough to swim against the tide. I know one media superstar who hunts and has even taken a combat pistol course, but wouldn't admit to it in public any more than he would confess to a case of herpes. In the years since the Kennedy assassination, gun ownership, among the urban elite, has come to be regarded with a certain degree of fear and loathing.

Those of us who are gun owners have to stand up and be counted. But we also have to explain—patiently and with due regard for the fact that guns are a charged issue to many people—that civilian disarmament is *not* the answer to crime, that the shooting sports are one of the oldest of American traditions and that there is nothing necessarily wrong in gun ownership.



MICHAEL V. KORDA IS AN EDITOR AND AUTHOR OF *CHARMED LIVES AND WORLDLY GOODS*.

A few generations ago, most Americans grew up around guns, and learned something about them at some point in their lives. This is no longer true. More people live *in* the big cities than outside them, and their only exposure to guns may be in crime situations. At the same time, our young men no longer

perform military service. The rise of women to positions of power and influence has further complicated the issue, since women in general are less "interested" in guns and hunting than men.

Thus, while the gunowners of America are portrayed as a monolithic giant by the press, we increasingly represent in fact something of an embattled minority group. Nor are we stereotyped. I know plenty of people in New York City who are NRA members—including a fashion model, a journalist, a lawyer renowned for his work for human rights causes, a talk show host, and an internationally celebrated doctor.

For myself, I confess my own interest in guns without apology. I was educated in Switzerland, where we were taught to shoot in school, and where every citizen is armed. I had ample opportunity in World War II and in the Hungarian Revolution to observe what happens to people who are not able to defend themselves from tyranny because they're disarmed, or have never *been* armed. I learned in the hunting field both the pleasures and the awesome responsibility of shooting a gun, and thanks to a long and close friendship with R. L. Wilson, the distinguished author of *THE COLT HERITAGE*, I have also learned the quiet, contemplative pleasure of gun collecting—for rightly or wrongly, in the manufacture and embellishment of firearms one can find the finest expression of America's industrial skill and invention, just as one can find in target shooting a sport which combines a Zen-like discipline with a lot of excitement and action.

Guns, I believe, are not America's Number One Problem, or even America's Number Two or Number Ten Problem. Cars, cancer, accidents in the kitchen or bathroom, all kill

far more people than guns do. It is not *guns* we should be frightened of, but the effects of poverty, lack of education, a judicial system that sends criminals and psychopaths back out into the streets (or lets them off with derisory sentences), a political system that seems unable to rebuild the declining cities, or restore full employment, or train people for the new jobs of a post-industrial society.

Guns are not a solution—we all know that. But they're not the problem, either!

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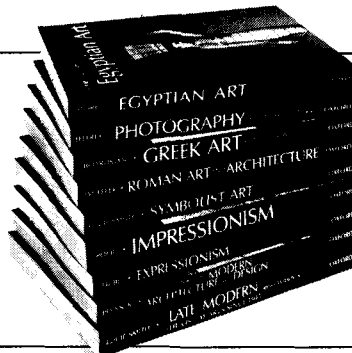
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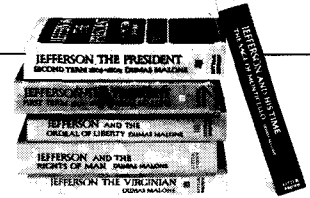
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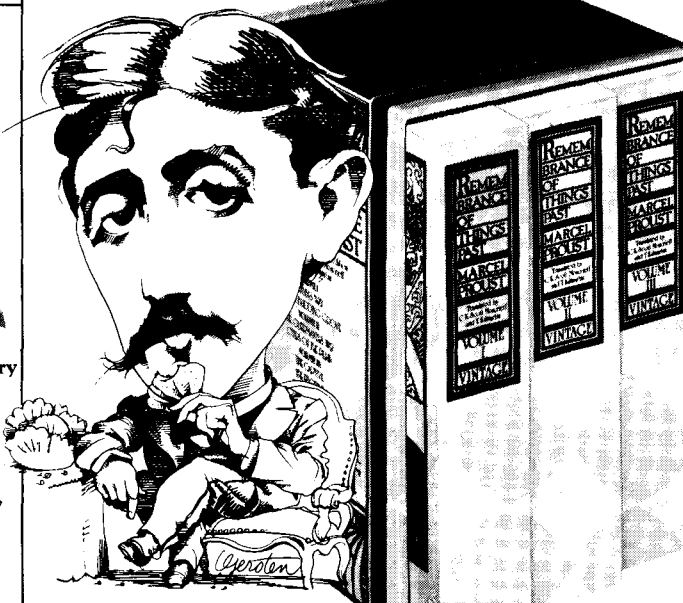
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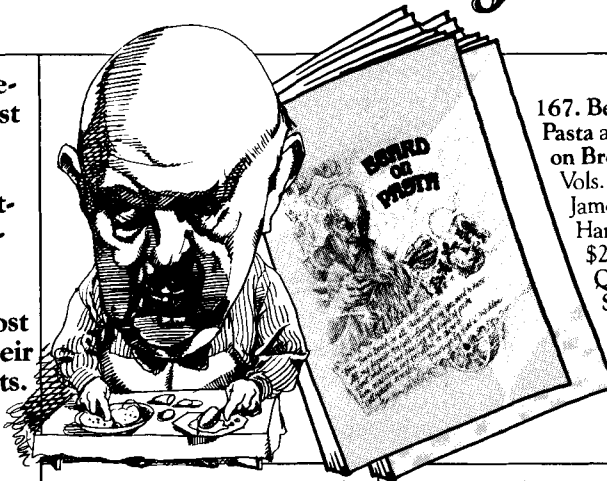
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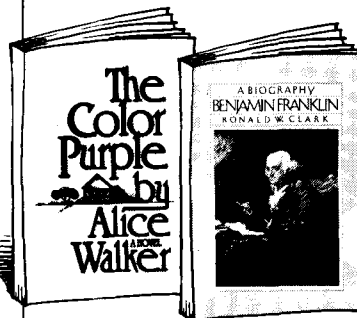
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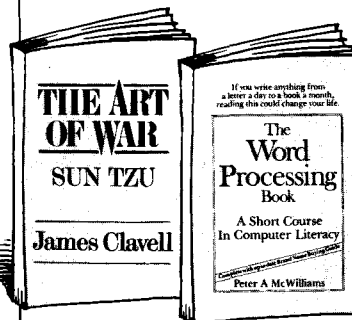
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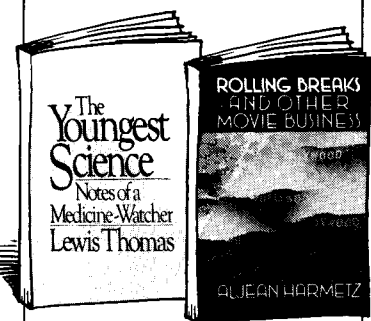


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housing. Instead, the President has favored a system of housing vouchers (coupons that landlords would redeem as rent, and that, in theory, would give tenants the ability to choose their own housing, spurring market competition among landlords in the bargain.) "The last thing Reagan people want to do is create an efficient, government-subsidized construction program, because it would destroy their rationale for vouchers," Andrew Raubeson, the director of the Burnside Consortium, in Portland, says. For fiscal year 1984, the Administration is asking for only 15 percent of what the Ford Administration's last budget stipulated for housing, and is leaving HUD's rules, which are less cost-effective, in place.

The provision of public shelters is ultimately a local issue, and local objectives vary. Some cities try to meet the problem; others leave it to private charities, such as church groups and the Salvation Army; many simply try to shift the problem somewhere else. When the homeless appear on the streets of Prince George's County, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, D.C., that operates no shelters, they are given bus or cab fare and told to go downtown. Phoenix recently "responded" to its growing burden of homeless people (some of them laid-off mid-western workers who have risked everything to look for jobs in the Sun Belt) by closing its three shelters, making it a crime to lie down on city land, and outlawing the plucking of food from garbage—all moves calculated to force the homeless elsewhere. Repelling the homeless is an attractive strategy politically, for it enables local officials to praise their own thrift and firm administration of public order while condemning the big-spending welfare bureaucracies of other cities. At the same time, local officials worry that humane treatment of the homeless could backfire. According to Ted Wilson, the mayor of Salt Lake City, communities fear that if they are the first to give the homeless decent care, they will quickly become a "blinking light," drawing in transients from around the nation and compounding existing problems. (New York is believed to have accomplished just that in the 1960s when it offered higher welfare benefits than other cities, and, whether or not the observation is true, it makes local officials jittery.) Without some uniform federal legislation to spell out a city's responsibility for the homeless,

Wilson says, most communities will continue to avert their eyes.

Reporters may have had the purest motives in playing up the troubles of the middle class, but, at the same time, they helped to direct the government's efforts to the least urgent part of the problem. A bill is advancing through Congress to provide \$760 million in federal loans to help middle-class families who are faced with foreclosure to keep their houses. While this idea has clear humanitarian and political appeal, the amount involved towers over the \$100 million that Congress gave for the current fiscal year (and has voted to give again next year) to those who are truly desperate for shelter. If Congress passes this bill, it will be following a trend in federal entitlements—acting in the name of the needy, but providing the largest share of benefits to those who are relatively well off.

Congress can find better ways to spend the money. Most cities have thousands of pieces of property, acquired through tax foreclosure, that sit rotting and unused. St. Louis, for example, has 9,000 empty tax-foreclosed dwelling units; nationwide, HUD owns some 170,000 abandoned dwellings. It is often said that while a new WPA-like agency might ease unemployment, there is no work for such an agency to do. Why not employ a federal work corps to renovate empty buildings for use as housing? The program would both create meaningful jobs and make decent again the communities where most of the unemployed live. Cities that rejected the Reagan Administration's offer of surplus federal buildings for use as temporary shelters—a palliative only—might feel very different about a permanent improvement in facilities for the poor.

This idea has come before Congress more than once. Republicans run from it, because of their dread of new federal initiatives; having established that many federal programs were foolish, they believe that any social-service task that Washington undertakes must be wrong. Democrats run from the idea too, because unions oppose it. Unions say that anything done by a new WPA would steal work from their members. But what work? At the moment, there is hardly any work to steal in providing housing for those who really need it.

—Gregg Easterbrook

Gregg Easterbrook is a staff writer for The Atlantic.

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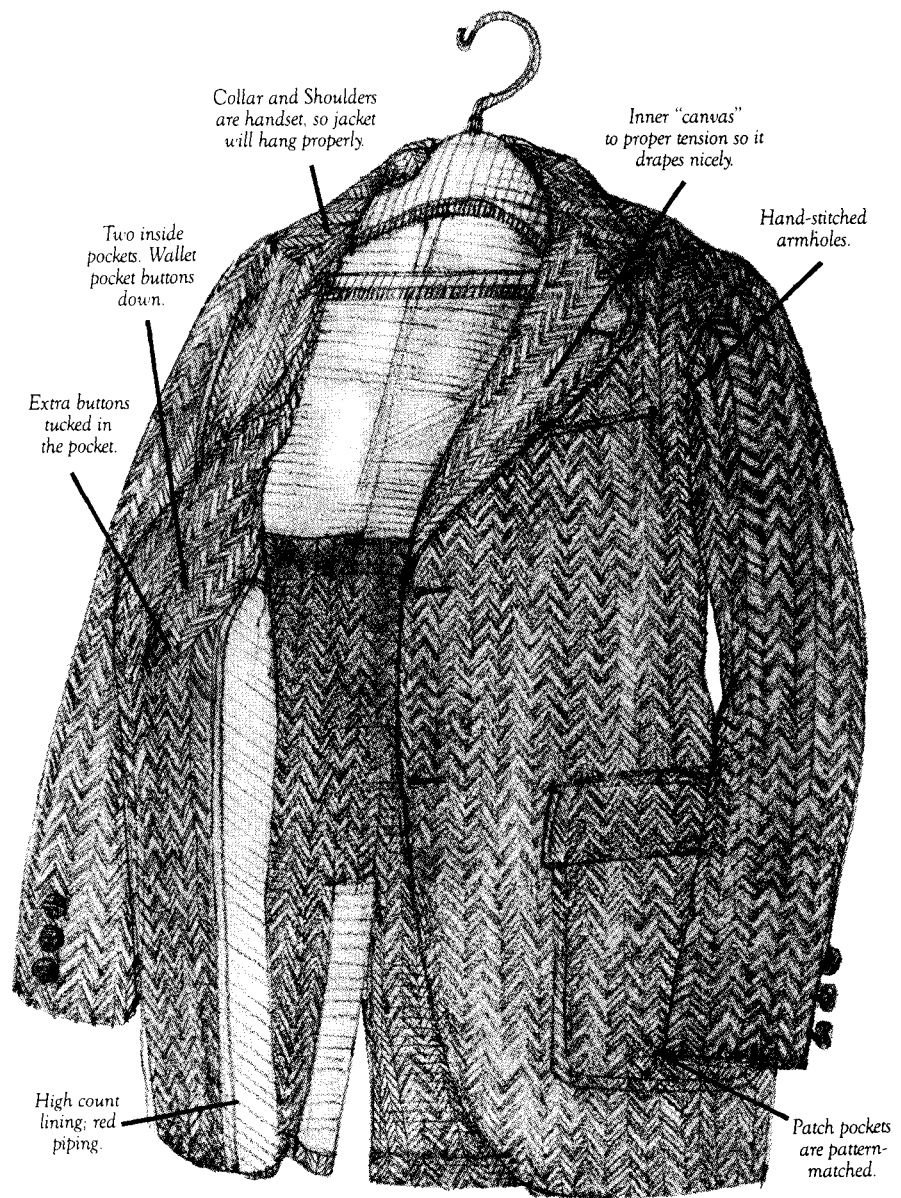
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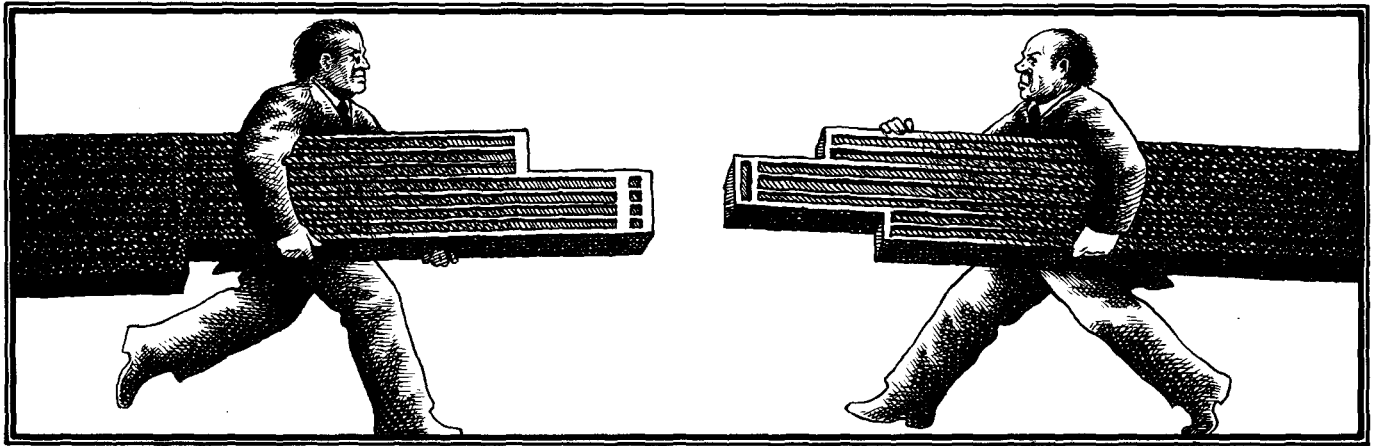
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PARIS ARCHITECTURE AS POLITICS

*As they traditionally have,
French leaders are using control
of public building plans as a way of
showing who's boss*



FOR CENTURIES, FRANCE'S rulers have sought to leave their mark on Paris, France's political and architectural showcase. During the past twenty-five years, the administrations of De Gaulle, Pompidou, and Giscard d'Estaing have changed the city more than all the governments since the mid-nineteenth century, when Napoleon III and his prefect, Baron Haussmann, drove their boulevards through the medieval fabric of Paris and fashioned a monumental city. Now it is President François Mitterrand's turn, and he is planning to make his imprint on Paris, in the time-honored tradition of *la grandeur*.

Paris may no longer be the world center of art, music, dance, literature, or architecture, but it is not abandoning its claims to being the capital of culture. While the French Socialist government has yet to find a formula for translating its commitment to culture into a stream of literary or artistic *chefs d'oeuvre*, it can build temples to culture. In the works are a large number of monuments initiated or inherited by Mitterrand: a museum of science and technology, a museum of the nineteenth century at the Gare d'Orsay, an extension of the Louvre museum into another wing of the Palais, an international center for communication, a rock-concert hall, a new theater,

an open-air cultural center that will be the largest park since Haussmann built the Bois de Boulogne, and a grand new opera house.

Most ambitious of all was the World's Fair planned for Paris to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the French Revolution. World's Fairs mark a city, especially when held inside it, not out near some suburban lake. Paris has inherited from its seven World's Fairs the Trocadéro Gardens, the Grand and Petit Palais, the first Métro line, the Pont Alexandre III, the Musée d'Art Moderne, the Palais de Chaillot, and, of course, from the last big anniversary of the French Revolution, the Eiffel Tower. This Fair promised to be no less ambitious and no less consequential for Paris. Furthermore, it was to be a "socialist" Fair, raising expectations abroad and uncertainty at home over just what architectural form such a distinction might take. President Mitterrand's sudden decision last June to cancel the fair—in the face of serious resistance from Jacques Chirac, the mayor of Paris and the leader of the opposition party—was a dramatic announcement that in France, architecture is serious politics, and an admission that the Socialists may not be winning.

ALL THIS BUILDING and all this talk about new architecture is not always greeted with enthusiasm by Parisians. Recently they have been badly burned by architects and planners. During the past twenty-five years, the physical and social fabric of Paris has changed dramatically in the name of the urban policies outlined by De Gaulle and his master builders. What we have been brought up to call *la France éternelle* has all but vanished from the Île de France. High-rise, poured-concrete bedroom

communities circle the abbey at Port-Royal tighter than Jansenism once did. The population of greater Paris—the inner city and its suburbs (the reality of the Parisian's Paris)—has grown from 6 to 10 million, and all that growth took place in the suburban rings.

The conflict between the dynamism of the French economy, which grew almost as fast as the German economy in the 1960s, and the archaic physical state of Paris led the Gaullist planners to decide that they could no longer afford the luxury of preserving *le vieux Paris*. The construction of a new France implied, as it had in the nineteenth century for Napoleon III and Haussmann, that Paris, the seat of the State, had to be refurbished. The Gaullists set about modernizing the city, and nobody denied that modernization was long overdue. Behind the charming and dilapidated façades were impossibly slumlike conditions. As late as 1964, 60 percent of housing units lacked toilets, and no hospital had been built since 1935. By 1978, the situation had radically changed. New hospitals had been built along the new circumferential highway, and more than 80 percent of the housing units had toilets. The grand schemes were conceived and implemented by the State. De Gaulle's planners organized the construction of Paris according to a plan emphasizing eye-catching projects that were in the spirit of the economic growth and power, mirrored in such models of the French state-led economy as the giant French industrial complex, FOS, and the super-sonic Concorde.

In twenty-five years, a new Paris was built, in one single style: forced modernization took the form of forced modernism. In its early phases, it was modernism with probably the worst urban design one can find—huge high-rise,

faded concrete structures strewn about with no concern for such simple amenities as access to transport, shops, or even—and this is in France—cafés. One story had it that the ministry of construction was using a single blueprint for dozens and dozens of those concrete housing blocks, merely rotating them a bit “to fit the site.” Over 2 million people were hastily shoved into the developments.

One of the earliest, largest, and best known of these projects—perhaps the archetype—is Sarcelles, which has inspired a new “disease”: Sarcellite, or *grands ensembles*, depression. The massive gray-and-white tower blocks of Sarcelles, with their flat utility façades, contrast painfully with the beauty of Paris, nine miles away. For a town of 75,000 people, it took more than fifteen years for the State to build even one lycée. Like all the *grands ensembles*, Sarcelles is a misguided attempt to apply Le Corbusier’s theory of towers in the park—a theory whose main tenet advocates a large-scale urban design of high-rise buildings alternating with greenery. The physiognomy of Sarcelles is that of an enormous, austere gridiron of boulevards lined with five- to sixteen-story pre-cast concrete apartment blocks, barracks-like in appearance and set in the middle of nowhere. While at least fulfilling the State’s promise of low-cost housing and *les comforts*—heat and plumbing—Sarcelles promotes a sense of isolation in a concrete nightmare. Indeed, it has become a metaphor for the failure of this type of housing scheme.

Even what remained of the famous beauty of Paris—the tourist’s Paris—did not escape the helping hand of the new French *urbanisme*. Outside the central zone, whose radius runs about a twenty-minute walk (twice that heading west from Notre Dame, whole quarters of Paris were razed, to be replaced by the projects that were redolent of Le Corbusier’s urban theory. Le Corbusier, a master architect when it came to individual buildings and, unfortunately, regarded as a prophet when it came to urban planning, should bear the blame along with the city fathers.

JACQUES CHIRAC IS the first elected mayor of Paris since 1871, when—after the uprising of the Paris workers in the Commune—the national government decided that it had better keep Paris under its direct control. He is also



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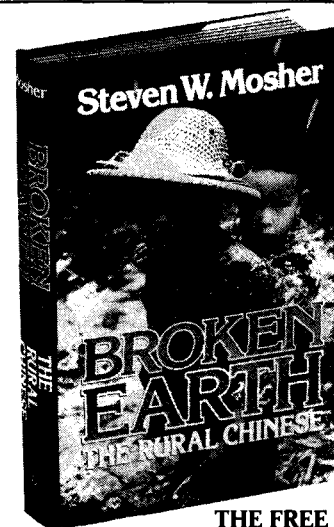
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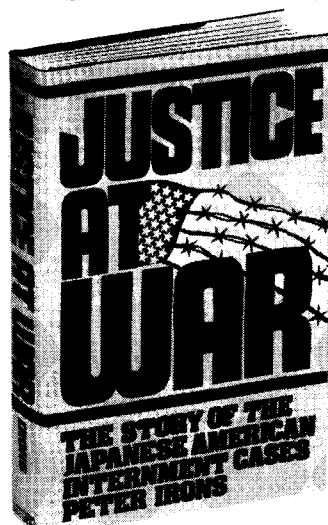
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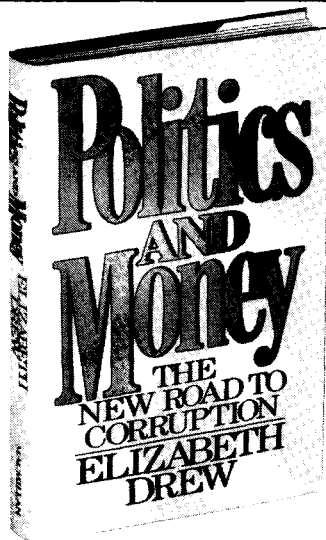
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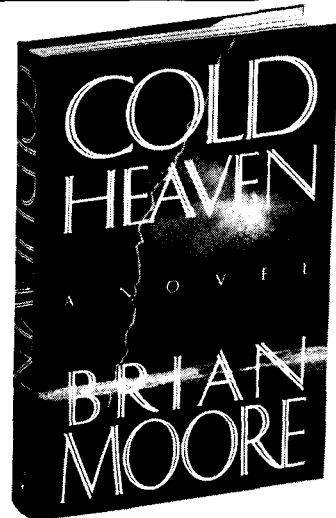
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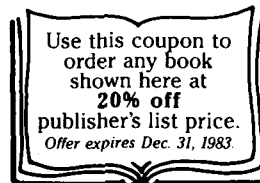
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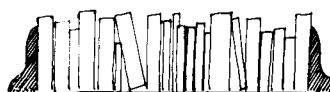
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the undisputed leader of the national political opposition to Mitterrand, and he has learned to use the city as a platform for his presidential ambitions.

The years of urban change have played into his hands. Few workers now live in Paris; astronomical prices, urban renewal, and gentrification have pushed them out to the suburbs. Rich people, old people (mostly in rent-controlled apartments), and young professionals with no children now live and vote in Paris. And they vote conservative, for Chirac. Even Chirac's political enemies—and his reputation for ravenous ambition and tricky dealings has earned him many—admit that he has been an excellent mayor. His financial management is impeccable. He tends to such details as the modernization of the sanitation department, uniformed motorcycle patrols specializing in removing dog droppings, a fast-paced calendar of cultural happenings, and many electronic billboards throughout the city informing everyone about what is going on in Paris and what Chirac is doing. They vote for Chirac because he is an excellent mayor, but mostly because he is head of the opposition. The Paris mayoral election last March was about national politics, and Chirac beat the Socialists badly.

Most mayors become adept at the politics of architecture. They learn how to trade setbacks, air rights, building permits, and zoning variances for cash and political support. Chirac, however, has become a master of architecture as politics. His training ground was Les Halles.

Seventy-five feet deep, covering twenty-five acres, the hole of Les Halles sat at the very center of Paris for more than ten years. (It wasn't empty all the time. Italian filmmaker Marco Ferreri used it to shoot his western *Don't Touch the White Woman*.) Deliberate public policy created the site in the early 1960s. In response to the picturesque inefficiency of the archaic Paris market and the deadly impact it had on the Paris grocery bill, the decision was made to relocate and reorganize it. Then came the decision to build a new regional Métro—with commuter-train connections—and have the entire system meet at one central point, under Les Halles. The first effort cleared the site and opened the question of what to do with it; the second made it the central location of Paris.

In 1969, amid pageantry and nostalgia, the market moved out, and the nar-

row surrounding streets began to lose their populations of fruit vendors, truck drivers, prostitutes, and late-night revelers. A plan was prepared that was dominated by a world trade center, symbolizing the aspirations of the Gaullist and Pompidou governments to restore Paris to its appropriate place among world cities. Contracts were signed on the basis of the plan, and work was begun. The giant excavation was completed in 1972. Then, in 1974, the new president, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, simply declared that the Les Halles project would not be built as planned. Instead, what remained of the site after the Métro was built would be made into a green space.

The announcement hit, as it was calculated to, like a bomb. The planners, the development corporation, and the Paris City Council found themselves in a ridiculous position. Was this gigantic hole in the belly of Paris to be filled in with dirt that had only recently been hauled out to the Seine? Who was to pay for this operation? The change in plans might well cost \$100 million, perhaps more. And there was nothing the planners could say or do, because the announcement of a green space had been greeted by widespread enthusiasm.

For the planners, this princely gesture was particularly maddening, since it added only about two acres to the originally planned ten acres of green space. Giscard apparently never even considered the proposals being made at the time showing that for the same cost—or even a fraction of it—much of eastern Paris, where there is almost no green space, could have been transformed into a kind of Bloomsbury, with many good-sized squares and parks. The announcement about Les Halles was a superb way to dramatize his commitment to the new politics of environmental concern. By appropriating one of its major symbols—green space—Giscard was able to seize on a growing but inchoate dissatisfaction with the changing physical and social environment of the new Paris. And Giscard got his monument, a green space right in the center of Paris, something even General de Gaulle didn't have.

Giscard announced that his favorite architect, a Catalan gentleman named Ricardo Bofill, would design a garden à la française worthy of the site. Bofill prepared a plan much to Giscard's classical taste, with a beautifully written,

whimsical text that called for a 65,000-square-foot elliptical “forum,” complete with expensive stone and gigantic columns. An outcry was raised, and the government retreated, organizing a competition for the best design. “Alternative” projects were invited to be submitted within twelve days. The criteria were complex and rigorous. But the three winners chosen turned out to be Bofill; a certain M. Bernard de la Tour d'Auvergne, who, in addition to having great professional distinction, was a cousin of Giscard's; and APUR—the Paris planning agency. (Even the very sober *Le Monde* called the competition a cynical farce.)

The three “winning” projects were put on display at City Hall. A survey was taken of the thousands of Parisians who turned out to inspect the three projects. The winner in the informal poll was the project of the Paris planning agency, by a decisive margin. The government decided that the APUR project should be eliminated, and—just to add complexity to farce—that the designers of the two remaining projects should get together and come up with a joint project. The two conferred for a while and found it difficult to fit Bofill's elliptical Roman forum with de la Tour d'Auvergne's wooded zone and artificial pond. When the designers announced that they had not come up with a compromise, Giscard appointed a third architect and told him to get the other two together; when that effort failed, he commissioned Bofill to design a massive neoclassical housing project for the site.

In 1977, what had come to be referred to mockingly as *l'affaire des Halles* was enriched by another player—Chirac. Opposed to Giscard's classicism, the “populist” Chirac insisted that the “scent of *pommes frites*” perfume the air of the site. It became increasingly clear that every time Giscard expressed a desire for a Doric column, his political rival would insist on the *frites*. Finally, with only an uninteresting shopping mall called the Forum, a partially completed housing project by Bofill, and a big concrete block housing air-conditioning on the site, the Mayor and the President settled on having Les Halles go to the city and the new park at La Villette, in the northeastern part of Paris, to the State. Chirac got to work immediately. He demolished Bofill's half-completed apartment block and built his own solution to Les Halles—a pastiche of glass



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and metal buildings in the style of an amusement park, used for shopping and leisure; office and hotel space; and both subsidized and luxury housing. "I am the architect of Les Halles," Chirac announced triumphantly.

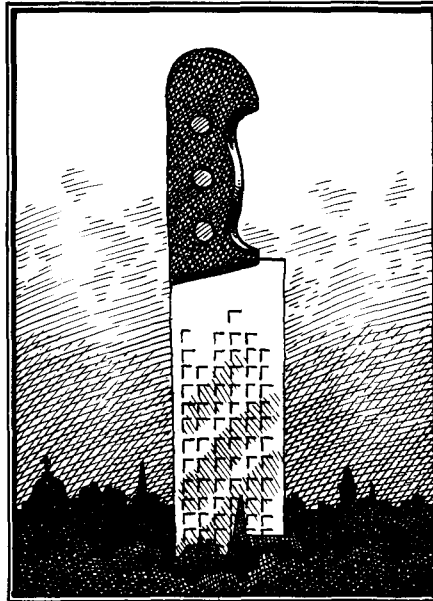
The next presidential election, in which Chirac is likely to oppose a Socialist (Mitterrand or his chosen successor), is scheduled for May of 1988—about a year before the World's Fair was to open. The Fair would have played a big role in Chirac's campaign. He could have cooperated with and opposed Mitterrand at the Fair just as he did Giscard at Les Halles, scoring points at every turn as he decried fiscal waste, architectural desecration, and idiosyncratic Socialist symbolism, and he could have mobilized Parisian frustrations at the inconveniences of construction and congestion.

Canceling the Fair in one dramatic gesture was a political coup—albeit a defensive one. When Chirac declared that it would be too disruptive and expensive to hold the Fair in his city, Mitterrand seized on the occasion to cut his losses and disarm Chirac. He solemnly announced that his government, which is decentralizing power to local governments for the first time in modern French history, could not hold a Fair in Paris over the opposition of the Mayor. So he regretfully had to call it off. By so doing, he stopped what was beginning to look like a severe drain on the treasury in the midst of a painful austerity program; he avoided the political headaches and embarrassments that the difficult logistics of building the Fair in Paris would create for him, day in and day out for years; and he disentangled himself from the unresolved question of how to make the Fair Socialist. Crucially, he was able to put the blame plausibly on Chirac.

Chirac had his own victory. He is now able to argue that the Socialists just cannot seem to get anything done, and that under the Socialists, France has become so poor that it cannot even celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the French Revolution! The people of Paris, many of whom did not know about the Fair, are now unhappy about its being called off.

AFTER THE CANCELLATION of the Fair, much of the burden of defining and monumentalizing socialism was shifted onto the new "popular opera," to be built at the Place de la Bastille. Officially but not modestly described as the

"architectural and cultural event of the late twentieth century," the international competition for the new opera house attracted 1,661 preliminary entries from architects all over the world, including 110 Americans, 250 English, sixteen Russians, thirty-eight Japanese, and one Albanian. For the architects, it is the sequel to the great competition for a Paris opera under Napoleon III, won by Charles Garnier, who as a result became the most famous architect of his time. The Palais Garnier, with its monumental scale and sumptuous neo-Baroque style, became the symbol of Second Empire bourgeois glory and opulence, the romance and intrigues in its boxes more complicated and celebrated than those on its stage. And if travel posters are



any guide, the opera house is still a symbol of Parisian glamour and elegance.

For the Socialists, the new opera is to be an expression of what they are all about. Its site and its architectural style must represent them. The location is no accident. The Bastille is the universal symbol of popular revolution and traditionally the rallying place for the French left. For generations, left-wing demonstrations have begun or ended at the Place de la Bastille. The night Mitterrand was elected, 300,000 supporters spontaneously assembled to celebrate *à la Bastille*. It is on the east side of Paris, in a predominantly working-class section underendowed with cultural facilities. As many have pointed out, if the objective were simply to bring the opera closer to the people, two smaller opera houses in the suburbs—where the work-

ing class really lives—would have been more effective. But symbolic politics has its own compelling logic. The taking of the Bastille itself was largely a symbolic act, which is what made for its enduring importance. As Georges Lefebvre, the distinguished historian, pointed out, "Counterrevolutionary legend represents the people of Paris foolishly attacking the Bastille to deliver prisoners who were not there. . . . Confined in the Bastille on July 14, 1789, were, in fact, only seven prisoners, two mental cases, an abnormal young man kept in custody by his family which paid his expenses, and four men undergoing prosecution for forgery. The Bastille at this time had become a place of discreet confinement for persons of note or influence. . . . Yet the famous state prison stood in the eyes of the populace as a symbol of despotism."

The Socialist government is serious about the mission of the French state to bring culture to the people. And not just any culture. The main auditorium of the popular opera is being built for performances of *le répertoire classique*—*Aida*, *Don Giovanni*, *La Traviata*, and *Tosca*. It is not a place for rock concerts, folk singing, or neighborhood or factory theater groups. The Socialists have not given up faith in the importance of traditional culture or in the possibility of bringing it to the masses; what they want to change is the social dynamics of the traditional opera house.

The new opera is to be twice as large as the Garnier Opera, seating half again as many people. In order to "democratize" this medium, which until now has remained "elitist and esoteric"—to keep to the language of the official program for the architectural competition—there must be seats for everyone. A key element is that tickets now costing upwards of a hundred dollars be "affordably" priced. It is in the frequency of performance rather than in the quantity of seats offered that the expected result is likely to be attained. With this in mind, Gerard Charlet, the architect-urbanist of the design program, emphatically states that "the principle adhered to for the presentation of performances in the main auditorium will be that of a relatively flexible rotation of performances," making it possible to offer four different works over a two-month period on a daily basis throughout the entire year. In order to achieve this, storage and production spaces for stage sets and cos-

tumes are to be integral to the building, making it a mammoth structure covering six acres.

The opera is now scheduled for completion in 1988, the final year of Mitterrand's seven-year term. No price tag has yet been attached to the project. It will not be easy to find the money to keep to the ambitious construction schedule, nor will it be easy to find a solution to the tensions inherent in the design-program stipulations and in the actual site. The building is to be both monumental—an "architectural testimony of our times"—and sensitively integrated into its modest, predominantly nineteenth-century neighborhood. It is also to be "modern." There are a multitude of architectural "isms" to choose from, among them modernism, postmodernism, neomodernism, and contextualism. The competition program is explicit about the highly technical solution to the functional requirements of the building, leaving little more than the façade to the architects. There is no modern, legitimate style for the Socialists to draw upon. Nor is there coherence. The classical style provided a formal coherence for Haussmann's reconstruction of Paris. Postmodernism, a pastiche of historical borrowings that is the favored architectural style these days, provides no such coherence. It provides cacophonous architecture for the new cultural buildings Mitterrand plans, echoing, unfortunately, the unraveling of the once integrated culture they monumentalize. It is also the most convenient solution to a highly determined interior, but it provides no solution to the problem of proclaiming legitimacy. For Napoleon and Haussmann, it was easier. They borrowed the legitimacy of the classical style from the monarchy in order to make up for their own lack of legitimacy.

The constraints of the site also pose difficult questions. The Place is an amorphous and heavily trafficked roundabout—a weak eastern focus for the famous west-east axis that runs from the Arc de Triomphe along the Champs-Élysées and past the Louvre to the Bastille and on to the Place de la Nation. The July Column, erected in the Place in 1840, never satisfied Haussmann's wish to see every avenue terminate classically on an impressive vista. But even Haussmann didn't always get the proportions right. The Garnier opera house, while indisputably monumental itself, doesn't really work to complete the Avenue de l'Opéra. It is too wide for its site, spilling

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over the sides of the frame defined by the buildings adjoining the avenue. In the case of the Place de la Bastille, the correct site for the new opera house would not be the designated one, on the old railway yards, but adjacent to it, on the canal that completes Haussmann's Boulevard Richard-Lenoir.

As a concession to the uncertain exigencies of modernity and popular culture, the program calls for a number of untraditional features. First, there is to be a second auditorium with a modular space. It is here that experimental performances, concerts, or more traditional works will take place. The program specifies that the new *maison de l'opéra* is to be "a center for enlightenment and leisure for eastern Paris." To bring opera out of its "golden ghetto," the opera house will include a range of amenities—libraries, discothèques, videothèques, a cinema that will screen films of operas, lecture halls, exhibition space for festivals, as well as space for commercial facilities such as restaurants and bars—designed to attract people who wouldn't normally go to the opera.

THIS HETERODOX APPROACH echoes the success of Paris's most radical monument, the Musée Beaubourg, or Centre Pompidou, as it is better known. The Beaubourg is to the Louvre what this opera house may end up being to the Garnier Opera—an anti-museum, an anti-opera. That is, an anti-monument to culture. Beaubourg's detractors describe it as a supermarket of culture. Its enthusiasts explain it as a creative effort to house different cultural media in one big box with the object of cross-fertilization.

In a sense, the Beaubourg is a great success. As its defenders point out, it draws far more people through it each year than any other museum in the world. Its unforbidding openness and novelty have made culture accessible to the masses. In the heated competition to become its severest critic, the French sociologist Jean Baudrillard has claimed that people go there "not because they slaver for this culture which has been denied them for centuries but because, for the first time, they have a chance to participate, en masse, in this immense work of mourning for a culture they have always detested." Some 80 percent of the people who pass through it are not there to view its exhibitions.

The mass marketing of culture wasn't

all the Socialists learned from Beaubourg. Only after the competition for its design was completed did President Pompidou realize that he had made the mistake of letting the machinery to select his monument get out of his control. An international competition was organized, and the jury chose the radical design submitted by the Anglo-Italian partnership of Richard Rogers and Renzo Piano—an enormous high-tech building with its support systems displayed on the façade. It has been called, among other things, an oil refinery. It is the most controversial building in France, and it may just be the most famous—or infamous—new building in the world. Pompidou found the jury's choice more than a little far out, but it was too late. After all the procedure and fanfare, Pompidou couldn't really step in and reverse the jury's final decision.

This time, the final choice of the winning project will be Mitterrand's, and he gives every sign of being prepared to make it. Mitterrand, known to be a serious man of letters, has his views on architecture as well as literature. "There is a force that pushes me to try to support the creation of an Architecture. An epoch is inscribed in its monuments . . . one creates for eternity. . . Architecture is not neutral. It expresses political, social, economic, and cultural 'finalities.'" The President of the Republic cannot *not* be involved.

The President's opera will also be the Mayor's. "We Parisians live under a dual monarchy—the president, who is the elected monarch of France, and the mayor, who is the elected monarch of Paris," explains Michel Carmona, professor of urban studies at the Sorbonne, "and it is impossible to please them both."

Chirac can now try to play the same role in the *opéra Socialiste* that he played in Les Halles and the Fair, and turn it into an *opéra bouffe*. Or he can step back and let the Socialists build their monument, all the while imagining himself playing his greatest role—inaugurating the opera, his opera, as president. The Garnier Opera, the symbol of Napoleon III's empire, opened in 1873, two years after the empire had collapsed, and Napoleon never got to see it. But even in France, history is unlikely to repeat itself quite so neatly.

—Julia Trilling

Julia Trilling teaches urban studies at MIT, and is at work on a book about Paris.

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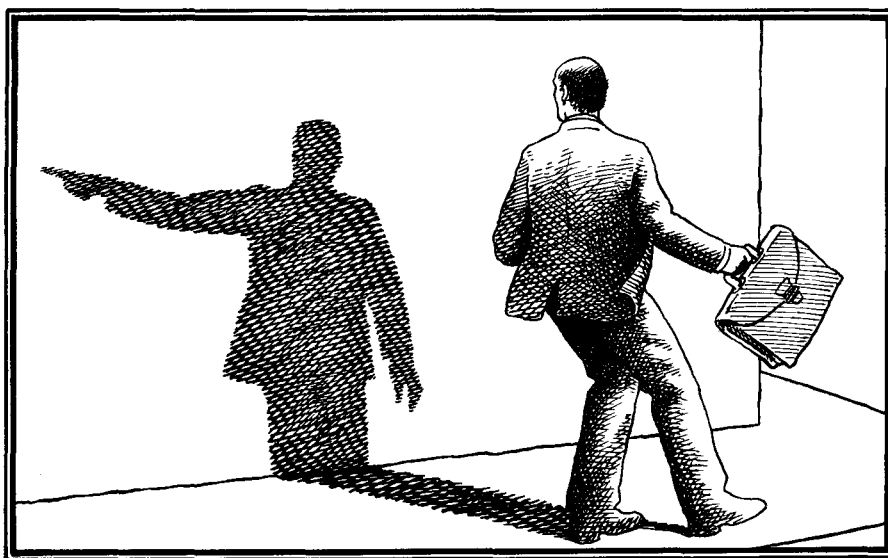
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WASHINGTON FOREIGN DANGER

Some congressmen find it best to concentrate on domestic, rather than foreign, policy—if they want to be re-elected



ON JUNE 28, 1979, Senator Edward Zorinsky, a Democrat from Nebraska, called on the Carter Administration to stop being "paranoid" about Communist participation in the Sandinista-led opposition forces in Nicaragua. He asked the Administration to recognize the provisional government that the insurgents had proposed to supplant the regime of Anastasio Somoza, saying that the victory of the insurgents was inevitable and that "for once" he wanted to see the United States on the right side in Latin America. Zorinsky's statement was significant not only because he was chairman of the Western Hemisphere Affairs Subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee but because he was the first member of Congress to come out in favor of the insurgents. Three weeks later, the Sandinistas took power from Somoza, and within a few more weeks Zorinsky was visiting Nicaragua, where the new government captured his sympathy. On his return, Zorinsky wrote an article for *The Miami Herald* in which he pleaded for patience with the new Nicaraguan government, pointing out that the United States itself had had

troubled revolutionary beginnings. When the Carter Administration proposed, in late 1979, that the United States extend \$75 million in economic assistance to revolutionary Nicaragua, Zorinsky took a leading role in guiding the aid request through Congress, fending off those who claimed it would be wasted money because the new government was destined to go Communist.

Two years later, however, on July 30, 1981, Zorinsky rose in the Senate to express his "very grave concerns about the increasingly troubled path and direction" of the Sandinista government. He cited restrictions on the press, differences between the Sandinistas and the Roman Catholic hierarchy, foot-dragging on the holding of elections, arbitrary confiscations, and a Soviet-assisted arms buildup. He commended the Sandinistas for their efforts to expand education and medical care, but said that the primary job of government was "to represent a free people—to undertake its other responsibilities with the consent and at the direction of the people." Only when that occurred, Zorinsky said, would he again support U.S. economic aid to Nicaragua.

What happened between these two speeches to change Zorinsky's perspective so sharply? For one thing, there was the series of developments in Nicaragua—as outlined by the Senator—in which the Sandinistas failed to comply with pre-victory promises. But Zorinsky was facing a more critical development: he was coming up for re-election in a state that had not returned a Democrat to the Senate in more than fifty years.

The campaign had already opened in less-than-noble fashion with the Nebras-

ka GOP putting out a letter charging that Zorinsky supported communism in Nicaragua. Zorinsky accused the state Republican chairman, Ralph Knobel, of mounting a "hatchet job" against him, and said it was interesting that the subject had not been brought up earlier, when the Republicans were trying to persuade him to return to the fold (he had been a Republican when he was mayor of Omaha). "I have never thought 'the communist side was the right side,' as it says in the [Republicans'] letter," Zorinsky told the *Omaha World-Herald* in June of 1981. Besides, he said, even the CIA had not yet judged Nicaragua to be Communist. His support for economic aid to Nicaragua had been intended, he said, to enhance the influence of non-Marxist moderates trying to bring about a democratic system in Nicaragua.

Within a few days of the distribution of the GOP letter, one of those Nicaraguan moderates—José Francisco Cardenal—toured twelve Nebraska towns and gave interviews in which he discussed the conditions inside Nicaragua that had led him to flee the country a year earlier and to begin organizing anti-Sandinista guerrillas in Honduras and Miami. Cardenal later told me that his tour of Nebraska, as well as of several other states, was sponsored by the Young Americans for Freedom, a conservative group. Cardenal said he gave interviews to two newspapers, fourteen radio stations, and six television stations in Nebraska, telling people that "Nicaragua is occupied [by the Cubans], and that should be recognized." He denied any specific attempt to campaign against Zorinsky, but told me that in answer to a question from one newspaper he had said he found it "very strange" that the Senator supported the Sandinistas.

Zorinsky soon changed tactics, apparently concluding that he would do more for his re-election chances by making a public break with the Sandinistas than by arguing the issue on its merits. He got himself off the defensive in Nebraska by taking the offensive against the fledgling Sandinista government. Before his July 30, 1981, speech in Congress, he had received an invitation from the ruling Sandinista Front to go to Managua on July 19 for the anniversary of its victory over Somoza—as he had done the previous July, on the first anniversary. This time, however, he turned down the invitation, and did it in a manner that earned him a page-one headline in Oma-

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ha: he delivered in his office a one-hour lecture on the evils of communism to the Nicaraguan ambassador and the external-affairs secretary of the Sandinista Front, while a reporter took notes.

In Nicaragua, where I was visiting at the time, Zorinsky's public disavowal of the Sandinistas caused more chagrin among the non-Marxist Nicaraguans, whose hand he had once spoken of strengthening, than among the radical leaders. The Nicaraguan moderates, then still struggling to retain some influence regarding their government's policies, had hoped that Zorinsky and a few other Democrats might use their relatively good standing with the Sandinistas to advance the moderates' cause.

Zorinsky's abrupt break did the Nicaraguan moderates no good, but it may have helped his cause in Nebraska. The issue shortly disappeared from the campaign, in part, perhaps, because the state GOP's preoccupation with a tight governor's race allowed Nebraskans to forget the tropical adventure of a man who had an otherwise conservative voting record. When the ballots were cast, on November 2, 1982, Zorinsky defeated the Republican candidate by a two-to-one margin. However, he seemed to have learned a lesson. Since his re-election, Zorinsky has been quiet on foreign policy, and any positions he has taken have been close to the interests of his constituency. Though still a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Zorinsky gave up the chairmanship of the Western Hemisphere Affairs Subcommittee to Jesse Helms, of North Carolina, after the Democrats lost control of the Senate in 1980. Now he makes it known that his greatest ambition in the Senate is to become chairman of the Agriculture Committee. Members of Zorinsky's staff said recently that he could not even find time in his schedule to talk with me about Nicaragua.

The Nebraska Senator is not the first member of Congress to discover that foreign affairs can be dangerous back home, in some cases because of positions taken, in others because of the perception that time spent on trying to develop foreign policy is time that could be better spent on less exotic matters.

ONE OF THE MOST heated foreign-policy issues of recent years has been related to the Panama Canal—beginning with Senate ratification, in 1978, of the two treaties under which the Unit-



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Hello?

*How's the Great American
Novel going?*

So far it reads more like the turgid
insights of a lonely Albanian
date-plucker.

Did I hear the word "lonely"?

There's a fog rolling in.

*You're in Pawgansett, dear. It
holds the world record for fog.*

The "t" in my typewriter is
sticking. I have seventeen cans of
lentil soup. And my Paco Rabanne
cologne, which I use to lure shy
maidens out of the woods, is
gone, all gone.

*You're going to have to do better
than that.*

All right, I'm lonely. I miss you.
I miss your cute little broken
nose. I miss the sight of you in
bed in the morning, all pink and
pearly and surly.

*And you want me to catch the
train up.*

Hurry! This thing they call love is
about to burst the bounds of
decency. And, darling...

Yes?

Bring a bottle of Paco Rabanne,
would you? The maidens are
getting restless.

Swine!



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ed States will transfer ownership of the Canal to Panama in a series of steps by the year 2000, and followed by passage of implementing legislation for the treaties by both houses of Congress, in 1979. Every U.S. President since Eisenhower had seen the need to negotiate new treaties with Panama, and as the thirteen-year negotiating process came to an end, Jimmy Carter displayed an almost religious fervor about being the President who would finally do right by Panama. But as the debate over ratification opened in the Senate, an opponent of the treaties then viewed only as a voice from the right—Ronald Reagan—turned the matter into a test of the national manhood.

A two-thirds majority (67 of the 100 senators) was needed to ratify the two treaties. Each eventually passed with 68 votes, but the outcome was uncertain until the very end, with many of the yes votes cast only after long negotiations and extensive soul-searching, in which the issues became intertwined with concerns over political futures. At least forty-two senators went to Panama during the long debate over ratification. They inspected the Canal locks; they delivered lectures on human rights and political democracy to General Omar Torrijos, who ran Panama through the National Guard, and asked if he was a Communist. No, Torrijos told them, he was not, even if he did count Fidel Castro as a friend. (The friendship was cooling by the time Torrijos died in a plane crash, in 1981.) Many Panamanians grumbled about U.S. "meddling," with one newspaper columnist writing that the congressional visits made his countrymen feel as if they were in a zoo. A Panamanian professional group complained that the visitors carried attitudes marked by "narrow, colonialist criteria."

Possibly the most carefully weighed vote in favor of the treaties was that of Howard Baker, the Tennessee Republican who was then Senate minority leader and who is now majority leader. Baker, who had presidential aspirations for 1980 as well as his Senate re-election in 1978 to consider, kept his position up in the air as the debate developed during 1977. Baker was a prime target of the anti-treaty lobby; he said at one point that he had received 22,000 letters about the Canal, only 500 of them in favor of the treaties. One day, while he was attending a football game in Knoxville, a plane flew over, trailing a banner that

said: "No to Panama. Write Baker." Senator Helms, an opponent of the treaties, was delighted to report to the Florida Conservative Union that Baker was "squirring like a worm on a hot brick." Finally, Baker commissioned some polling that found that Tennesseans opposed the treaties as then worded by the Carter Administration by 45 percent to 23 percent, with 32 percent undecided. But when the question was changed to how people felt about turning the Canal over to Panama if the United States' right to defend the Canal in an emergency were guaranteed and U.S. ships could go to the head of the line during an emergency (the language used in a statement of understanding signed by Carter and Torrijos in October of 1977), the poll found that 56 percent approved and 29 percent were opposed.

So Baker flew to Panama in January of 1978, and told General Torrijos that the treaties could not be approved as then written, but probably could pass if amended along the lines suggested by Baker's poll. This was irritating to Torrijos, who was surprised to learn that Jimmy Carter did not have the same degree of influence in Washington that he—Torrijos—enjoyed in Panama, where the treaties had already won approval in a plebiscite by a two-to-one ratio. However, for a man who had never had to stand for election, Torrijos was a quick study in political realities: if Howard Baker and others in the same position could not be reasonably certain of re-election, he was not likely to get his treaty. He agreed to a plan by Baker to amend the treaty to conform with the poll results. Baker and Robert C. Byrd, the Senate majority leader, introduced the amendments just before the Senate ratified the first of the two treaties, on March 16, 1978. Baker's action probably swayed a number of undecided senators, though some others remained undecided until voting day.

Ron McMahan, editor of *The Knoxville Journal*, who was Baker's press secretary at the time, says that Baker has never been given full credit for the courage it took for his stand on the Canal. "He did it in the face of opposition from every single one of his top advisers, some of whom personally supported the treaties," McMahan says. "We thought that politically it would be a nightmare. We were looking toward the presidential campaign." He says that Baker, who says now that he does not plan to seek

re-election in 1984, had considered retiring from the Senate in 1978 but decided that he had to run again after the Canal vote and show that he could win—which he did, with 56 percent of the vote.

THERE IS STILL a feeling among Capitol Hill analysts and some current and former members of Congress that the Canal treaties terminated, or at least helped to terminate, a number of political careers, and many of them begin by mentioning Jimmy Carter. At the congressional level, John H. Buchanan, Jr., a former representative from Alabama, says that he ranks the Panama Canal treaties third—after the Equal Rights Amendment and Zimbabwe—on his list of positions that cost him the seat he had held for sixteen years. Buchanan lost the Republican primary in 1980, the year after the House voted narrowly to adopt the implementing legislation for the Canal treaties. "I lost to the Moral Majority," Buchanan says. He says that the Rev. Jerry Falwell led a rally in Birmingham, which is in his district, just a week before the primary, and held him up as a "negative example." Buchanan, an ordained minister himself, said that Moral Majority activists also conducted a registration campaign in his district and added to the Republican rolls between 5,000 and 8,000 people who would not otherwise have voted, effectively packing what was normally a small primary. Buchanan says that he never gave any serious thought to opposing the Canal treaties. "It reaches a point where it becomes a mark of honor to do what one believes to be right," he says. "There are times when you have to care for the country and the public interest more than your own career."

Former Senator Henry Bellmon, an Oklahoma Republican, did not make known his decision to support the treaties until the day before the first vote. When he returned to Oklahoma soon afterward, he was bombarded with complaints and accusations about giving away the Canal. A longtime friend of the Senator's, Edward L. Gaylord, whose vast business empire includes *The Daily Oklahoman*, in Oklahoma City, said in an editorial that Bellmon should not be elected again. (Bellmon says that Gaylord turned the Canal issue into a personal crusade because he had been stationed in the Canal Zone during World War II.) Bellmon did not give Oklahomans the opportunity to unseat him: he

chose not to run for re-election in 1980, though he claimed that he could have been re-elected, in part because the Democrats did not offer a strong candidate. While acknowledging that the Panama Canal was a difficult issue in Oklahoma (he still gets hostile questions about it whenever he makes a public appearance), Bellmon says that the longest-running issue between him and Oklahoma voters—beginning when he was governor, and lasting through his twelve years in the Senate—was his support for school integration and busing. "I have taught myself not to listen to the loud voices of those who become so incensed over a particular vote," he says. "Frankly, I think not many careers are terminated because of issues. The problem is usually personal habits or that sort of thing." Bellmon says he still goes quail hunting with Gaylord.

Next door, in Kansas, Senator James Pearson, a Republican who voted for the Canal treaties, also chose not to run when he came up for re-election. Pearson, a thoughtful, studious man who would today hold the chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee (Charles Percy now holds the post) were he still in the Senate, was considered one of the most firmly entrenched members of Congress at the time, having won his previous election, in 1972, with some 70 percent of the vote. Though Pearson spoke vaguely of burn-out as the reason for stepping aside, ratification of the Canal treaties was then a hot issue in Kansas. The Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, a national political-action group, had made known that it was looking for a more conservative candidate to oppose Pearson, citing his foreign-policy votes in general as the reason.

Senator Nancy Landon Kassebaum, a Republican who won election to Pearson's seat after his decision not to run, believes that he would have encountered strong opposition from within the party had he sought the nomination again, in part because of his Canal position. Kassebaum, who arrived at the Senate in time to vote for the implementing legislation in 1979, told me that she was often asked during the 1978 campaign how she would have voted on ratification. While she is now keeping an eye on the results of polls in Kansas—particularly those that have to do with Central America—as she prepares to run for re-election next year, Kassebaum says that it does

not bother her to take a position that is controversial among constituents. "I guess, for me, part of the enjoyment in being here is taking a tough issue and figuring out how you feel about it. I've always thought our role here was as an educator, to talk about the issues, to try and help people understand both sides of it as we make up our minds."

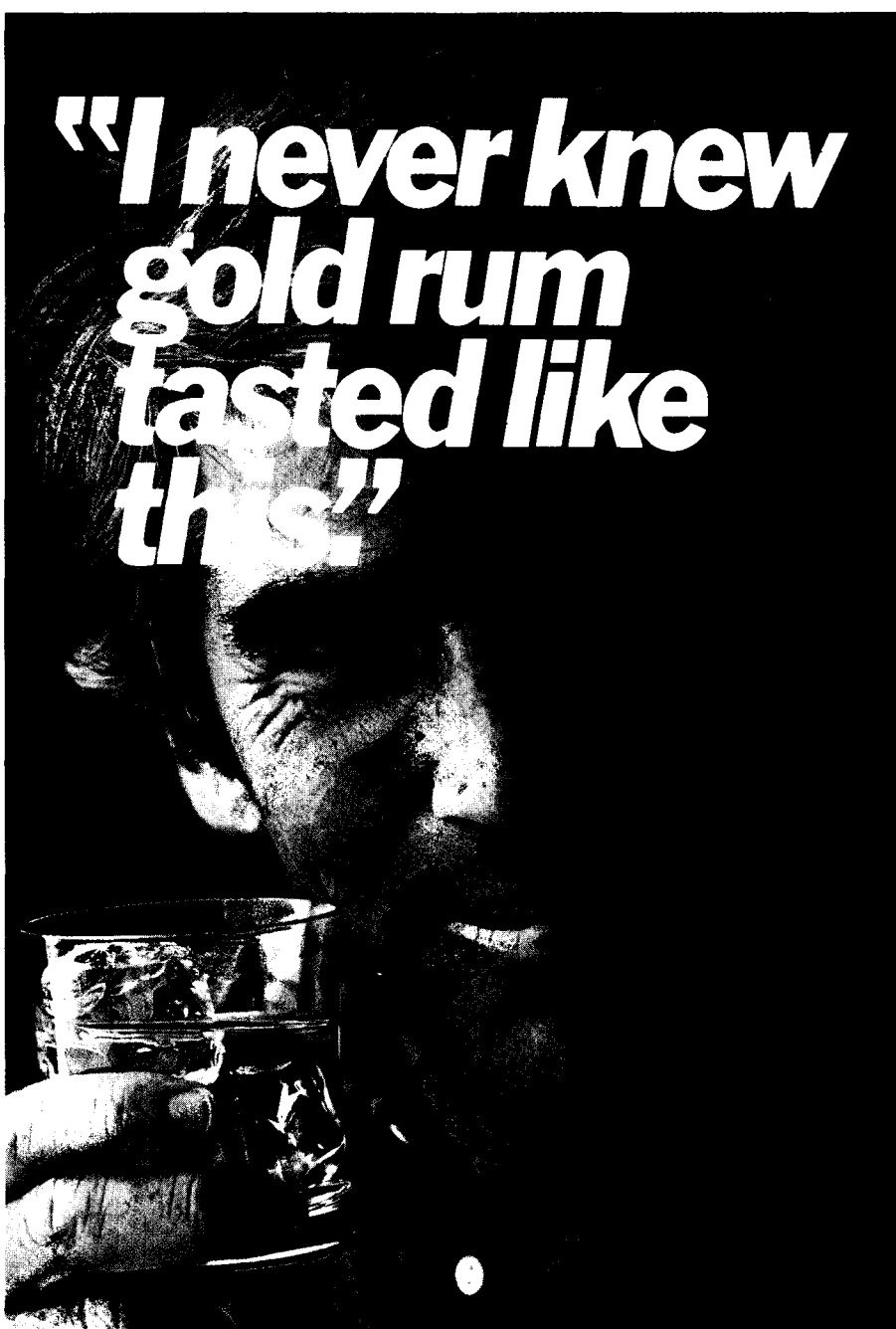
Many of Kassebaum's most prominent positions have to do with foreign policy; she is a member of the Foreign Relations Committee and of its Western Hemisphere and African subcommittees. Her stands become well known to people at home, she says, in part through the largesse of Senator Helms. Helms writes a weekly column for some North Carolina newspapers which frequently criticizes the positions of his Senate colleagues, then distributes it by mail to admirers around the country. "I always say, 'Jesse, you write to my constituents more than I do,'" she says. Kassebaum says that in her first term she has learned that senators have to be careful not to be seduced by the "siren song" that the Foreign Relations Committee can play for those with international interests. "You just so enjoy reading and thinking through the issues, and the interesting people that you talk to," she says, "that it has always proved to be sort of a dangerous committee unless you keep your ties at home." This is echoed by many current or former members of Congress or their aides, who cite as warnings such once-powerful Senate names as Church and Fulbright.

John Buchanan, the former Alabama congressman, says that it was not just particular votes but his general involvement in international relations as a member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee that worked to his detriment. For example, one of the things he did while in Congress that gave him a great sense of accomplishment was to serve in the delegation to the United Nations General Assembly in 1973, the year of a Middle East war, after which he worked on the plan for the disengagement of forces. "But when you do things like that, people at home think you're some kind of fuzzy-minded internationalist. They believe you're wasting time."

—Shirley Christian

Shirley Christian is a journalist who specializes in Central American affairs. She won the Pulitzer Prize for international reporting in 1981 while at The Miami Herald, from which she is on leave of absence.

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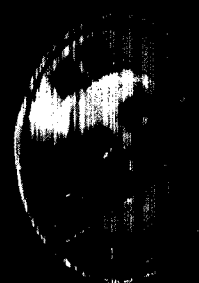
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RAISING KIDS

BY JAMES Q. WILSON

“WHEN I MET HIM, HE WAS SIX AND A HALF years of age. There was nothing about his appearance that identified him as the boy who had set the record.” The words are those of Gerald R. Patterson, a family therapist at the Oregon Social Learning Center, in Eugene. The “record” to which he referred was the frequency—measured with painstaking care by the Learning Center’s staff—with which Don, a small boy, displayed rotten behavior. Nearly four times *a minute* while in his home, Don would whine, yell, disobey, hit, or shove. When he was not at home, telephone calls from teachers and merchants would mark his progress through the neighborhood: “He left school two hours early, stole candy from a store, and appropriated a toy from a neighborhood child.”

Don had “a sleazy look about him,” Patterson wrote, “like a postcard carried too long in a hip pocket.” His violent outbursts were frightening; any simple request or mi-

nor provocation would trigger obscene shouts, attacks on other children, or assaults on the furniture. His mother was tired, depressed, and nearly desperate as a result of coping unaided with this monster—no babysitter would take on the job of minding Don, whatever the pay. She nevertheless persevered, changing his wet sheets, bathing and dressing him, even feeding him, all the while talking to him in tones that vacillated between cajolery and scolding, murmurs and shouts. When her seemingly bottomless patience was at last at an end, she would threaten or hit him with a stick. That produced only temporary compliance. When the father was home, things were not much different. The shouting and fighting between Don and his younger brother continued, occasionally punctuated by the father slapping both children.

Children like Don are the youthful precursors not only of difficult teenagers but sometimes of delinquents and adult criminals. The progression from violent, dishonest youngster to violent, dishonest teenager is not automatic, but it is common. Though child psychologists disagree about the extent to which personality in general is shaped by early childhood experiences, there is not much dispute over the

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fact that male aggressiveness tends to be stable from the early years on. Donald West and David Farrington, of Cambridge University, followed 411 London boys from childhood to adulthood, and concluded that those who were hostile or aggressive at the ages of eight or ten were likely to be hostile or aggressive when sixteen or eighteen. A Norwegian psychologist, Dan Olweus, reviewed this study and many others, and concluded that there is a great deal of continuity in male aggressiveness and misconduct. Aggressiveness tends to appear very early, often by the age of three, and to persist for many years in ways that are clearly reflected in the reports of parents, teachers, and police officers, and even in the reports of the young men themselves.

What is remarkable about this persistence is that it occurs despite the fact that aggression is often punished. Don's parents hit him; we can safely assume that his teachers scold him; and it is likely that in time the police will arrest him. Some explain this persistence with the argument that punishment actually causes aggression: young men and women who are hit or abused learn to hit or abuse in return; they model themselves on the behavior of others, leading to a "cycle of violence." Others believe that the child brings to the family some constitutional dispositions, acquired by heredity or from the accidents of prenatal or birth traumas, that not only cause him to behave more aggressively than others but cause his parents to treat him differently from his brothers and sisters. Still others think that it is not punishment that causes aggressiveness but punishment poorly conceived and badly executed. Whatever the case, contemporary research, by Patterson and by scores of others, has placed the family at the center of any effort to explain and reduce unruly or violent behavior.

The role of the family in producing such behavior seems to be a greater mystery to social scientists than to parents. If one asked the average citizen why some people are more likely than others to misbehave, he or she would very likely blame family experiences. If one then asked why children from the same family differ in their behavior, the citizen would probably say that because children have different temperaments, they react differently to the same treatment, or are treated differently by their parents, or both.

When Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, at the Harvard Law School, published in 1950 the results of their ten-year study of delinquent boys in the Boston area, they concluded that if one held age, race, neighborhood, and (roughly) intelligence constant, delinquency appeared to be the result of an interaction between certain constitutional traits (body type and temperament) and a family environment in which one or both parents were indifferent or hostile and followed lax or erratic disciplinary practices.

There were criticisms of the Gluecks' research. Some suggested that the observations of the boys may have been colored by the observer's knowledge of whether or not a boy was delinquent. Others noted that some of the factors thought to be most important in producing delinquency, such as the degree of affection and the disciplinary practices of the parents, were not observed directly but inferred from statements by the boys and their parents. Still others objected to the Gluecks' efforts to predict who would become delinquent given a certain family background; such predictions, it was argued, might unfairly label a decent boy a troublemaker.

But if the only problems with the Gluecks' findings were these and similar methodological difficulties, one would have expected better studies to be mounted that would



test their conclusions more rigorously. Few such studies were done. The reason, I suspect, is that the beliefs of social scientists about what constituted the appropriate objects of research changed. By the mid-1950s, the family was no longer the major unit of analysis in criminological research, having been supplanted by the gang and the social system.

Owing in part to an apparent rise in gang violence in the 1950s and in part to the advent of a newer group of criminologists, various theoretical perspectives that assigned a less prominent role to the family (and no role at all to constitutional traits) became dominant. One view held that children naturally conform to the values to which they are exposed; delinquents are simply exposed to values different from those the rest of us learn. The social class of the family or of other boys on the street will be an especially important determinant of what values boys accept. Lower-class boys may come to disparage the conventional ethic of success and embrace instead the values of toughness and immediate gratification.

Another view, first formalized in 1949 by Robert K. Merton, of Columbia University, held that man is governed by the relationship between his aspirations and the means available to achieve them. Families may encourage boys to want a good car and social respect, but if society denies the boys legitimate means for obtaining them, they might react by stealing to get the car and committing violent acts to earn the respect. Richard A. Cloward and Lloyd E. Ohlin, both then at Columbia University, applied this view to delinquency in 1960 by asserting that economically disadvantaged adolescents turn to crime as a way of achieving material goods and avoiding the shame that accompanies economic failure.

Other writers claimed in the 1950s and 1960s that delinquency was less the result of having learned from peers to commit crimes or of being driven to crime by frustrated expectations than the result of being arbitrarily labeled a criminal by society and its institutions. Young people who violate some arbitrary social convention are called criminals; once treated as criminal, they become criminal.

Travis Hirschi, of the University of Arizona, observed that these perspectives sought to explain crime not by reference to manifestly wicked influences but by reference to supposedly good ones. Whereas an older generation of criminologists, of which the Gluecks were very much a part, thought that evil causes evil (for example, bad families produce bad children), many members of the newer generation were attracted to the idea that good—for example, the desire for achievement, the class structure, the economic order, or the decisions of the police and judges—produces evil. This view was most clearly implied by Merton: "A cardinal American virtue, 'ambition,' promotes a cardinal American vice, 'deviant behavior.'"

The critical stance of many criminologists was reinforced by reformist impulses that led them, implicitly or

explicitly, to explain social problems by reference to those factors that are, or appear to be, susceptible to planned change. The 1950s was a period of worry about gang violence, the 1960s one of attention to civil rights and economic opportunity. It was natural to assume that if one wished to deal with these problems, one had first to make them the focus of one's analysis. Gangs, race, social class, and criminal justice were concepts that seemed close to the crime problem and amenable to change. By contrast, the family was given less attention because of two defects: it was not on the public agenda, and it was not clear how its practices might be altered.

The study of the family did not stop, of course, but it did begin to lose its connection with the study of crime. Research on child development, for example, was a vigorous enterprise, but one not much concerned with crime (though it was concerned with behavior such as hostility and aggression, which we now know to be strong indicators of later criminality). There were exceptions: the sociologists William McCord and Joan McCord continued to trace well into adulthood the unhappy effects on later behavior caused by the discordant families in which a group of Cambridge and Somerville (Massachusetts) boys had been raised in the 1930s and 1940s.

THE FAMILY WAS PLACED ONCE AGAIN NEAR THE center of criminological attention by the masterful study of Travis Hirschi, published in 1969 under the title *Causes of Delinquency*. It began, as do most path-breaking works, by showing how we had been asking the wrong question. Most criminologists had been trying to explain how a naturally good person, or at least a naturally compliant one, might be led by social forces—gangs, schools, the police, labor markets—to commit crimes (or "deviant acts," a phrase used by those criminologists who were anxious to avoid giving the impression that "crime" was anything more than the label middle-class society attached to behavior it didn't like). Hirschi argued that the first question is not why men break the law but why they obey it: conformity, not deviance, is what is most in need of explanation.

His answer was that people obey rules to the extent that they form a bond to society. That bond is composed of four elements: attachment, chiefly to the family; commitment, by which Hirschi meant a prudent regard for the costs of wrong actions and the benefits of right ones; involvement in conventional activities, such as school; and belief in the moral validity of society's rules. Hirschi tested his theory against the predictions that could be derived from rival theories by gathering information about the delinquent acts and personal backgrounds of several thousand junior and senior high school children living in and around Richmond, California.

The number of delinquent acts, as reported by the children themselves, was powerfully influenced by the chil-

dren's attachment to their parents. The closer the mother's supervision of the child, the more intimate the child's communication with his father, and the greater the affection between child and parents, the less the delinquency. Even when the father held a low-status job, the stronger the child's attachment to him, the less his delinquency. Other factors also contributed to delinquency, such as whether the child did well in and liked school, but these factors were themselves affected by family conditions. Hirschi's evidence supported his "social control" theory of the sources of delinquency better than it supported any alternative theories, such as those that say delinquency results largely from the influence of peers or the social class of the child: after one takes into account the bond with the parents and doing well in school, the contribution of parental class nearly vanishes, and that of delinquent friends sharply drops.

A very large body of data has demonstrated beyond much doubt the powerful effect on aggressiveness and delinquency of being raised in a family that is discordant, lacking in affection, or given to inappropriate disciplinary practices. The best studies are those that have followed a group of boys while they were growing up. The longest-running inquiry was the Cambridge-Somerville one, which began in 1937; data from it are still being published. From these industrial communities, 650 boys were selected to participate in a program designed to prevent delinquency. Half were chosen because teachers or social workers thought they were likely to become delinquent, the other half because they were thought to be normal boys. They entered the program at age eleven, on the average, well before most had committed any delinquent acts. The object was to test the efficacy of a counseling program in preventing delinquency, and to that end the boys were ran-

domly assigned to treatment and control groups. There is little evidence that the counseling worked, but that is not what interests us here. Rather, the study is valuable because of the relationship it found between family background—as reported by counselors, teachers, social workers, and doctors—and behavior.

In 1955, eighteen years after the program began, William McCord and Joan McCord analyzed the voluminous records of these boys "blind"—that is, without knowing in advance which boys had been convicted of crimes and which had not. Thus, whatever biases may have existed in the Gluecks' research, owing to their prior knowledge of who was delinquent, could not have affected the McCords' investigation. The McCords found that the delinquent boys were about twice as likely as the nondelinquent ones to come from homes where parental disciplinary practices had been rated as erratic or lax. Delinquents were also much more likely to come from homes with a quarrelsome rather than an affectionate or cohesive atmosphere. The combined effect of these two factors—warmth (or its absence) and consistent discipline (or its absence)—was powerful: *all* the boys from quarrelsome families with erratic discipline, but only one fourth of those from cohesive families with consistent discipline, were convicted of a crime.

Lest someone suppose that the courts were more likely to convict boys from unhappy than from happy homes, the McCords analyzed separately the backgrounds of those boys who were described by counselors or others as aggressive but who had not officially been called delinquent. They found that these aggressive boys had essentially the same family backgrounds as the convicted delinquents.

It is possible that these differences in family background reflect how the boys were originally selected for inclusion in the study; children chosen because they appeared espe-



cially good or especially bad might differ more in family circumstances than would a random sample of boys. Indeed, it is possible that some of the boys were chosen because of what the teachers or others already knew about their families. There is not much evidence in the Cambridge-Somerville project that this was the case, but it cannot be ruled out entirely. Fortunately, another long-term study, this one in England, was carried out in ways that eliminate this potential source of bias. West and Farrington followed the careers of 411 boys chosen at random from a working-class section of London, starting at age eight and continuing for seventeen years. The boys were given batteries of tests and interviews, and their parents were interviewed about once a year until the boys were teenagers. West and Farrington gathered information about self-reported, as well as officially recorded, delinquency. By the time they reached the age of twenty-five, a third of the boys had criminal records. About thirty of the boys became persistent repeat offenders; in fact, those thirty accounted for more than half the convictions of the entire group.

The delinquent boys were more likely than the nondelinquent ones to have low IQs and to have parents who were cruel, neglectful, or passive. Boys described as aggressive by teachers or by themselves had the same background as the officially reported delinquents. Parental behavior could not explain all of the observed delinquency, however. If the father had a criminal record, this materially increased the chance that the son would be delinquent, independent of family income and parental behavior. In all, five factors seemed to play the largest role in predicting which boys would become delinquent: low intelligence (as measured by both verbal and nonverbal tests), large family size, parental criminality, low family income, and poor child-rearing practices.

What is indisputable in the London study is the impact of adverse child-rearing practices. West concluded: "A particularly noticeable characteristic of the parents of many of the delinquents in the study was carelessness or laxness in matters of supervision. They were less concerned than other parents to watch over or to know about their children's doings, whereabouts and companions, and they failed to enforce or to formulate fixed rules about such things as punctuality, manners, bedtime, television viewing or tidying up."

ALL THIS MAY STRIKE THE AVERAGE PARENT AS SO obvious that it seems hard to believe that so much time and money had to be spent to establish it. Before making exasperated comments about professors reinventing the wheel, however, a parent reading this should be aware that there are at least three other possible explanations for the observed connection between family circumstances and youthful criminality. One is that delinquency is caused by the labels society attaches to children.

A youngster from a discordant home is more likely, in this view, to be arrested and charged with a crime that if committed by a child from a happy (or an influential) home would result in the child's release in the custody of his parents. No doubt different kinds of children are treated differently by governmental institutions. There is evidence, for example, that a delinquent from a broken home is more likely to be incarcerated than one from an intact home. But the labeling process cannot explain away the influence of families on misconduct generally, because, as we saw in the studies mentioned so far, the connection between discordant or unaffectionate families and delinquency exists even when our only knowledge of the delinquent act comes from the child himself (Hirschi; West and Farrington) or from counselors instead of police officers (the McCords).

A second explanation for the link between family life and criminality rests on the possibility that the child may have inherited from his parents some cognitive deficiency or temperamental predisposition that causes his aggressiveness. In this view, the discordant family is not so much the cause of the misconduct as either a reaction to it (a mother slaps or yells at children who since birth have been fussy or irritable) or irrelevant to it (the delinquent is born, not made). There are good scientific grounds for believing that the child is not a blank slate on which families, friends, and society can write at will. There is some constitutional, possibly genetic, predisposition to certain forms of misconduct, as shown by elaborate studies in Scandinavia and elsewhere that reveal a connection between the criminality (or the alcoholism) of the biological father and the subsequent criminality (or alcoholism) of the son, even though the son was adopted at a very early age and raised by non-criminal foster parents. Important as these constitutional factors may be, their exact operation is not well understood, nor do they account for all of the individual differences in criminality that we observe. Familial factors play an important role.

A third explanation is that discordant or unaffectionate parents cause aggression by their use of punishment, especially physical punishment. One famous study, by Robert Sears, Eleanor Maccoby, and Harry Levin, concluded that "the more severe the punishment, the more aggression the child showed." Barclay Martin, after reviewing the evidence about how young (aged two to five) children go about seeking attention from their mothers, noted that the studies suggested that punishing attention-seeking behavior seemed to increase rather than decrease the frequency of the children's demands. The clear implication of such findings is that the use of punishment is at least as likely to teach children, by their observations, to be aggressive as it is to teach them, by being conditioned, to be pacific.

But, as Martin and others have pointed out, there are some reasons to be skeptical of such conclusions. First, most are based on the mother's report of the child's behav-

ior and of her discipline; both may be seriously in error. A mother trying to raise a difficult child may overstate how often punishment is used while a mother raising an easy one may understate how often it is used; these reporting errors would create a false positive correlation between punishment and aggression. Second, most such studies neglect the way the child is predisposed to behave. An active, restless, fussy child may be punished more frequently than a placid, easygoing one. The greater punishment of the former may in fact reduce the rate of such misconduct, but because that rate is already high, it can appear that more frequent punishment "causes" more frequent aggression.

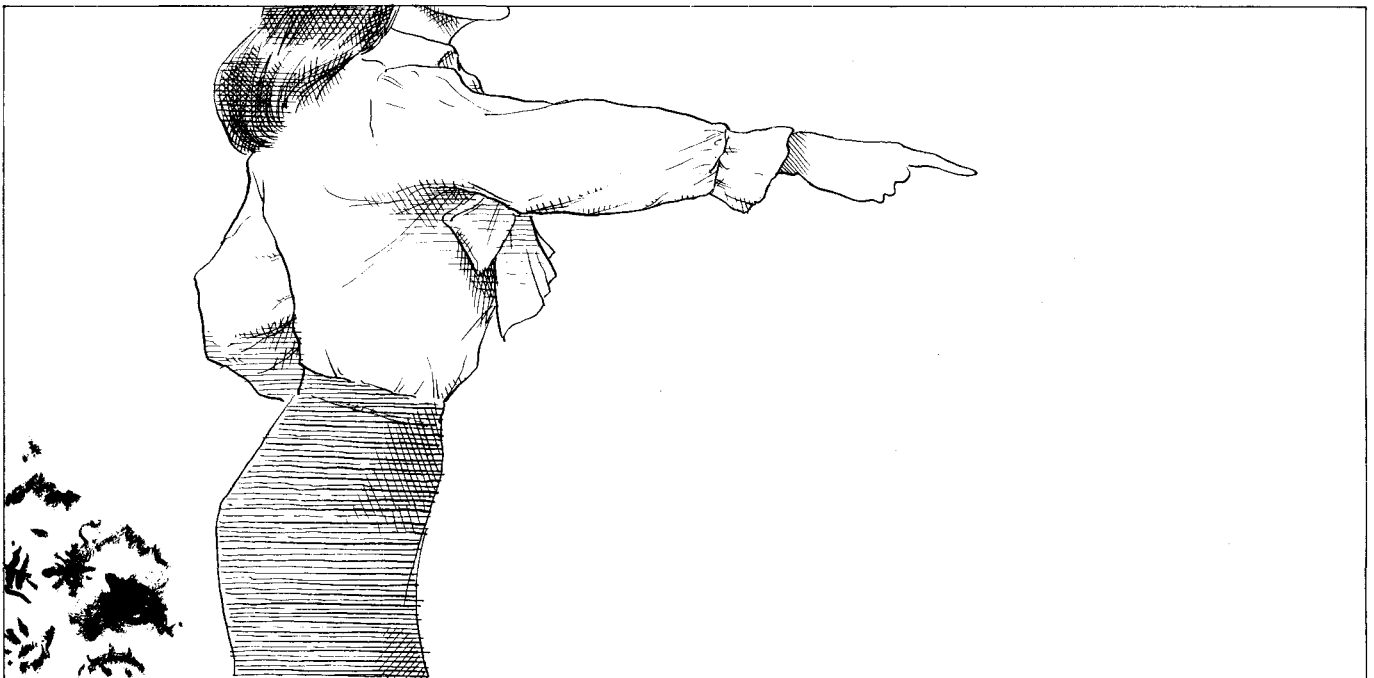
Most important, the effect of punishment (or affection) on behavior will depend not on how *much* is used but on *how* it is used. For a reward or a penalty to have a significant effect on behavior, it must be used in a consistent and contingent manner. Suppose a child who nags his mother for attention often gets her attention, but on occasion is slapped instead. The child will come to believe that he can usually get his mother's attention by nagging, even though he is sometimes slapped. Sometimes he wins, sometimes he loses, but if he values her attention enough, or if he gets his way more often than he gets slapped, he will redouble his nagging. If nagging does work often, the amount of it can be very great and thus the number of times he gets slapped can be very great as well. This can cause the unwary observer to conclude that slapping has "caused" the nagging.

Or the parent may slap the child without regard to whether he has broken a rule, because the parent is grouchy, or irritated by behavior that ordinarily is permitted, or acting under the erroneous belief that a rule has been broken. Such punishment, not being clearly contin-

gent on behavior defined by some rule, is not likely to produce adherence to any rule; on the contrary, to the extent that it is random or erratic (in the child's view), it may lead him, just as social-learning theorists argue, to believe that violence is a normal and acceptable method of expressing one's feelings.

SPECULATING ABOUT ALL THESE POSSIBILITIES IS NO substitute for directly observing children's behavior and trying to change it. Family therapists have been doing this, in one way or another, for decades. In the 1950s, and to some extent today, a therapist presented with an aggressive, sneaky, or hostile child would assume that the youngster was aggressive because he was anxious or frustrated or because he had a weak ego, often as a result of the parents' neuroses. The therapist would use individual psychoanalysis or counseling to "cure" the parents and, sometimes, nondirective play therapy to help the child, or would perhaps stage a psychodrama that involved the parents and the child simultaneously. In general, little of this seemed to make a difference, though there were individual success stories.

Beginning in the 1960s, a new approach was tried. Owing to the rising influence of behavioral psychologists, foremost among them B. F. Skinner, family therapists began looking at a child's behavior as learned on the basis of the rewards it received. A young boy would engage in rotten behavior if he found it useful. If he got what he wanted from his parents and teachers by yelling, shoving, and hitting, no one should be surprised to discover that he would continue to yell, shove, and hit. A variant of this approach, pioneered by Albert Bandura, held that a child would also learn to yell, shove, or hit when he saw other people doing



this and getting away with it. The clear implication of these theories was that the therapist should try to reward the child for doing the right thing instead of the wrong thing. There was already evidence that such alleged "sicknesses" as bed-wetting, stuttering, and fear of snakes could sometimes be cured by rewarding the opposite behavior; why not reduce aggression by rewarding obedience?

Soon, the principles of behavioral psychology were being applied in schools, foster homes, juvenile institutions, and even adult prisons. This application came to be called "behavior modification," a term that fell into some public disrepute because a few such programs used drugs or electric shock to punish—and, it was hoped, extinguish—undesirable behavior. But the great majority of these programs sought chiefly to reward desirable behavior by, for example, giving a person a valuable token every time he did something right. (Such programs were called "token economies.") Other methods were employed as well, all having in common the effort to affect behavior by changing its consequences.

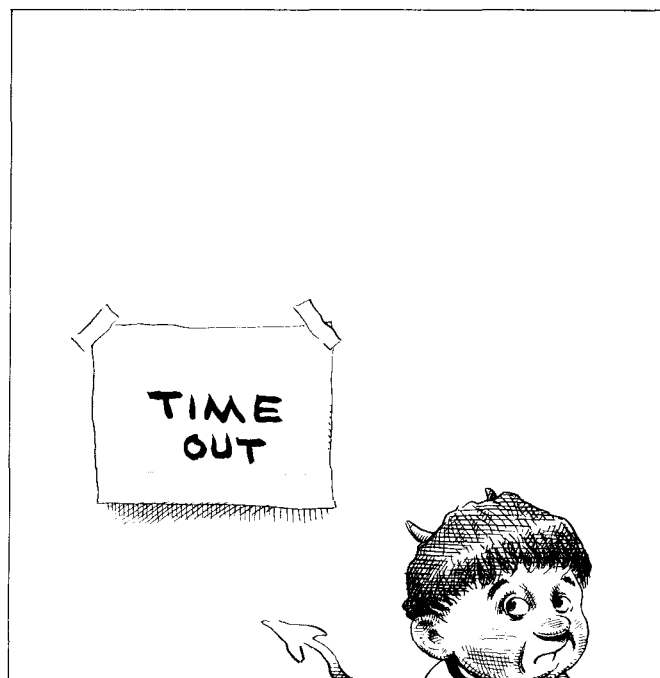
There have been countless demonstrations of the fact that applied behavioral psychology can change the behavior of individuals in schools, clinics, and prisons. Students have been induced to study harder, children to throw fewer tantrums, and prisoners to obey institutional rules. But in the great majority of cases, these changes disappear soon after the individual has left the institution. While behavior modification was an effective way to make life easier for people running the institutions, there was not much evidence that it was doing anything to protect the community.

Perhaps the best-known of these programs tried to improve the behavior of delinquent or troublesome youths by placing them in foster homes run on behavior-modification principles. The idea was to use psychological theory to construct a better family life for children who had an unsatisfactory natural home. Achievement Place, in Lawrence, Kansas, is a foster home led by two professionally trained foster parents, in which six to eight delinquent adolescents live. Through instruction reinforced by a token economy, the leaders of Achievement Place hope to teach the delinquents to take care of their living quarters, study hard in school, improve their social skills, become punctual, and otherwise display self-control and conformity to rules. Since its inception, the Achievement Place strategy, now called the "teaching-family model," has been followed in many parts of the country; by last year, there were about 170 such group homes in operation, staffed by foster parents trained at six regional centers. Moreover, the system has been used not only for delinquents but for autistic or emotionally disturbed youths, the mentally retarded, schizophrenic adults, and even the aged. The bibliography of books, articles, and dissertations written about the teaching-family model runs to nearly fifty single-spaced pages.

There seems to be little doubt that the teaching-family system improves the behavior of even serious delinquents while they are in the group homes. But according to a comprehensive review of the system, completed in 1981 for the National Institute of Mental Health by Richard R. Jones, Mark R. Weinrott, and James R. Howard, there is little evidence that it alters the rate at which the youths commit offenses one year after their release from treatment, or that it has any greater effect on delinquency than do other community-based programs.

The reason is obvious. When a delinquent leaves the foster home and returns to his discordant family and the criminal street life, most of the rewards he receives will once again reinforce, or fail to discourage, impulsive, aggressive, or illegal activity. The key to breaking this unhappy cycle is to improve life in the delinquent's natural home. Since the late 1960s, there have been a number of efforts to do this.

Various programs have been established to teach the parents of troublesome youths to be better parents. Among the first was one carried out in Tucson, Arizona, by Roland Tharp and Ralph Wetzel and reported on in 1969. Believing that the parents of delinquents often failed to reinforce good behavior and instead denigrated or nagged their offspring, Tharp and Wetzel tried to persuade parents and children to manage their conflicts more constructively. To make it easier to manage day-to-day affairs with a minimum of discussion and hence of arguments, Tharp and Wetzel designed a "behavioral contract" that would set forth the rights and obligations of parents and children in a particular family. For example, instead of arguing over whether he could use the family car, a boy would enter into a contract with his parents whereby he would get the car at stated intervals in exchange for per-



forming certain chores and being home at a specified time. These and other efforts at family contracting, or, as it is sometimes called, contingency management, were based on the assumption that rewards should be stably linked to desired behavior on the basis of an agreement that seems fair to both sides. The youths whose families followed a behavioral contract showed a reduction in offenses, an improvement in grades, and an improvement in behavior, but the significance of these changes is hard to assess inasmuch as there was no control group with which the youths in the experimental program could be compared.

A variation of this approach to altering family life was tried in Salt Lake City by James F. Alexander and Bruce V. Parsons, then of the University of Utah. Several dozen boys and girls who had been involved with the juvenile court for various minor delinquencies—truancy, shoplifting, drinking, and running away from home—were referred to a clinic at the university. There, the youths and their families were randomly assigned to one of four groups: a behavior-modification program, a conventional group-discussion counseling program, a church-sponsored family-counseling program, and a no-treatment group. The behavior-modification program involved inducing family members to talk more constructively with one another, to tolerate interruptions, and to agree on certain standards of conduct and the consequences of conforming to those stan-

dards. Over the ensuing year and a half, the youths who had been in the behavior-modification program were only half as likely to reappear in juvenile court as were those who got no treatment or who were in the conventional counseling programs; moreover, the brothers and sisters of the youths in the treatment program were also less likely to get into trouble with the law than were the siblings of the youths in the control groups. The number of families involved was so small and the kinds of delinquencies averted so minor that the Utah project cannot be regarded as settling the question of whether family life can be altered in ways that will reduce serious delinquency, but it provided a promising lead.

THAT LEAD HAS BEEN MOST THOROUGHLY EXPLORED by Gerald R. Patterson and his colleagues at the Oregon Social Learning Center. Unlike many other therapists, they have concentrated on reducing deviant behavior among pre-adolescents rather than on rehabilitating teenage delinquents; in fact, much of their research suggests that beyond a certain age, changes in the family environment have little, if any, effect on young persons, because peer pressure becomes more important than parental rewards. And unlike some programs, the Learning Center's is not based on the assumption that families need to communicate more (or less); what is crucial is the way in which parents define, monitor, and control the behavior of their children in routine settings.

The key to Patterson's approach—and that of several like-minded therapists, such as Robert Wahler, in Tennessee—is the belief that many parents do not know how to raise children. What makes bad families bad is not neurosis or indifference as much as incompetence. When parents have an unruly, violent, sneaky kid on their hands, it is not because they like him that way, or because they don't care how he behaves, or because they have failed to solve his Oedipal conflict; it is because they fail to tell him clearly how he is expected to behave, fail to monitor his behavior closely to ensure that he behaves that way, and fail to enforce the rules with appropriate rewards and penalties, promptly and unambiguously delivered. The child may actually suffer from a weak sense of self, but such a subjective state is not readily changed directly. There is little good evidence that therapists can change the behavior of Don, or of children like him, by first changing their attitudes; indeed, it would be a miracle if they could get so hostile and violent a child as Don even to listen to a discussion of his attitudes. Instead, one changes behavior first and hopes that changes in underlying attitudes will follow.

Since the mid-1970s, the Learning Center has treated more than 250 families whose children, ranging in age from three to fifteen, had been referred to the clinic because most of them had set fires, stolen property, picked fights, or upset their teachers or parents; some were victims of child abuse. In the child's home, the therapists carefully



AND ECHOES FOR DIRECTION

"Moreover, they [bats] have been heard to produce, while hanging upside down in the depths of woods, strange, solitary and lovely bell-like notes."—Lewis Thomas

Which they learned, no doubt, dangling
from stone arches in old belfreys.
Having been taught suspended animation
through hours of light, they found their night-wings
restless. So they took to the woods
all they knew of drift, air-currents,
foil and lift. And echoes
for direction. Moreover, memory
recalling not the wild fling of changes—
these they'd always fled in fright—
but the long pure tone sustained:
wind ringing the mouths of bells
head down in sleep, singing.

—Virginia Elson

measured all that occurred between a child and his parents or siblings every six seconds for nearly an hour. About half of the child's possible ways of behaving were termed "aversive," meaning unpleasant; these included whining, yelling, teasing, and hitting.

Their central conclusion was that the families of problem children differed from those of normal children not so much in whether they punished too much or too little as in whether they knew *how* to punish. The parents of antisocial children both used more punishment (scolding, shouting, threatening) than did the parents of normal children and failed to make their use of penalties contingent on the child's behavior. More precisely, these parents were less likely than others to state clear rules, monitor compliance, and punish violations. Instead, they "nattered" at the child, occasionally and unpredictably interrupting the nattering with a slap or a loss of privileges. Patterson and his colleagues suggested that nattering instead of effective discipline occurred in part because the parents were less attached than other parents to their children, in part because they did not know how to control behavior effectively, and in part because they felt overwhelmed by a succession of minor problems that cumulatively amounted to a crisis. The irritable parent who does not use discipline effectively tends to produce aggressive children; the indifferent and ineffective parent tends to produce larcenous ones.

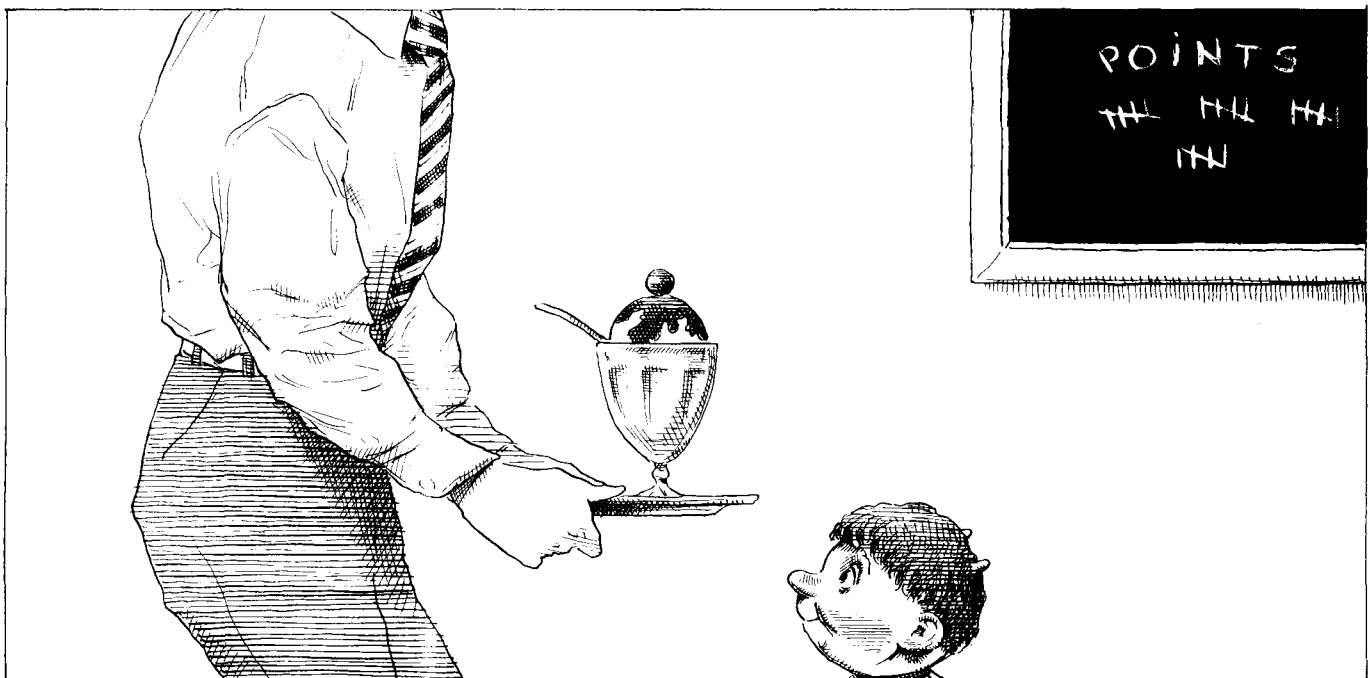
The notion that there is a defect in parental *skill*, as opposed to personality, mental health, or economic resources, that accounts for failures to socialize young children may not be a surprise to many normal parents but it is a revolutionary conclusion in the field of family psychology. As Patterson observes in his recent book, *Coercive Family Process*, some psychologists, confronted by a

young person who becomes violent or criminal, have sought explanations "at least as dramatic as the phenomena they purport to explain," and so we are treated to accounts of a primal instinct for aggression, a lurking Oedipal complex, or a shattering divorce. Rather than "cataclysmic episodes, flood tides of rage, or crumbling defense structures," what in fact is happening, Patterson writes, is the mismanagement of "coercive family processes," processes made up of events that are "inherently banal."

Among these banal events are the routine interactions of parents and children as they convey, by word, tone, gesture, and expression, their approval or disapproval of the behavior of others. Though the literature on family socialization is heavy with discussions of the merits of "love" versus "punishment," most of the socialization process is carried out by the often reflexive display of attention or irritation, interest or disinterest, and approval or disapproval.

The failure of parents to use reasonable reinforcements contingent on steadily monitored behavior places the child in a situation in which he comes to understand that he cannot control by his own actions what happens to him. When one receives penalties unconnected to one's own behavior, one experiences a kind of stress that Martin E. Seligman has called "learned helplessness," just as when one receives rewards that are unearned, one develops "learned laziness."

The treatment at the Learning Center was to teach these troubled parents how to set clear rules, monitor behavior, and make rewards contingent on good behavior and punishment contingent on bad behavior. By rewards, the therapists meant not necessarily giving presents in exchange for some major instance of good conduct but rou-



tinely responding in pleasant and supportive ways, or with "points" exchangeable for small privileges (such as ice cream for dessert), to pleasant language and helpful behavior. And by punishment they meant not only assessing major penalties for major misdemeanors but promptly and consistently penalizing unpleasant and destructive language and conduct. An especially favored penalty, the value of which was established by repeated trials, was "time out"—that is, being sent briefly, usually for five minutes, into seclusion in another room, usually the bathroom, without recriminations or long lectures.

Teaching these common-sense methods was difficult, but not nearly so difficult as motivating the parents to put them to use. Both instruction and motivation required extraordinary clinical skill and patience, neither of which was easy to sustain. Patterson does not assume that parents will learn how to raise children by reading a book or listening to a lecture. If that were all there was to it, they would not be in trouble in the first place. Benjamin Spock's reassuring advice to young parents—"You know more than you think you do"—is probably correct for most mothers and fathers, but it is not correct for those who, owing to their temperament and personal problems, are parental disasters. These people sense that something is badly wrong with the way they are raising their children, but they don't know what to do about it, or, worse, they often *think* they know, so they persist in trying to control children with vague rules that are frequently changed and erratically enforced. Moreover, many parents do not always share the therapists' enthusiasm for the principles of behavior modification. To these mothers and fathers, "reinforcing socially desirable behavior" sounds too much like bribing kids to do what they are supposed to do anyway, and "relying on positive rather than negative reinforcers" seems to be spoiling the child by sparing the rod.

The only way to convince such parents is to show them that the rules they learn during many hours spent in the Learning Center actually work. I watched videotapes of a woman being trained to cope with her out-of-control young son. The child went to bed only when he felt like it, insisted on sleeping with his mother (she had no husband), rarely obeyed even the most reasonable commands, spread his excrement all over the living-room walls, was a terror to other children who tried to play with him, and seemed destined to be a terror to his teachers. The first task was to make the mother realize that he was not minding her in important ways because he was not minding her in small ones. Every day for one hour she had to count the number of times the boy failed to obey an order within fifteen seconds of its being issued and report the results to the therapist. This led the mother to become aware of how many times she was issuing orders and how long she was waiting to get results.

At the second session, she was taught how to use rewards to increase the frequency with which her son minded her. Every time he minded within fifteen seconds, he

was to get one point; at the end of the day, the points were added up and converted into some small but valued privilege, such as a special dessert. Many parents, impatient, want to use big rewards to achieve big, quick improvements in behavior, but this is discouraged: such a strategy debases the currency, fails to inculcate the habit of minding, and does not reduce routine parental nagging.

At the third session, the mother was taught how to use "time out" as a means of discipline. She was told that whenever her son did something wrong, she should immediately tell him why it was wrong and order him to go to time out—five minutes alone in the bathroom. She resisted doing this, because it forced her to confront all of her son's rule-breaking, and to do so immediately. She preferred to avoid the conflict and the angry protests. She especially resisted using this means to enforce her son's going to bed at a stated, appropriate time; she was a lonely, not particularly attractive woman, and it was clear to the therapist that she wanted her son to sleep with her. In time, the woman was persuaded to try this new form of discipline and to back up a failure to go to time out by the withdrawal of some privilege ("no TV tonight"). As the weeks went by, the woman became excited about the improvement in the boy's behavior and came to value having him sleep alone in his own room. Not long after, she acquired a male friend.

Some parents come to the Learning Center having relied on severe physical punishment to control their children. The staff members do not approve of spanking, but neither do they try to talk parents out of it, unless it is clearly abusive. Instead, they show the parents that another method works better: a lesser penalty, such as time out or a loss of points, given immediately for every minor infraction of the rules. Parents who physically punish their children usually do so only for major offenses that occur at the end of a long sequence of minor ones. These big penalties erratically employed only against major misconduct are less effective than small ones regularly used to control minor misconduct.

The Learning Center double-checks on the progress of the parents by observing the family in action, making frequent phone calls to the home to see how things are going at that moment, and gathering information from teachers. Increasingly, the researchers at the center have been testing their own work using the only scientifically sound method—comparing its results to those achieved by other methods applied to similar families. Nineteen families of very aggressive children were randomly assigned to either the center's parent-training program or some conventional form of therapy available in the community. In 1982, Patterson and two associates, Patricia Chamberlain and John B. Reid, were able to show that the children in the parent-training program displayed a sharp drop in the frequency of aversive behavior, while those in the conventional programs showed, on the average, no change.

The limit, it turns out, is the amount of time, effort, and therapist skill at the disposal of the clinic. Before Patter-

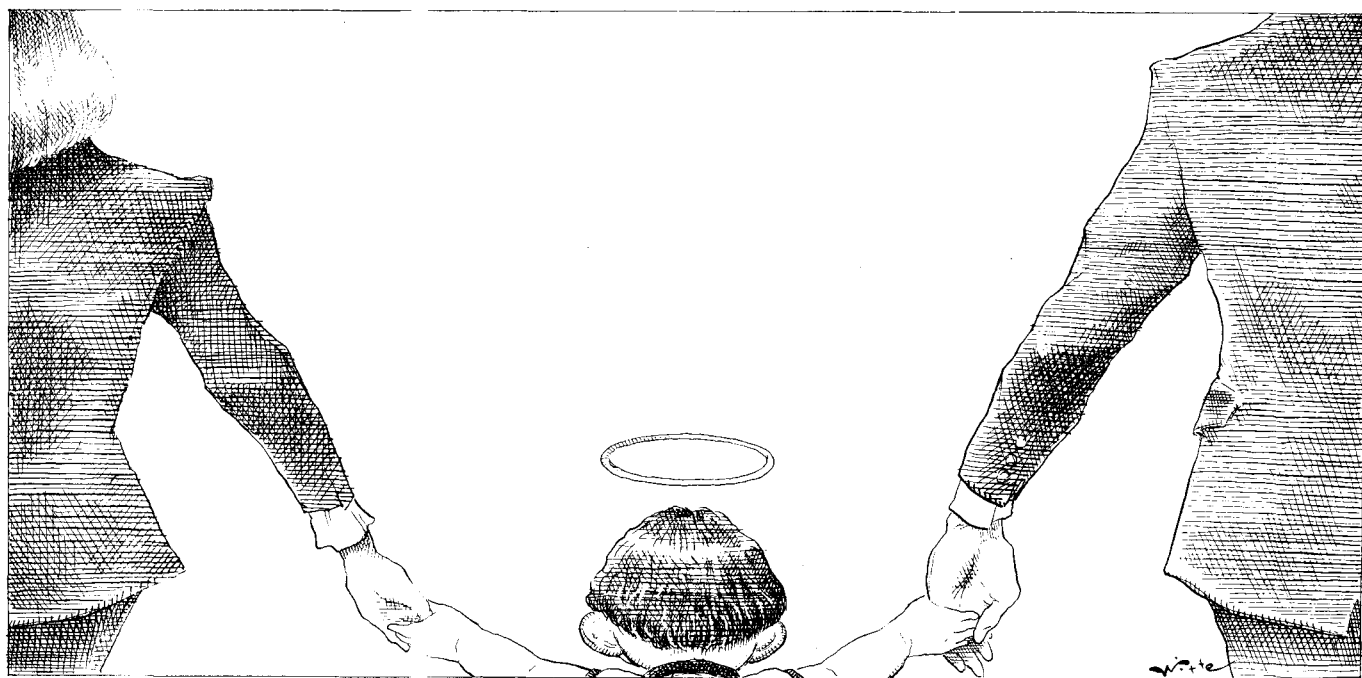
son's group demonstrated what it could accomplish, efforts to prove the lasting value of parent training had produced mixed, and often negative, results. Some programs reported great success, but it turned out that their measure was the parents' own reports that "things were getting better." Parents always like to think things are getting better. Observations by outsiders, such as schoolteachers and therapists, would often show that things weren't getting better at all. Other programs produced no benefits, no matter who was reporting, but it would turn out that these programs employed young, relatively inexperienced therapists, usually graduate students, and lasted only a short time. Patterson has been able to show that training parents takes a great deal of time and skill—a family with only minor problems may be in treatment for six weeks, one with moderate problems for sixteen weeks, and an especially troubled one for much longer. The most experienced therapists produce the best results, but only if they are continuously supported by a caring and knowledgeable group of colleagues.

The Patterson group is coming to understand how complex is the relationship between the economic circumstances of a family and its child-rearing problems. Most of their clients have low to moderate incomes. Half or more are single mothers. Economic disadvantage, especially when faced by a lone mother, can be a great source of stress, which exacerbates the normal difficulties of raising a child. But the connections among economic circumstance, parental personality, and the child's behavior are not simple or obvious. The mothers in the Learning Center program tend to be maladjusted personalities, as measured by a variety of tests. Their economic and marital difficulties may have contributed to this, or, just as likely, their personalities have made it hard for them to succeed

in marriage or in the labor market. If their material circumstances improved, the problems of their daily lives would be somewhat reduced, but owing to their personalities, their capacity to manage the child-rearing stresses common to all families would probably remain low.

IT IS TEMPTING TO SPECULATE ABOUT WHETHER THE growth in crime experienced by this and other nations in the past few decades can be explained by changes that have occurred in family life. It is easy to believe that the increase in the number of single-parent families, working mothers, or unattended, "latchkey" children lies at the root of the increase in disorder and delinquency. It may, though I am struck by how weak or contradictory the evidence is. For example, a review by Elizabeth Herzog and Cecelia E. Sudia of eighteen studies of the relationship between broken homes and crime carried out between 1950 and 1970 found seven that claimed father-absent homes produced more delinquency, four that claimed they produced less, and seven that came to equivocal conclusions. The Gluecks, among others, claimed that broken homes made a difference; the McCords and Travis Hirschi, among others, claimed they did not. Moreover, even if the rise in American crime rates could be explained by the increase in female-headed families here, the growth in crime in European countries—a growth that parallels ours almost exactly, though beginning from a lower base—cannot be explained this way, because these countries have not had a comparable explosion in the number of female-headed homes.

Other things being equal, single-parent families, or two-parent families with working mothers, probably experience greater trouble in raising children than two-parent



families in which the mother stays home—but other things are rarely equal. *Why* one parent is absent is surely more important than whether he is absent. As Michael Rutter, of the University of London, notes, based on his own research in England and that of others elsewhere, families that are broken by divorce or desertion are more likely to affect the child's behavior adversely than those broken by the death of one parent. Homes that are broken because of parental discord are unhappy places in which the child experiences not only the stresses associated with separation but those produced by the discord that led to the separation.

Many intact families are also discordant. When New York City families, some living on welfare and some not, were studied by a group of researchers based at Columbia University, it was found that delinquency was best explained among both kinds of families by "parental coldness." But this coldness was most strongly associated with delinquency among the welfare families because, as the authors put it, the "welfare child is in double jeopardy"—when there is no father present, the harmful effects of maternal coldness are more serious. Here, as in all aspects of family life, what causes what is never quite clear. A discordant or broken home may harm the child, but a troublesome child can cause some homes to become discordant. Candyce Russell, a sociologist, found that the parents of babies who were more demanding—who cried a lot or had feeding problems—were more likely to experience discord and crises than the parents of quiet infants.

Changes in the structure of the family may have contributed to the growth of crime, though of late crime rates seem to have been stable even as the number of children raised in broken homes has continued to increase. It is more likely that broad social forces—the advent of the baby boom, the increase in personal freedom and mobility, the spread of the ethos of self-expression, and the increases in the net benefits of crime (the value of loot minus the risk of being caught and punished)—have produced both increases in crime and changes in family life.

There is no reason to assume that parents have become less intelligent about how to raise children. For hundreds of years, all over the globe, parents who have never heard of Dr. Spock, much less of behavior modification, have been raising tens of millions of perfectly decent children. If crime and disorder have increased, can it be that parents who once knew how to raise children have forgotten? It seems unlikely. But it may be that social changes have made parents somewhat less interested in being parents, and have provided children with more ways to evade parental control. More mothers and fathers may have found children to be a burden as the traditional social and moral supports for family life have become more precarious and the opportunities for distraction and entertainment out-

side the family have become greater. Parents who once just got by as child-rearers now find themselves slipping over the edge as it becomes harder, or less necessary, just to get by.

GIVEN THE DEEP-SEATED AND POORLY UNDERSTOOD causes of discord and incompetence among families, it is hard to imagine mounting any national program to deal with the problem directly. One shudders at the thought of developing, as some politicians too eager for the national spotlight have proposed, a "national family policy." But at the same time, one also wonders whether, starting small and in a frankly experimental mode, we might not do more to prevent the frenzied or apathetic incompetence of so many families from producing monsters like Don.

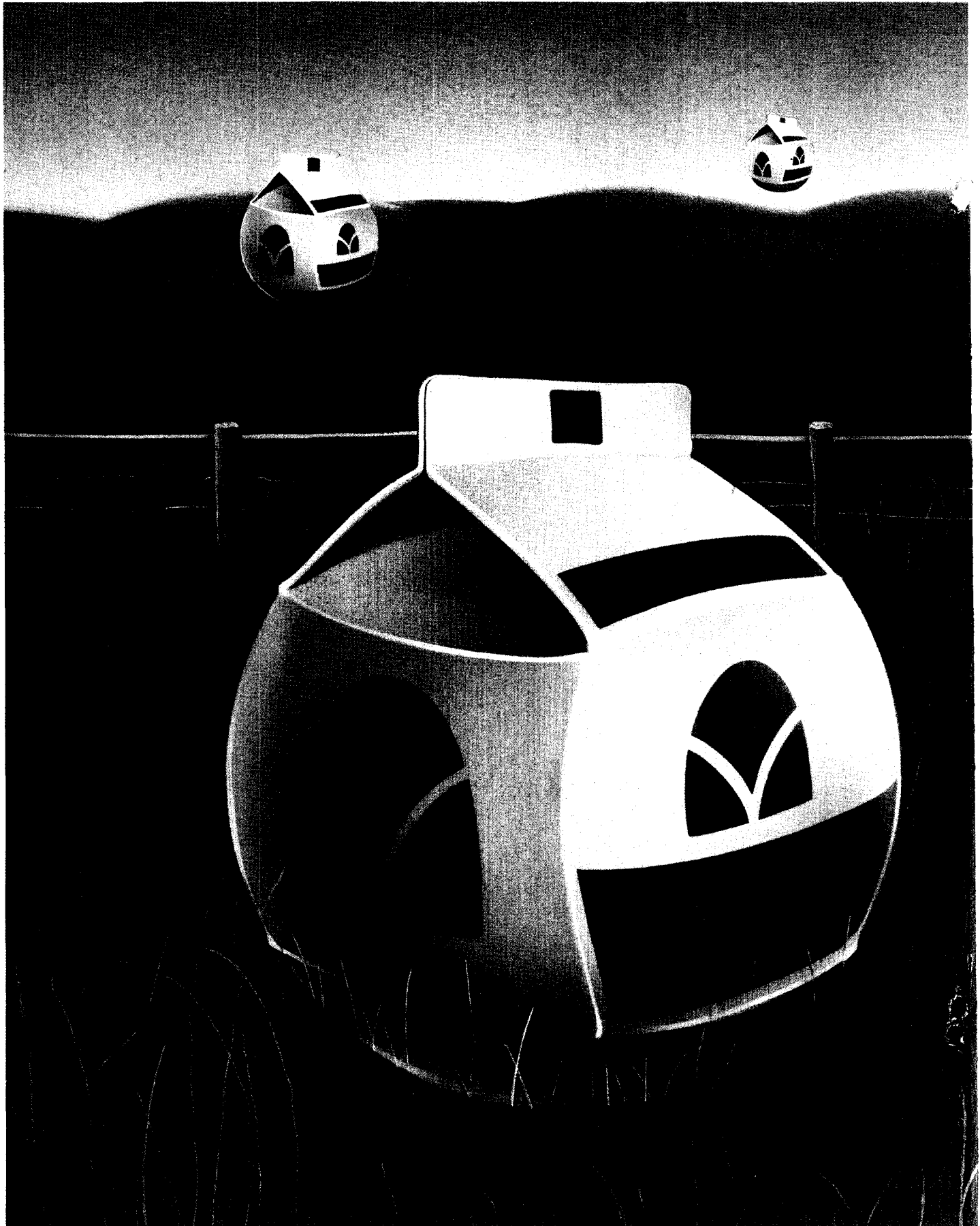
The fact that much skill and time are needed to change families means that this method of reducing delinquency, like most methods, could not easily be made into a national program, or even one that would serve a large city. But it is conceivable that the elements of the program might become part of an effort to prevent bad parental practices from developing in the first place. The principal barrier to success in helping troubled families is that they resist help. It is not the complexity of the parenting techniques that requires so much time and effort to be devoted to therapy—the techniques are simplicity itself, based, as they are, on common sense. Rather, it is the client's resistance to adopting these techniques, or even to confronting the fact that his or her own practices are disastrous, that requires so great an investment of resources.

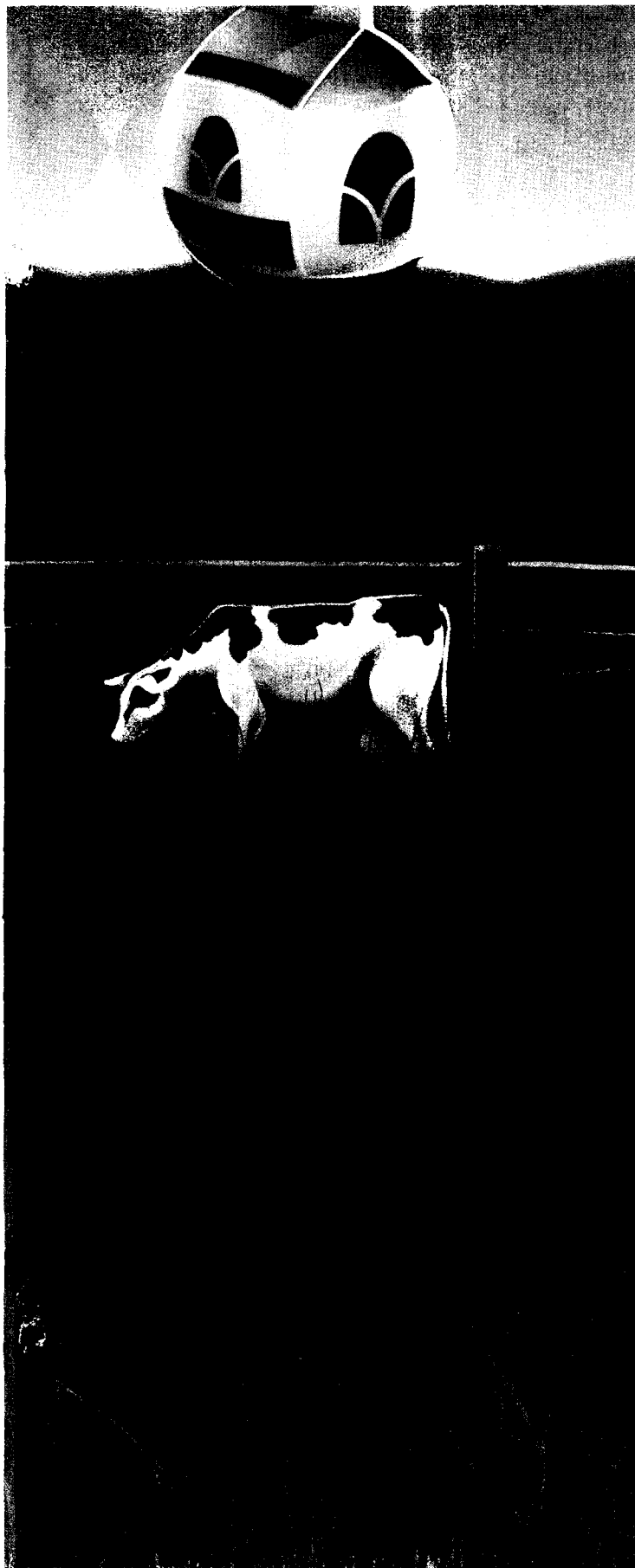
But suppose that these techniques were learned by young people before they become parents and enmesh themselves in the vicious cycle of nagging, exasperation, appeasement, and random hitting. Suppose the techniques of scoring behavior from videotapes of actual families in trouble were taught in school, using the same equipment researchers now rely on—the engrossing paraphernalia of hand-held computer terminals and video displays with which the Pac-Man generation has become so familiar. Suppose the changes in behavior that occur as a result of adopting sensible parenting techniques could be seen (on a TV set) by young people. It is conceivable that they might find this experience more interesting and this information more useful than what they often get from lectures they are now obliged to hear on sex education or personal hygiene, to say nothing of courses in civics or woodworking. This suggestion—not yet tried, to the best of my knowledge, anywhere—may turn out to be but another example of misplaced hopes and wishful thinking. But the costs to society of weak, discordant, incompetent families is so great as to make the experiment worth the effort. □



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*Dairy policy costs
the public billions of dollars
every year and is producing
an enormous stockpile of surplus
milk products*

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF MILK

BY JOHN D. DONAHUE

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT EXPECTS TO SPEND about \$2.4 billion in this fiscal year to pull dairy products off the market in order to guarantee high milk prices. In 1982, dairy-price-support purchases cost eight times as much as government funding for the arts and humanities, almost three times as much as the National Park Service, and close to double the budget for the National Science Foundation or for the Agency for International Development's program of Third World development projects. This year's \$2.4 billion comes out to about \$10,000 in direct public spending for every dairy farmer in America.

This money is not, as it might appear to be, the "cost" of price supports; it is just the tax bill for doing the supporting. The less obvious cost of propping up the dairy industry is paid at the supermarket, in inflated prices for milk and other dairy products. The purpose of price supports, after all, is to keep prices high. When the government sits on about 10 percent of the milk supply, consumers have to pay more to buy the rest. No one knows for sure how much cheaper milk would be without price supports, but a conservative guess is that consumers would save a couple of billion dollars a year.

The three elements that constitute American dairy policy—antitrust immunity, regulated prices, and support purchases—let dairymen ignore consumers, and produce public stockpiles of cheese, butter, and dried milk. The policy doesn't even keep dairying consistently profitable: the expectation of high milk prices tends to push up investment costs, and guaranteed prices cannot guarantee profits. Explaining why we pursue and pay for this policy involves legislative history, aggressively deployed lobbying power, and the political dynamics of obscure and glamourless issues.

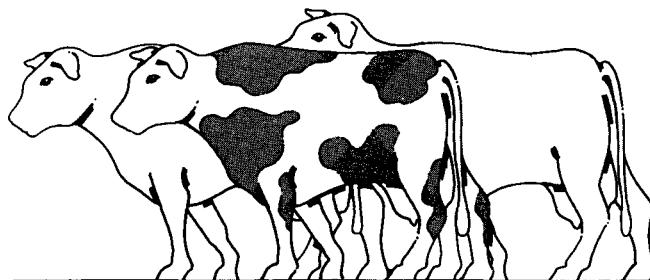
By the turn of the century, producing milk for urban markets had become a full-time business for some farmers. A few dairymen, unhappy with the weak bargaining position inherent in selling a perishable commodity, sought to strengthen their leverage against wholesalers by banding together into local milk-marketing associations, or cartels. Though frequently successful, this tactic was illegal, and wholesalers filed and often won antitrust actions against these associations. The dairy farmers, in turn, complained to Congress that antitrust laws should apply only to urban cartels of merchants and industrialists, not to rural cartels of struggling farmers. Persuaded that the public had little to fear from these local marketing associations, Congress granted almost unlimited antitrust immunity to dairy cooperatives with the Capper-Volstead Act of 1922.

Shielded by this immunity, dairymen raised milk prices, and most of them managed to make money even several years into the agricultural slump that preceded the Great Depression. But as the Depression took hold in earnest, demand for milk stagnated. Some farmers, desperate for cash, offered to sell milk to dealers at a price below the going cooperative rate. Cooperatives began disintegrating, and milk prices fell with the rest of the economy.

To keep prices high, cooperatives somehow had to prevent "chiseling," or, to use the less colorful term, price competition. Some resorted to road blocks and weaponry to deter cut-rate sales by non-members, but the more astute co-op leaders moved their battle to the political plain. An easy alliance formed between dairy leaders and New Dealers struggling for some kind of solution to the farm crisis. Because of the tight structures of their cooperatives, dairymen were generally better organized than their grain-growing colleagues, and were well positioned to influence any legislation bearing on their interests. With the 1935 amendments to the Agricultural Adjustment Act, Congress decreed that the government would henceforth not only allow price-fixing in the milk market but also enforce fixed prices. The Department of Agriculture stood ready to issue price regulations, or "marketing orders," that would set minimum prices for milk. Federal officials would be dispatched, at cooperatives' request, to ensure that no dealer demanded and no farmer offered a price below the specified minimum.

World War II ushered in the last major change in American dairy policy. To promote wartime milk production, the government promised to buy up any surplus at a guaranteed high price. This program insulated dairymen from consumers' tendency to purchase less at the higher price; previously, cooperatives had to moderate price demands to avoid curtailing sales. Congress made price-support purchases permanent in 1949.

The system was now complete. Antitrust immunity let cooperatives raise prices through coordination; marketing orders outlawed price competition; support purchases neutralized the fall in demand caused by artificially high prices.



THE IMAGE OF NEIGHBORING FARMERS GATHERED AT a weathered shed to pool their milk and share the proceeds has little to do with modern dairy cooperatives. Milk has become a \$35 billion industry. The cooperatives have grown and merged, and some now dominate milk markets in large regions of the country. Two of the top cooperatives—Associated Milk Producers, Inc., and Dairymen, Inc.—are among the nation's fifty largest diversified service concerns. Big milk cooperatives are similar to other agribusiness firms, complete with political-action committees and well-paid executives with MBAs, except for two significant differences. First, cooperatives are technically associations of farmers rather than corporations owned by stockholders, so the share of milk revenues that the central office keeps for salaries, operations, and political activities escapes the corporate income tax. Second, the Capper-Volstead Act gives cooperatives rights to combine and to coordinate pricing that other businesses are denied. Cooperatives can merge within markets to present a unified front to dealers as well as consolidate markets to align prices across regions and to guard against outside competition.

The Capper-Volstead Act directs the Department of Agriculture to police the co-ops and forbid excessively high prices. But in the half-century since the law was passed, the USDA has never challenged a cooperative. The department's task of managing milk supplies and prices throughout most of the country is made much easier when there are only a few large, coordinated sellers to deal with rather than many competing ones. The system of marketing orders and cooperative pricing is a comfortable accommodation between public officials and concentrated private interests; only the consumer is unrepresented.

An exceptionally glaring pattern of predatory pricing goaded the Justice Department into filing suit, in the early seventies, against the largest cooperative, Associated Milk Producers, Inc., or AMPI. The main issue was "pool loading" (sometimes known as "dirty pooling"), which involves flooding a market with cheap milk to push down the

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"pool" price and to put pressure on rival cooperatives, retailers, or independent farmers. This modest assault on the Capper-Volstead Act resulted in a consent decree by which AMPI, without admitting any wrongdoing, forswore predatory pricing. The decree covers only hostile moves against other sellers, however; collusion to keep prices high is still legal. Moreover, these partial constraints apply only to AMPI, not to cooperatives in general.

Marketing orders are the most important aspect of the U.S. dairy system and also, unfortunately, the most confusing. In essence, these USDA regulations, which set minimum milk prices, are designed to ensure that consumers in every corner of the country get their milk from local producers. Marketing orders set prices in each market high enough to encourage farmers to produce a plentiful local supply, even in areas little suited to dairying. The goal of local self-sufficiency may have made sense when the only way to ship milk was in metal cans over bad roads; it had to be produced close to where it would be consumed, even if it could be produced more efficiently a few hundred miles away. But today, when refrigerated trucks easily make thousand-mile trips, local milk production everywhere is no longer necessary or, indeed, even sensible.

Efficient dairying requires a temperate climate, cheap land, good pasture, plenty of water, and a well-developed network of grain growers and shippers. Milk can be produced cheaply in some parts of the country (mainly in the Northeast, the Midwest, and parts of the Northwest) and expensively in other areas (mainly in the South). Local milk production in the Tucson and Miami regions, which are terrible places for cows, usually means big, highly mechanized farms. The average southeastern Florida dairy, for example, sold \$1,270,000 worth of milk in 1981—fifteen or twenty times as much as the average dairy farm in Minnesota or upper Michigan. To keep these operations in business, the government has to set high local prices. The regulated wholesale price for a gallon of milk in 1982 was \$1.29 in western Texas and \$1.33 in southeastern Florida, compared with \$1.10 in Minnesota. These are official USDA price minimums; but the market power of cooperatives generally lets them demand more—from four cents a gallon in Minneapolis to twelve cents in Miami.

When the law decrees milk production everywhere, the government must somehow prevent farmers in regions that are suitable for cows from shipping milk long-distance and underselling farmers in areas that are not. Two mechanisms, one private and one public, defend the local-production principle. The private solution is a network of agreements and payments among cooperatives that blocks uninvited shipments from one market to another. The public solution is to set the regulated price in Minnesota (and other good dairy areas) high enough to make it more profitable to sell milk locally than to ship it. The Department of Agriculture operates a fantastically complicated "Florida-minus-freight" pricing structure that makes the milk price

in Duluth a function of interstate shipping rates and of the cost of production in the suburbs of Miami. A study by the Department of Justice found that cash-backed agreements and regulated pricing among cooperatives have "succeeded to a startling extent in maintaining milk markets as they existed in the 1930s."

WHEN LOCAL PRICES ARE HIGH ENOUGH TO DISCOURAGE farmers from making long-distance milk shipments, they are also high enough to increase production at existing farms and to entice more people into the milk business. The federal government has to buy some of the milk, in the form of butter, cheese, and dried milk, to keep the price from falling below the support level Congress mandates. In the marketing year ending in September, 1982, the government bought dairy products representing 1.6 billion gallons of milk—about 10 percent of all the milk produced in America.

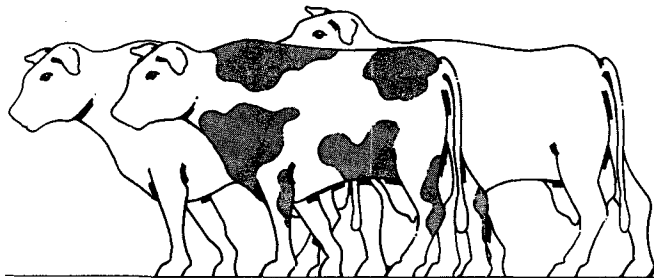
This surplus is shipped to 500 sites scattered throughout the country. Some of it eventually goes overseas as food aid, and some of it is sold to the Army, or donated to schools, hospitals, and other institutions. Much of it stays in storage and gets older. As of July, the government owned 481.1 million pounds of butter, 932.7 million pounds of cheese, and 1.369 billion pounds of dried milk. The public dairy hoard is worth more than \$3 billion, and it costs more than \$100 million a year just to ship and store it. But the USDA can't sell any of it unless it can prove that putting the products on the market will not threaten the legislated support price.

The government has undertaken some creative efforts to reduce the stockpile. In mid-1981, the USDA decided to try unloading around 200 million pounds of butter on the world market. The only willing buyer, embarrassingly, was the Soviet Union, which offered to take the butter off our hands for a dollar a pound—half the price that Americans were paying in the supermarket. Secretary of State Alexander Haig learned of the deal and objected that selling cheap butter to the Russians might be seen as a retreat from the Administration's get-tough policy. The compromise, crafted at high government levels, was to launder the butter through a third party: New Zealand bought the American butter (at a cut-rate seventy cents a pound) for resale to its regular export customers, then diverted its own butter to the Russians, earning millions on butter arbitrage.

One might think that issuing every American a big package of dairy products would be a simpler approach to the problem; but this would cut sales at the supermarket and wreck the support system. Department of Agriculture officials constantly worry about "recycling the surplus"—releasing public stores onto the market, only to push prices down and trigger new government purchases. One plausible solution is to give surplus dairy products only to citizens who are so poor that they have few butter and cheese

purchases to displace. Late in 1981, the Reagan Administration invited America's poor to begin lining up for a monthly ration of federal cheese. (Dried milk and butter were added later.) The National Guard had to be enlisted to hand out the cheese in a few areas, and there was minor rioting in Queens until the system began working smoothly. This distribution program *is* moving some dairy products, but the truly needy can eat only so much cheese. From October of 1982 to March of 1983, the government unloaded a total of 976 million pounds of butter, cheese, and dried milk, but meanwhile it bought 1.987 billion pounds. As a hard-pressed USDA official in charge of a complex of cheese-filled caves in Missouri told *The New York Times*, "The outgoing isn't keeping up with the incoming."

The political unpalatability of fundamentally reworking dairy policy and the complexity that shields proposed solutions from scrutiny sometimes tempt public and private officials to suggest simplistic, and even silly, reforms. Anxious over the unwelcome attention the stockpile was attracting, the National Farmers Organization last year urged a direct approach—killing cows. The NFO proposed, apparently in earnest, that the government give farmers a bounty for every cow sent to the slaughterhouse. One immediate problem with this solution is deciding how big to make the bounty: too low, and there would be little effect; too high, and calves would be raised for the slaughter subsidies alone. In any event, cow bounties would tend to push down beef prices, a sensitive issue with the cattle lobby. Secretary of Agriculture John Block advocated a gentler but equally desperate solution when he drank a glass of milk on television and told viewers that "if more people would do this, we could straighten this dairy program up overnight." (The current surplus comes to about 150 eight-ounce glasses for every American.) Exhortation, arguably, does less to increase consumption than would a decline in dairy prices from the current level.



THE ONLY WAY THE GOVERNMENT CAN GET OUT OF the business of stockpiling dairy products is to stop buying them. But if the government ceased to buy up the dairy surplus, the price of milk would depend on consumer demand instead of on congressional fiat. One of the most formidable lobbying coalitions in America is dedicated to making sure this never happens.

There are not all that many dairy farmers in the United

States; the most recent Census of Agriculture estimated about 215,000. That comes out to an average of around 500 per congressional district, though a handful have many more and most have fewer. But the dairy industry is impressively well organized. The co-ops, not individual farmers, actually sell most of the milk, and the fees that co-ops charge farmers include a levy for political activities. The lobby's agenda is limited, focused, and non-negotiable: guaranteed high milk prices, and freedom from administrative or legal interference by the government.

The dairy lobby fields eighteen political-action committees. In the 1982 campaign, these PACs gave congressmen at least \$1.8 million—more than was given by the home builders or the used-car dealers, who were also out for special favors, or the United Auto Workers, or even the national PAC of the American Medical Association. Sympathetic legislators, particularly those holding strategic committee appointments, can count on generous donations every two years.

The PACs are not wasting their money. Legislators courted by the milk lobby have shown their appreciation by keeping the support price comfortably high. In 1979, Congress gratified the lobby by restricting the Federal Trade Commission's ability to investigate cooperatives. Representatives Paul Findley, of Illinois, and Barney Frank, of Massachusetts, proposed an amendment to the 1981 farm bill that would have pared support costs by \$360 million over four years. The proposal was soundly defeated. A Common Cause study records that the 243 members voting against the amendment and for continued high price supports had received an average of \$4,000 from the dairy PACs in the two preceding elections; members voting for lower supports had received an average of \$700. Thirty-four members had collected more than \$10,000, and of these, only one defied the dairy lobby. In the same 1982 legislation that cut food stamps by \$1.9 billion, Congress voted merely to refrain from increasing the support price for milk.

The milk lobby's stranglehold on dairy legislation is strengthened by the tediousness of a policy that the late Senator Philip Hart called "one of the most complicated arrangements that government has yet conceived." The mechanics of dairy policy are esoteric, confusing, and mercifully boring. Hence almost nobody outside the industry and a few enclaves in the Department of Agriculture understands how the system works well enough to evaluate what it's doing.

If a conscientious new legislator decides to look into the logic of maintaining a multibillion-dollar public dairy hoard, industry representatives and USDA specialists will obligingly send him a cartload of documents packed with mind-numbing statistical tables and reports on Class I differentials, butterfat adjustments, the M-W price, parity levels, utilization rates, over-order premiums, and so on. If he asks a USDA expert to translate for him, the specialist will explain each bit of jargon by reference to other bits of

jargon. Scraping through the protective layers of complexity to seize the hard kernel of pure hokum within—the claim that dairy farmers are uniquely unable to function without government regulation and subsidies—is a task that can take months, far more time than a lawmaker or his staff can comfortably devote to an issue so devoid of glamour. Price support is the overriding political concern for dairy farmers, but too dull and confusing an issue for most voters to know or care much about it. Opposing the system would be likely to lose votes without winning any. Finally, pressing the matter means declaring war on powerful colleagues who have made political careers out of protecting price supports.

In view of these barriers, and of the prospect of PAC largesse for price-support loyalists, it is not especially surprising that no reform effort has ever gained enough momentum to break the milk lobby's grip on dairy legislation.



PROSODY 101

When they taught me that what mattered most
was not the strict iambic line goose-stepping
over the page but the variations
in that line and the tension produced
on the ear by the surprise of difference,
I understood yet didn't understand
exactly, until just now, years later
in spring, with the trees already lacy
and camellias blowsy with middle age,
I looked out and saw what a cold front had done
to the garden, sweeping in like common language,
unexpected in the sensuous
extravagance of a Maryland spring.
There was a dark edge around each flower
as if it had been outlined in ink
instead of frost, and the tension I felt
between the expected and actual
was like that time I came to you, ready
to say goodbye for good, for you had been
a cold front yourself lately, and as I walked in
you laughed and lifted me up in your arms
as if I too were lacy with spring
instead of middle aged like the camellias,
and I thought: so this is Poetry!

—Linda Pastan

THE CORNERSTONE OF DAIRY POLICY IS PRICE STABILITY. Cows give 5 to 10 percent more milk each day in the spring and summer than they do in the fall and winter. The core of the argument for rigged dairy prices, simplified only slightly here, turns on the observation that farmers cannot stockpile raw milk to sell it in the fall, when the price rises. Defenders of price supports conclude from this that without guaranteed prices, keeping cows would be so risky a proposition that only a few martyrs and madmen would attempt it. When the price fell in the spring, despairing dairymen would sell or slaughter their herds. Eventually, only a few dairy farms would remain, and we would all have to pay champagne prices for milk. (This scenario—retained unchanged since the 1930s—hinges on the assumption that modern American dairymen cannot foresee that winter scarcity will pull prices up just as surely as spring surplus will push them down, or that the first stage of the predicted exodus from dairying would increase profits, making it more lucrative to spare the cows and stay in business.)

Price-support enthusiasts emphasize that not only farmers but also consumers like stable prices better than unstable prices. True enough. But farmers like prices stable and high, while consumers like them stable and low. The present system resolves the issue by making consumers pay high prices all of the time in order to spare them from paying high prices some of the time. This compromise costs \$2.4 billion to put into effect.

Most commodities, from copper to cherries, undergo price changes that the government could, at a cost, eliminate. The Department of Agriculture could smooth out seasonal swings in the market for strawberries, say, by legally mandating prices high enough to cover the cost of greenhouse fruit. The department would buy up much of the field-grown berry crop and stockpile jam to prevent the summer surplus from pushing prices down. To complete the system, the regional pattern of regulated prices could be finessed to guarantee year-round local production from Miami to Anchorage. Supply would be stable. Prices would not change much from winter to summer. Strawberry markets would be local. People would pay for this stability through higher prices and taxes, but had such a system been installed thirty years ago it would now be defended as the only way to keep berry growers in business.

No doubt milk matters more than strawberries to most people, and shoppers might indeed be put off by sharp seasonal price changes. But most basic foods, not just milk, are seasonal, perishable, and subject to changing prices, yet buyers and sellers seem somehow to manage. Producers, processors, brokers, and retailers have developed sophisticated networks of contracts and futures markets to prevent wild price swings for goods like eggs and orange juice. If the government were to discontinue support purchases and if consumers were to care about stable milk prices, it would be profitable for farmers to manage their breeding and feeding schedules to make yields

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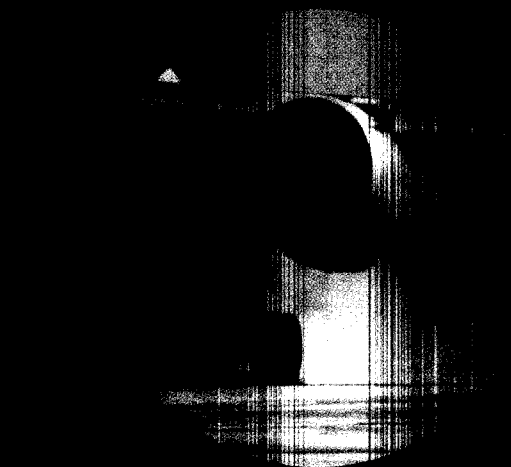
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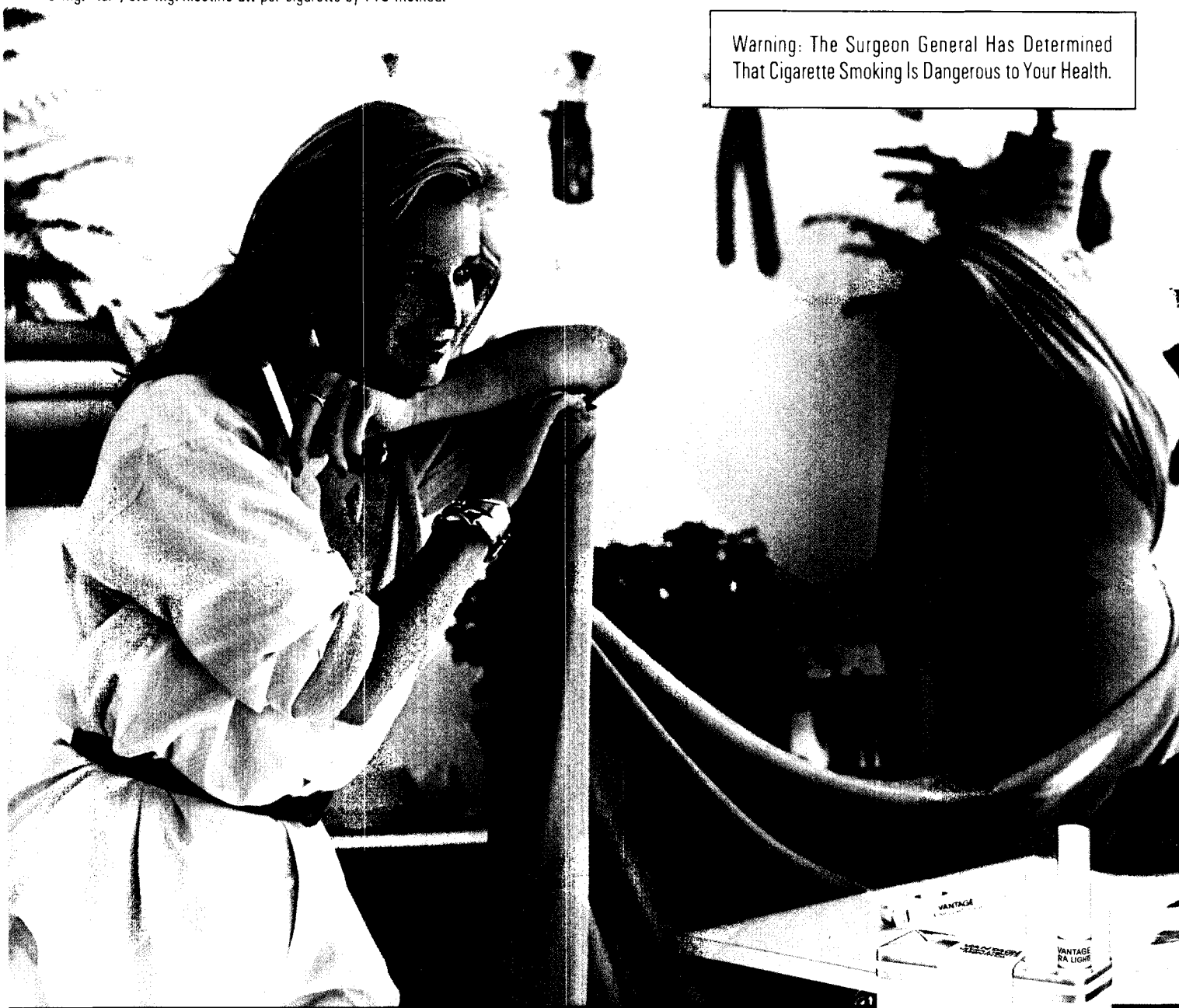
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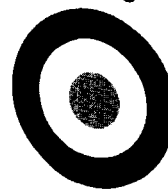


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steadier, or for processors to make more cheese in the summer "flush season" and less when milk is in shorter supply.

There is really only one good reason for keeping marketing orders and price supports: dairy farmers, willingly or not, have become hostages to the system. Many dairymen are uncomfortable with government support—the kind of person who likes to get up at 5 A.M. every day for the first milking typically finds it a little galling to be a ward of the state. But nobody now keeping cows ever had the option of a free-market dairy business. Since government support for any occupation tends to get built into the cost of entering it, dairymen are addicted to high milk prices.

Consider the choice confronted by someone deciding whether to buy a dairy farm. He knows, in a general way, how much money he can hope for in alternative occupations. He knows, too, that in other jobs—including other types of farming—he faces the risk of layoffs or low prices in bad times. But since the government promises a good price for all the milk he can produce, he'll be willing to pay more to enter the dairy industry. Other prospective dairymen are, of course, making the same calculations, so the price of farms is bid up, and the eventual buyer takes out a substantial loan to pay for land, stock, and equipment. He counts on continued high milk prices to enable him to pay off that loan. This is the way dairymen have entered the industry for decades.

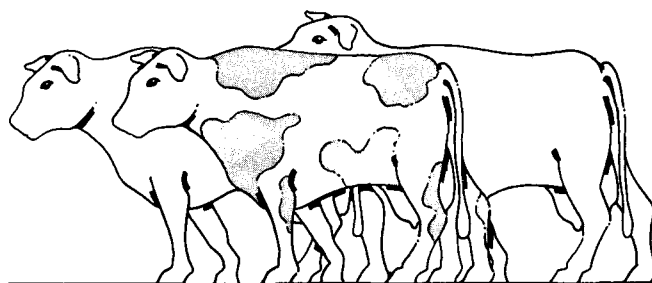
Once investment costs are accounted for, most dairy farmers probably make about the same income that they would have in another line of work. When the options in the rest of agriculture and off the farm are as grim as they have been recently, guaranteed prices draw people into dairying even if they can expect only slim profit margins. This process ensures that there will be plenty of farmers on the edge of insolvency to demonstrate the need for higher price supports.

Simply ending support purchases would leave dairymen squeezed between pumped-up capital costs and free-market milk prices. Some of them would be able to absorb the capital loss and stay in business, but others would certainly go bankrupt. Inflicting these kinds of losses on large numbers of small dairy farms is, properly, a political impossibility.

Yet we need not be stuck with the current system. One alternative to maintaining prices through public hoarding is to keep the entire milk supply on the market and pay farmers *directly*, with a government check, to make up the gap between the market price per gallon and a stipulated target price. Another is to end support purchases and offer dairymen one-time compensation for the capital losses they suffer. Either of these reforms would make for a more sensible dairy policy. Instead of having the government pull products off the market to bid up the milk price, we would actually get to use all the milk, butter, and cheese that we pay for. The price we would pay at the supermarket would fall while we made up part of the differ-

ence through tax-funded payments to farmers—a cheaper and less wasteful arrangement than the current one.

The problem with such reforms is that they would make dairy subsidies awkwardly obvious. Recall that, at present, much of the cost of dairy policy falls directly on consumers without ever passing through the Treasury. Both the milk lobby and public officials prefer that subsidies be delivered through consumer overcharges rather than through government checks—the officials because this arrangement limits the strain on the budget and on the credibility of free-market speechifying, the lobbyists because direct subsidies invite the political attention that hidden subsidies have for decades been spared.



OCCASIONAL CRUSADES TO LIMIT THE BUDGETARY costs of price supports seldom challenge the dairy interests' claim that chaos would reign if the government simply eased out of the dairy business. Most proposals instead are intended to lower the costs without materially changing the current system. The dairy provisions of the 1982 Omnibus Budget Reconciliation Act, for example, require dairymen to pay a small part of the costs of support purchases. Recent projections that total farm subsidies will equal or exceed net farm income next year are inspiring Congress to reappraise most agricultural programs, and the most likely change would merge three proposals. First, the support level—that is, the price that triggers government purchases of dairy products—would be lowered, by perhaps around 4 percent. Second, the practice of paying farmers not to produce, long common in grain programs, would be introduced into dairy policy. Dairymen would be paid roughly four fifths of the support price for every gallon they reduce their production; the funds would be raised by a special tax on milk sales. Third, dairymen would be taxed about a penny a gallon to pay for a program of milk advertising and education. (This last proposal apparently follows the premise that consumption can best be increased not by lowering prices but by reminding people of the virtues of milk.)

These changes would reduce support purchases somewhat and stanch the drain on the federal budget. They are not designed, however, to lower consumer prices; indeed, they could well raise them. Nor do the proposals depart from the principle that maintaining dairymen's incomes is a proper federal enterprise. The system of regulated

prices, unrestrained cooperatives, and support purchases would remain in place, and nothing would prevent future passage of a new amendment to raise the support price again once this year's furor over farm-subsidy costs has passed.

The best avenue for reform may be to take seriously the claim that dairy subsidies are needed to sustain small family operations, and to restrict support to these farms. Seventy percent of American dairymen operate farms that have fewer than fifty cows. This 70 percent produces about a third of the nation's milk, and thus accounts for only a third of the tax and consumer costs of price supports; the other two thirds goes to keep the 30 percent of larger farms profitable. We could move from a policy of support purchases and indirect subsidies to a system of direct subsidies or one-time compensation and—by limiting support to the majority of smaller operations—keep small dairy farmers in business at a lower public cost while sharply reducing consumer prices.

Further reforms could make this modified support system better and cheaper. Fixing milk prices through marketing orders could be phased out. Cooperatives' market power could be curbed by amending or repealing the Capper-Volstead Act. These changes would remove the artificial barriers against shipments from efficient dairy areas—where small farmers predominate—to inefficient dairy areas. There would have to be safeguards to prevent large dairies from dividing, on paper, into technically separate small farms and continuing to collect subsidies. And if support takes the form of per-gallon payments instead of once-and-for-all compensation, it should be limited strictly to farms now in operation, since newcomers would be entering the industry without any price-support expectations that might be disappointed. (A dairyman *should* be able to transfer the right to these payments when he sells his farm, however, so he can get a price that lets him recoup what he put into the operation. One-time compensation has the virtue of avoiding this complication.)

REFORMING DAIRY POLICY WOULD BE NEITHER painless nor uncontroversial. Shifting to direct support for the smallest dairy farms would put heavy pressure on the excluded large operations. Some of these small farms would go out of business. It's hard to argue that this would be really fair, though harder still to think of a better way to allocate the costs of reform. Farmers would undoubtedly chafe at the indignity of undisguised government payments. The dairy lobby, long accustomed to unlimited, unchallenged support, would probably be little mollified by assurances that the majority of its

clients would still be protected. Finally, figuring out what would be fair in the way of per-gallon subsidies or compensation for capital losses would be technically and politically tricky. Yet there are at least four reasons—beyond easing the burden on consumers and taxpayers—why it would be worth overcoming these obstacles to escape the current system.

First, dairy price supports shackle American efforts to liberalize world trade in farm goods. The rest of American agriculture will never thrive without strong export sales, and we won't get them unless other countries ease their import barriers and export subsidies. Our trade negotiators are constantly pushing for more-liberal agricultural trade. But high American dairy prices force us to shut out most foreign cheese and butter with an intricate system of quotas. The Europeans invariably point to these quotas whenever we demand that they drop similar measures protecting their grain farmers. Unregulated milk prices would let us get serious about agricultural protectionism.

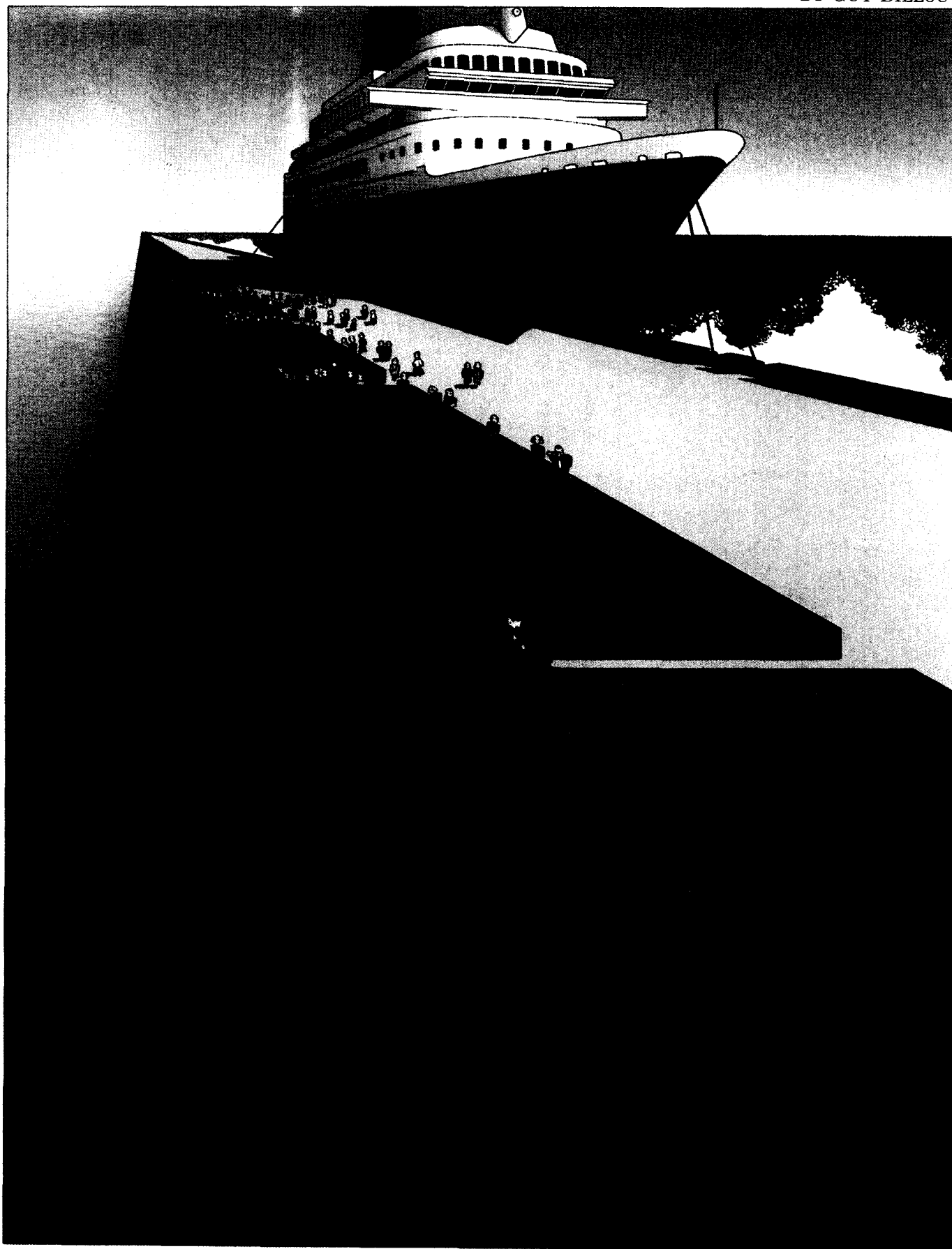
Second, the present system is grotesquely inefficient. Marketing orders are pure Rube Goldberg economics, costing hundreds of millions in wasted resources beyond the tax and consumer costs already counted. Milk gets produced in the wrong places at the wrong time, and is channeled into the wrong uses (too much milk is made into butter and cheese, for example, because processors have to pay higher prices for milk they bottle than for milk they use in manufacturing). Except for in-house experts in the dairy organizations and in some corners of the USDA, economists of whatever ideological bent condemn marketing orders in one vigorous chorus.

Third, price supports are scandalously inequitable. Since the subsidy is a strict function of the amount of milk sold, most of it goes to the biggest and richest farmers—the 10,000 or so largest dairy farms each collect about twenty times the benefit that the majority of smaller operations get. Propped-up milk prices hit poor people the hardest, in order to benefit farmers who are able-bodied, competent, and often a good deal wealthier than the average American. When the food-stamp program budgets fifty cents per meal, rigged milk prices make a difference. (At least one study blames price supports for calcium deficiencies among low-income families.)

Finally, the dairy programs pervert our politics. Setting a price by congressional roll call begs for abuse, and the milk lobby's high-pressure tactics contribute to the kind of cynicism and opportunism that corrode the democratic process. As dairy PACs quietly parlay less than \$2 million in campaign funds into more than \$2 billion in public subsidies, our economic commonwealth loses a little more of its integrity. □

THE EDGE

BY GUY BILLOUT





The campaign to rescue the condor has divided biologists into two bitterly opposed camps—those who emphasize captive breeding and those who would protect the bird in its natural environment

THE NAKED VULTURE AND THE THINKING APE

BY KENNETH BROWER

IT ARRIVES AS A GIANT, OVATE-ELLIPSOIDAL EGG OF the palest green or blue. The egg meets the planet with a small calcareous clink, for its nest is no nest at all, just the bare rock floor of some high cave, cleft, or pothole. Nudged gently by great beaks hooked for tearing corpses, straddled by clawed feet the size of human hands, warmed by breast feathers as black as the nights outside the cave, the egg incubates. In close to sixty days, the tip of a new beak, smaller but hooked like the others, pips out into the world. The nostrils sample aromas much like those that greeted the first life on Earth. The nest of the California condor smells of ammonia and rock dust, and fishy.

The chick struggles free and sprawls on the rock, wet

and bedraggled, the rarest of birds. Each condor hatched now, late in the twentieth century, is the most recent in a line that goes back to the Pleistocene age; each one stands a chance of being the very last of its kind.

The chick dries and expands into a yellowish ball of woolly down. It opens a brown eye. Its parents work shifts feeding it—squirrel *regurgité*, entrail of rabbit, nicely aged cuts of Hereford, deer, coyote, sheep. The down turns dark gray. The chick preens, bounds around the cave, hiccups mightily, pecks at eggshells, toys with molted feathers. It stretches its wings, refolds them, stretches them again. It fans them, sending small windstorms scurrying through the down and molted feathers and bone

fragments in the cave. At seven or eight months, the young bird spreads the wings, now nine feet across, and pitches off the cliff in its first practice flights. It wavers away on the dry thermals of its home ridges, overcorrecting with its tail, sometimes flipping itself over in attempting turns. Upon North American land, no wings cast a larger shadow. When the juvenile leaves off its acrobatics, sets its wings, and soars, its emarginated primary feathers make a steady, vaguely musical whistling, audible sometimes half a mile away.

The brown eyes turn red. A ring around the base of the neck turns pink, then that color grows forward until it covers the neck entirely. The shaven skull, for which *Gymnogyps*, the "naked vulture," is named, turns from dark gray to orange. The dark underside of each wing begins to show a long, mottled white triangle, the base more or less at the armpit, the apex near the wingtip. The whistling wind-song of the primary feathers refines itself, becoming louder and more harmonious. The triangles turn pure white. The adult bird sails musically over its last hills as if on alabaster arms nailed to a black cross.

The genus *Gymnogyps* once ranged much of North America. Fossils of a Pleistocene species, *G. amplus*, a bird scarcely distinguishable from its successor, *G. californianus*, have been found in Mexico and Florida as well as in California, where its ample bones are plentiful in the La Brea tars, mixed in with those of mammoths, mastodons, short-faced bears, saber-toothed cats, dire wolves, atrocious lions, sloths, camels, bison, and other creatures of the megafauna on which condors then fed. *Gymnogyps californianus* itself once wandered far beyond the borders of its namesake state. Its bones have been discovered in Texas and New Mexico and Oregon. Lewis and Clark saw condors at the mouth of the Columbia River—the birds probably ranged as far north as British Columbia—and vaqueros encountered them far south in Baja California. Today the genus is confined to the dry grasslands of south-central California, and only twenty to twenty-five condors remain.

The last condors are under surveillance, and many now have names. One is called the Lady of the Lake; she is thought to be a female separated from her mate. Her behavior, in the opinion of the condor watchers, is strange. She drops down sometimes to Lake Casitas, in southern California, where she was once seen nudging and rolling a Styrofoam cup. Another is Topa Topa, a sixteen-year resident of the Los Angeles Zoo and until last year the only California condor in captivity. There is the Santa Barbara Pair. There is the Mystery Pair, so named because their nesting site has never been discovered by the biologists attempting to rescue the species—the best thing that could have happened to the species and to the pair, in the opinion of some.

All condors are mystery birds, of course. How is it to perch on the brink of extinction? Does the condor, roosting in the dry, resinous heat of the interior chaparral, ever rec-

ollect a gust of salt air, a cool racial memory from the days when it fed on seals washed up on the beach? Probably not. But is there ever a malaise? As the condor population declines, so too does flock size: where in the 1940s men saw thirty condors on a carcass, in the 1960s they saw fifteen, and today we are lucky to see eight. Does a feeding condor, straightening and gazing around the sparse, dark-shouldered circle of its brethren, ever sense that there are somehow too few?

Does the condor miss its megafauna? When a condor feeds today on a large carcass, its habit is to stand with tarsi flat on the ground, clamp a stubborn piece of meat with its beak, and tug backward powerfully with its whole body, twenty consecutive jerks, sometimes—one or two jerks per second. Sometimes the meat rips free unexpectedly, and the condor stumbles backward. This must happen more often with a dead rabbit, or even with a dead sheep or Hereford, than it did with a dead mastodon. Does the condor of our unheroic times, stumbling backward, momentarily feel ridiculous? (In the 1930s, "racial senescence" was proposed as a possible cause of the condor's decline, though that theory, applied to condors or to anything else, has never been well received by science. Could the cause be less senility and more along the lines of terminal chagrin?)

Why does the Lady of the Lake behave so strangely? What was her fascination with that Styrofoam cup?

The twenty-odd surviving condors, though the smallest of remnants, belong to a large fraternity. According to *The Global 2000 Report to the President*, commissioned by President Carter, the planet will lose between 500,000 and 2 million plant and animal species by the year 2000.

The California condor is one of the few species, in all the legions bound for extinction, to have caught the attention of human beings. The Condor Recovery Program, a joint effort of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (USFWS) and the National Audubon Society, is the costliest effort of its kind in this country. In the next twenty to forty years, from \$20 to \$25 million may be spent on condors. The thinking ape's campaign to rescue the naked vulture is of significance, then, not just to those two creatures but to all the other multitudes on this foundering ark. It is illuminating of the ape, and somewhat less so of the vulture, how that campaign so far has gone.

Debate over how to save the condor has divided the environmental community, setting the National Audubon Society against certain of its California chapters, and against Friends of the Earth and the Sierra Club, as well. It has divided generations of condorologists, setting the biotechnicians who are running the recovery program against the old naturalists who studied condors before them. The debate among biologists, indeed, has divided the living and the dead; one of the most insistent voices from the camp of the old naturalists belongs now to a ghost. The condor has sharpened the rivalries between the staffs of several zoos, each of which wants condors for captive breeding. The con-

dor has spawned contrary theories as to what exactly a condor is. One candidate might be called *Gymnogyps stomachus*, a bird that wants nothing more than three squares a day and a warm place to roost. Another might be called *Gymnogyps apotheosis*, a bird not quite itself until it is airborne and soaring, a creature of the wind and distant horizons, a bird for which even the *sight* of man is anathema. Between those two are any number of intermediate condors. The debate over how to save the condor, if it can be summarized, has pitted those who would hold the bird in their hands against those who would hold it in their heads.

"The thing that has struck me is, the bird knows nothing about all this," says Dr. Noel Snyder, of the USFWS. Dr. Snyder is the Frank Buck of the California condor, a man at the center of the controversy, but several of his opponents have had the same thought. Dr. Snyder stops, muses. "The bird, if anything, is a bit curious about man. Unlike, say, the golden eagle. Condors are curious. Maybe it's because they're carrion feeders, used to looking at herds to see if an animal is sick or dead."

When man and condor meet today, if Dr. Snyder is correct, it is with a glance of mutual appraisal, each to see whether the other is yet extinct.

THE ZIMBABWEAN REBELS CAME OUT OF THE TREES carrying rifles and bazookas, half of them drunk. They stopped the ornithologists and their guides before they could enter the park, and threatened to confiscate their vehicles. When one of the guides began to argue, the rebels offered to take him into the bush and shoot him. The guide shut up.

"You imagine that when your number comes up, you're going to think a lot of profound thoughts," Noel Snyder told me recently, of his capture by African rebels in 1980. "But you don't."

Dr. Snyder and John Ogden, who together direct the Condor Research Center, had come to Africa to study analogous birds—lappet-faced vultures, Cape vultures, hooded vultures, white-backed vultures. Guiding them to Gona-Re-Zhou Park were several African members of an outfit called the African Vulture Study Group, men with experience in capturing and handling those big birds.

"The civil war was still winding down," Ogden explained in his mild Tennessee accent. "The war was technically over, but the rebel army, which was also the victorious army, was slow in disbanding. I think a lot of them were country boys who had never done anything very exciting in their lives, and they didn't particularly want to go home to the farm. They were sitting around the countryside in little camps, bored to death. Mostly teenage kids dragging grenade launchers around in the dust."

"One of these camps was on the edge of the park, and we had to drive through it to get into the part of the park where we were trapping. The day we went in was the first day on duty for a new guy in charge of the camp. He had to demonstrate to his men that he was tough, and we were the first ones to come along. He trumped up some kind of accusation against us."

Among the members of the Vulture Study Group, said Ogden, was a former officer in the Rhodesian Army, and this man stepped forward. By agreeing to each of the camp commandant's accusations, the Rhodesian finally mollified the officer, and the vulture men were waved on. Relieved, but aware that after their eight days of trapping vultures they would again have to pass through the camp, they radioed for help, and another, somewhat less irregular unit of the rebel army came and arrested the camp commandant.

"Everything was apparently peaceful," Ogden said. "Then, the night before we were supposed to come out, the paymaster came down to pay these rebel troops. They got mad at him and killed him—killed their own paymaster. And then they started shooting at each other, and by the next morning they'd killed thirteen of their own people."

Ogden stopped and shook his head.

"So, for twenty buzzards in California," I suggested, "you nearly bought the farm?"

"That's right." He smiled wryly. "I feel we should have had hazardous-duty pay on that job."

JOHN CLIFTON OGDEN III IS A SENIOR STAFF SCIENTIST for the National Audubon Society. He and the small staff he co-directs at the Condor Research Center make up the full-time, working core of the Condor Recovery Program. For Ogden, as for his USFWS counterpart, Dr. Snyder, the year of their capture by Zimbabwean rebels was the first year of involvement with the program; in the three years since, neither man has worked on anything else. Their division of labor has Snyder in charge of captive-breeding fieldwork and Ogden in charge of radio-telemetry, the attachment of miniature radio transmitters to the wings of captured condors, which are then released and tracked for information on their daily habits and range. The two ornithologists are the same age, they dress similarly, and they both wear short, graying beards. Their opposition sometimes refers to them collectively as Snogden. "They're such clones," one anti-capturist told me, a little unfairly, for Dr. Snyder is in fact a bit burlier than Ogden. Below the neck, Snyder might be a logger—his wool shirt open, a dark thatch of hair there at the base of his throat—but he has an indoors sort of face. He speaks with a mannered softness and a careful, sometimes sibilant diction. Above the neck, Dr. Snyder is a birdwatcher.

A life in the field passes quickly, it would seem, for John Ogden needs a moment to calculate his age. "Oh, about . . . I must be forty-four." He would look somewhat younger if not for the gray in his beard and the way his glasses

Kenneth Brower's most recent book, *A Song for Satawal*, was published last spring by Harper & Row.

have of slipping forward on his nose. His interest in birds goes back further than he can remember. When he was two, his mother has informed him, she would find him behind the house, trying to call crows into the back yard by screaming at them. Once, when he was home sick with the flu from grade school, she brought him a Peterson field guide from the library. Most of the birds in it were strange to him. "I sat by the window and flipped through the pages, and I picked out the bird I thought was the prettiest in the book. For some reason it really caught my eye. I looked out the window and there it was, a bay-breasted warbler."

In high school, Ogden was a fanatical life-lister, and in college he had a banding permit and spent his time banding kestrels. As a research biologist, first at Everglades National Park, then with the Audubon Society in Florida, he placed more than a thousand wing tags on wood storks, banded between four and five hundred ospreys, and attached tiny radio transmitters to a number of crocodiles. Subtropical America flaps and slithers with creatures bearing John Ogden's mark and beeping his signal. He often has been content, it should be said, simply to observe his wildlife. His paper "The Pink Pause, a Previously Undescribed Behavior by Roseate Spoonbills," for example, suggests a good *eye* for birds, besides being one of the finer titles in all ornithology. But Ogden had not come to Africa to look. He had come to lay his hands on vultures.

"The two most important things we learned," he told me of his visit to southern Africa, "was in handling a fair number of young birds, first in lapet-faced vulture nests and then in Cape vulture colonies, and in talking with other people who had done so."

"Just learning to handle the birds?" I asked. "The way a surgeon would perfect his manual skill?"

"Yes. Birds respond differently to handling. Some of them are more easily stressed than others, and it's important to know how vultures react as a group, worldwide. It wasn't anything dramatically new, because we had already handled hundreds of birds—big birds like ospreys. I've handled several hundred ospreys. It was worthwhile and comforting to run through this whole exercise with vultures, just looking to see if there was anything different about them we should know."

Skill at handling vultures was important, because the condor-recovery team has concentrated its efforts on captive breeding and radiotelemetry, techniques that require that the birds be trapped and tagged and handled. Critics complain that this "hands-on" biology diverts attention from the condor's habitat, where the bird's problems are occurring and where they must be solved. Is it a sensible use of funds, they ask, to junket to Africa and manipulate assorted vultures when the condor's problem is mortality back home in California? The two most likely causes of condor mortality, the critics suggest, are shooting and poisoning, and they charge that the condor-recovery team has neglected both.

JOHN OGDEN AND NOEL SNYDER HAD A SPECIAL MANDATE to learn about handling vultures because of an accident that occurred shortly before they left for Africa.

On June 30, 1980, Ogden, Snyder, and several colleagues hiked up to a nesting cliff in California's San Rafael Wilderness. Two condor chicks had hatched that year—a promising development in a species that had ceased to reproduce in the wild, according to the USFWS in its arguments for captive breeding just two years before. After weighing and measuring the first chick at another nest site, the condor-recovery team had come here to weigh and measure this one.

(They had come without the required permission. At a permit hearing before the California Fish and Game Commission, Charles Fullerton, director of the California Department of Fish and Game, had told the team specifically that the chicks were not to be handled. Later, when it became public knowledge that the chicks had been handled, Fullerton suspended the team's permit to work with the birds.)

The nesting ledge was seventy-five feet below the edge of the escarpment, reachable only by rope. The ornithologists stayed behind, and two climbers, Jeff Foott and Bill Lehman, rappelled to the nest. Neither Snyder nor Ogden could see inside the nest, but a team member, Hank Hamber, was watching through binoculars from an observation station, and he saw the chick duck back into the corner of its nest cavity as the rope slapped past the ledge. Foott, a wildlife photographer of note, filmed Lehman as he entered the nest. Lehman reported that this chick was larger than the first and showed greater feather development. (Bill Lehman had had no experience in handling raptors, and he was conscientious about keeping the ornithologists informed.) The chick backed into its corner, hissing and jabbing at Lehman with its beak. Darting one gloved hand, Lehman caught the bird by the head, then pulled it out of its corner with both hands. The chick did not regurgitate, as the first one had, he reported. It struggled more violently and bit harder. He attempted to stuff it upside down into the feed bag that had been used to weigh the first chick, but this chick proved too large. He stuffed the chick into a backpack, and weighed it in that—5,710 grams. Once during the weighing, and again during the wing measurements, he released the bird, which walked back to its corner and resumed its defensive posture for a minute or two before Lehman caught it again. Wingspan, 62.2 centimeters. Third primary feather, 11.57 centimeters.

To a layman watching Foott's film, Lehman's handling seems awfully rough. Ornithologists who have seen the film concur. "It was just dumb," says Dr. Steve Herman, chairman of the Fish and Game Commission's Condor Advisory Committee. "My seven-year-old daughter looked at that film in our living room and said, 'Daddy, that man doesn't know what he's doing, does he?' They approached

the bird wrong, they held the bird wrong, they restrained the bird wrong.”

Lehman's last measurement, thirty-five minutes after he entered the nest, was of the beak. He held the chick's head across his knee, its jaws gaping and tongue protruding, and he set calipers between the hooked tip and the nostrils—5.24 centimeters. He released the bird a final time. Immediately its head began to wobble, and half a minute later it collapsed, apparently unconscious, on the ledge. Lehman sprinkled water on the chick's head, thinking it might have suffered heat prostration. Checking for pulse and respiration, he could find neither. The chick was dead.

Autopsy revealed that the chick had been in perfect health—weight normal, no parasites or pesticide. It had been killed by the stress of handling. Its three separate captures, its struggles in the feed bag and the backpack, all the adrenalin pumped in its thirty-five minutes of fear, had overcome its heart.

“It was terrible,” Ogden remembers. “It was like waking up and finding that both your parents have been run over by a truck. We sat there for an hour, practically in shock, staring at each other.”

Well they might have stared. The condor-recovery team had just destroyed half that year's reproductive output of condors. In a population then estimated at about thirty birds, the chick's death was catastrophic. Had a proportionate error been made with *Homo sapiens*, then Ogden and Snyder would have wiped out 140 million people.

THE TALL REDWOODS OF MATHER GROVE ENCIRCLED an amphitheater of cement benches where Carl Koford's family and colleagues had gathered to commemorate him. Dr. Koford is the ghost of this story. Until his death, in 1979, he was the world's foremost authority on *Gymnogyps californianus*, and his book *The California Condor* remains the text of record on the subject.

“There was no big secret about Carl,” said his son Rolf, a zoologist, at the commemoration. “There was nothing that he kept hidden from other people. He was a very simple, straightforward person. There was a unity to his personality. The conservationist side of him was not separate from the scientist, was not separate from the father.”

“He was a keen observer of nature,” said Dr. David Wake, of Berkeley's Museum of Vertebrate Zoology. “He let the natural world speak to him; he was part of it. We look at his published work and we are overwhelmed by his sensitivity to the organisms—what he understood of the organisms.”

No human being has looked at condors harder or seen them more clearly. The condor was Koford's first big project in what would become an illustrious career in field observation of wild animals. For three years of his youth, supported by an Audubon Society research fellowship and the University of California, Koford followed the condor

around its mountain haunts and through the literature. He did some weighing and measuring, but mostly he just watched. He noticed that condor chicks were given to great hiccups, the force of each hic lifting the chick's wings and sometimes turning its body around thirty degrees. He noticed that before and after fanning its wings, the chick sometimes held them extended for a few seconds. It was soaring, flapping, then soaring again, long before it ever left the ground. He noticed the smallest of condor details. He saw that when the skin of an adult bird was wrinkled, then drawn tight, the lines of the wrinkles remained for a time as purplish or reddish streaks. He spotted *Haematosiphon inodora*, the Mexican chicken bug, living by the hundreds in active nests and lingering by the dozens in nests long abandoned. He sniffed the bugs and found that they had the characteristic odor of bedbugs. He discovered that they produced numerous bites on a human being. Poking around like Holmes or Poirot in one nesting cave, he found the avian tick *Argas reflexus* living under a leaf of rock on the ceiling.

Koford listened. He heard the hiss or wheeze—“haaah,” he spelled it—of a newly hatched chick when it was mildly disturbed, and the “hiss-grunt,” haaaaa-unggh ungh ungh,” of disturbed chicks one week old. “I heard as many as 27 grunts in a series,” he reported. “At the beginning of each series the grunts were loud and guttural; then they rose in pitch and decreased in volume. Often the breast of the chick pulsated as if the bird were grunting but no sounds were audible.” He heard the grunt of the adult, “like a suppressed human belch,” and the whistling roar, “like escaping steam,” that its wings made on diving, and the “muffled crash” of poor landings against roosting rocks.

Koford thought. He came to regret his own activities at condor nests, and recommended against human interference at nesting sites. “One man,” he wrote, “can keep a pair of condors from the egg all night or prevent the feeding of a chick for an entire day merely by exposing himself within 500 yards of a nest for a few minutes at one or two critical times of the day.” He recommended against captive breeding. “Breeding condors in captivity should be attempted only after all efforts to maintain the natural population have failed. . . . It is extremely doubtful that a condor raised by hand and lacking the experience gained by being raised in the wild could survive for long if released. Release of captive condors might well introduce zoo diseases into the wild population.

“The beauty of a California condor is in the magnificence of its soaring flight. A condor in a cage is uninspiring, pitiful, and ugly to one who has seen them soaring over the mountains. . . . Our objective should be to maintain and perhaps to increase the natural population of condors.”

From the advocates of captive breeding, the men now in combat with his shade, Koford gets mixed reviews.

“Koford did good work on condors,” says John Ogden. “His observations are some of the most meticulous, detailed, I've ever read. It's nice to go back and read it—not

just his book, but his original notes. Everything is there."

Noel Snyder is less impressed.

"Koford said there were sixty birds, back at the time of his study," Snyder told me, in Ventura, California, this spring. "That's not sustainable when you look at the information. My own best guess, from Koford's time, is close to two hundred birds. There is a lot of feeling that Koford was deliberately minimizing estimates of how many birds there were. This is hearsay, there's no proof on this, but I've heard it from a number of people who go back to that time. Koford was very anxious to get a Sespe Condor Sanctuary, and it was convenient to be minimizing estimates."

This was an interesting twist in the controversy, for Noel Snyder himself has been accused of just this manipulation—minimizing population estimates, in his case not to justify a sanctuary but to justify captive breeding.

"That number, two hundred," I said. "That's way above any number I've heard."

"No, nobody puts it out," Dr. Snyder agreed.

"Have *you* put it out?"

"No, and I'd just as soon not be quoted on it. Because I don't think there's firm enough information for one to say that sort of thing."

"But from two hundred down to twenty, that's interesting," I said. "If that's right . . ."

"I'm saying, if I had to make a guess on it," Dr. Snyder interrupted. "All I'm saying is I think there were way more than sixty."

In the view of Dr. Stanley Temple, of the University of Wisconsin, Koford was *not so much* devious as pathetic and confused. In *The Auk*, the journal of the American Ornithologists' Union, Dr. Temple reviewed the Friends of the Earth book *The Condor Question*, which he found opinionated, narrow-sighted, oversimplified, contradictory, poorly informed, misleading, and inaccurate, and in which he detected Koford as "the central figure whose influence is felt throughout." Of a Koford interview in the book, Dr. Temple says, "Shortly before his death, a terminally ill Koford comments on the condor controversy. Sadly, he contradicts many of his own published findings from 40 years earlier, gives highly inaccurate descriptions of subsequent research efforts, and perpetuates a condor mystique that is poorly based in fact."

Not until near the end of the review does Dr. Temple reveal that he and his students have done comparative studies on South American condors. Nowhere does he say that those studies were under contract with the USFWS.

I myself met Koford just once, some months before his death, when he was still in good health. I found him a fit, graying, fine-featured man in a red-checked flannel shirt with holes frayed in the shoulder. I asked him about the USFWS plan to mark, equip with radios, and captive breed condors. "It's absolutely unnecessary," he said, "and probably harmful, and may wipe these birds out far sooner than would happen without interference."

From a ground-floor office at Berkeley's Museum of Ver-

tebrate Zoology, Koford led me briskly upstairs into a morgue of Navy-gray museum cases. From the case marked CATHARTIDAE, the family of the vultures (the name means "cleansers," or, more literally, "purifiers"), he rolled out a condor tray. The three birds supine there were the first condors I had seen, and they looked gigantic. Koford let me test the sharp points of the talons and beaks. I hefted one bird and found it nearly weightless from the dessications of museum air and age. Reading the Victorian manuscript on the tags attached to the great claws, I saw that all the specimens had been collected late in the last century or early in this one. I checked for any stink, but the feathers had no aroma now but that of naphthalene.

Koford rolled out another tray and buried his fingers in the still-downy neck of a yearling bird. "The big mortality takes place in the first months out of the nest," he said. "They're such lousy fliers at first." Then, backing down the narrow aisle between the tall museum cases, Dr. Koford lowered his head, hissed at me, and hit at me awkwardly with his wingtips.

When he had finished this demonstration of how young condors defend themselves in the nest, Koford picked up two flight feathers that lay loose on the tray. Each feather was more than two feet long. Holding a feather pointing outward in either hand, he extended his arms full length to demonstrate the condor's nine-foot wingspan. Forgetting himself for a moment, he held that pose. Arms outspread on the aisle's weak thermal of naphthalene, he soared.

Now, under the redwoods at Koford's memorial, his people stepped forward one at a time to remember him. Their recollections were humorous and untearful and fond. These were not, I thought, the recollections of the friends of a man hopelessly entangled in human affairs. They were the recollections of the friends of a man who once sat forty-two days in a tree observing ground squirrels.

The conservationist Margaret Owings, who had worked with Koford on a census of California's mountain lions, remembered "his quiet, persistent approach, his tracking of lions—one might say on moccasin feet," and she concluded, "Nothing touched him but the simple truth."

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE SECHURA PENINSULA WERE low, dry, deeply cut by canyons, and nearly uninhabited. John Ogden, who loves the tropics but prefers them wetter and greener, found the terrain bare, rocky, ugly. The peninsula's low peaks sit isolated on the northern coast of Peru, separated from the true Andes by seventy-five miles of desert. "Hard-baked," Ogden remembers. "Flattish, with a slight roll to it. Not a drop of vegetation." Wild burros and goats lived in the mountains and at the fringes of the desert, died there, and became carrion. Cool air from the Pacific, rising up the thousand-foot slopes of the mountains, produced good updrafts for soaring. Above the summits of the peninsula sailed *Vultur gryphus*, the Andean condor.





The condors of the Andes are slightly larger than the condors of California. They look a little less like perfect servants of the Grim Reaper; their heads black where *Gymnogyps californianus*'s is orange, their neck ruffs a striking white instead of inky. Yet no member of the family Cathartidae resembles the California condor so closely. Ecologically, the two species are similar. Both nest in caves and on ledges, breed every other year, and lay a single egg. On the Sechura Peninsula, Andean condors feed on dead seals on the beach, just as California condors did before the proliferation of white men in North America.

Scientists from the University of Wisconsin, under contract with the USFWS, had chosen the peninsula for experiments in the release to the wild of captive, hand-reared Andean condors. Northern Peru was to be the dry run for southern California. "This setting seems ideal," Dr. Stanley Temple wrote, in his proposal to the Office of Endangered Species of the USFWS. "It gives released condors plenty of opportunities to interact with wild condors; it ensures minimal human disturbance; its topography will encourage released birds to remain within an isolated mountain range."

"It was not an isolated population at all," says Ogden. "We didn't learn what was really going on until we got the airplane down there." While waiting for their plane, Ogden, Snyder, and a group of Temple's University of Wisconsin colleagues trapped several wild Andean condors and outfitted them with miniaturized radio transmitters. The transmitters were button-shaped and solar-powered, with life expectancies of five or six years. They were attached surgically to the patagium—the fold of flesh in the "arm" of the bird. The condors were released a few days before the arrival of the plane that was to help in tracking them.

"We'd been standing on the tops of these mountains, getting the signal from out in the direction of the desert, and thinking the birds were only four or five miles out there. We got in the airplane and started following, and on the first day we flew close to a hundred miles before we finally caught up with the bird. He had flown all the way over to the Andes. We couldn't believe it. Condors were crossing back and forth almost daily.

"It was just me, the pilot, and the co-pilot. Noel doesn't fly well, and he stayed behind. I was doing the tracking. We were following that signal, and it kept going and kept going. We were so excited we were jumping up and down in the airplane.

"When we reached it, it was on the ground, behind a little goat farm. There was a dead goat lying several hundred yards behind this little stick shack—this guy living up in one of these little draws in the foothills of the Andes. Two or three hundred black vultures were down on that goat, and two condors."

Radiotelemetry has often been misused or used trivially. In any number of studies, biologists have used telemetry simply to use telemetry. Its usefulness in the campaign to

save the California condor is the subject of much debate.

"This telemetry is just spectacular," says Ogden, the man in charge of telemetry in California. "Telemetry is showing us all kinds of stuff about where birds are coming to the ground to feed. We really have only four, five, six people, and we've got all that country. What telemetry is doing for us is showing us where that bird goes on the ground every day, month after month."

David Phillips, of Friends of the Earth, is not impressed. "Ogden says, 'Oh, radiotelemetry has opened up vast new things, it's shown us many new areas.' Now, wait a minute. Let's see the data. Show us where telemetry has demonstrated the use of an area by condors, and *where that area then has been protected*. I don't want to hear them say, 'Now that we know where the birds are, we can protect them.' I want to *see* them identify condor areas and get law-enforcement people to go in to protect those areas."

But with the Andean condor, at least, it seems that telemetry really uncovered something new. It is a hard man, a mean environmentalist, who can't feel a little of Ogden's excitement: the hard-baked desert passing away beneath, the cool white summits of the Andes growing steadily taller ahead, the bird invisible but growing by the minute in everyone's esteem, and then finally, behind a stick shack in the foothills, dark-shouldered, white-ruffed, and regal amid those hundreds of black vultures, head and shoulders above them, like high priests of Ra over a sacrificial offering of goat, two Andean condors, one of them Ogden's bellwether.

In the following weeks, Ogden tracked several condors into the Andes and back again. He learned to interpret nuances of their radio signals. "When we were crossing the desert," he says, by way of example, "we would hear ten or fifteen pulses, and then it would fade out. Then, two or three minutes later, we would hear ten or fifteen new beeps, and then it would fade out. What the bird was doing was flying around a mountain; circling on our side and behind, on our side and behind." Another radio-tagged condor landed at the edge of a tar pit—the old, bad habit of *Gymnogyps amplus*, the fossil condor of California's Pleistocene age. The modern bird got tar on its feathers, and its radio signal ceased moving about. The condor men tracked it down, recaptured it, cleaned it up, and got it flying again.

No condor's signal ever paused in the middle of the desert. The condors never put down in that wasteland; they were always just passing over. But the desert was not entirely empty, as it happens. Neither the condors nor Ogden saw anything of interest there, but in the slight roll of the landscape lived xeric creatures and a ghost.

In the 1960s, Carl Koford and several of his students had conducted a survey of the coastal deserts of Peru. "Carl was always the first one up in the morning, always the last one to bed at night," remembers one of those students, then just plain Raymond Huey, now Dr. Raymond Huey, of

the University of Washington. "He always checked his trap lines several times at night. But he wasn't compulsive in the field. He worked hard in the field simply because he really loved doing it. Every moment was a chance to learn something more about animals. He stayed up at night not because he felt compelled to do so but because he really wanted to see yet another owl, or another Caprimulgid."

That summer with Koford, and the next summer without him, Huey studied lizards. He and another scientist undertook a revision of the geckoes in the genus *Phyllodactylus* ("leaf-toe," so named for the leafy shape of the adhesive pads that tip the toes), and in their two summers in the Peruvian desert they discovered several new species. One they named for Koford.

In the Sechuran twilight, after the Andean condors had passed high and silent on their fixed wings, after Ogden's plane had come buzzing along behind, when the desert was quiet again and the Southern stars came out, *Phyllodactylus kofordi* emerged from hiding. With catlike vertical pupils, it scanned the dusk for yet another moth, another beetle. It ran the cooling desert on leafy toes—if not exactly a ghost, then a namesake.

DAVID PHILLIPS, CARRYING A CARDBOARD BOX OF USFWS videotapes, turned a corner down in the catacombs of the Pacific Film Archive, in Berkeley, descended a stairway, then turned another corner. Phillips had been one of those at Carl Koford's memorial, three and a half years before. He is wildlife-programs coordinator for Friends of the Earth, and a leader of the resistance to captive breeding of condors. Accompanying him today were three film-makers doing a condor documentary. Phillips had ordered the videotapes from the USFWS, and, to his surprise, they were routinely sent. He and the others had come here to view them. They passed through a projection room, walking behind a battery of giant projectors. They passed in file down hallways lined with ammunition for the projectors—film cans in racks against the walls and overflowing in rows along the floor. *L'Age d'Or. Ivan the Terrible. My Night at Maud's. Hiroshima Mon Amour.* They entered a small screening room, set up a row of folding chairs, sat, and opened their notebooks. One of the film-makers popped the first cassette into the video machine.

The tape showed condors soaring. There was sound but no narration, just the warbling of the wind in the microphone and an occasional bit of dialogue from the USFWS men working the camera.

A condor soared against clouds, then against blue.

A condor went into flex-glide: the dihedral angle of the wings decreased and became negative, the wrists flexed so that the long fingers of the primary feathers pointed backward; the condor lost altitude and gained speed. A flex-gliding condor is dramatic, vaguely ominous, yet a condor descending is not the condor that causes the sharpest emo-

tion in the human observer. A condor lifting moves us most, and happily, for man and bird, condors spend much more of their time in soaring than in coming down.

A condor came straight for the camera, primaries splayed, wide dark wings as steady as any plane's. It tilted the broad fan of its tail downward on the right side, and instantly lifted away to its left and out of the frame.

David Phillips, watching, let out an odd keening sound, a high-pitched, long-drawn "Uuuuuuhhhhhh!"

Phillips is twenty-nine. His interest in wildlife began on family camping trips and with the Boy Scouts. "By the time high school came around," he says, "I was interested in biology from the standpoint of being able to do something about it, rather than just to study it. I wanted to be able to effect some kind of change." He went west, where the wildlife was, and earned a B.S. in environmental biology from Colorado College. "In college, I was seeing people with four-wheel-drive vehicles going around shooting the place up. I remember an owl hanging by one foot from a tree, shot to pieces; coyotes strung up on barbed wire fences. It made me think, 'Boy, so what if you *know* about an animal, and measure it, and know how many eggs it lays?'"

"I've always liked the kind of biologist that is willing to step forward and become involved in what's really happening. I had a couple of professors who were like that. Instead of just cloistering themselves and doing their research and maybe writing a paper or two, they would actually show up at a public hearing, or at a planning or zoning meeting."

Paul Ehrlich is like that, in Phillips's opinion. So are the Leopolds, Aldo and Starker. George Schaller. Carl Koford.

"I talked to Koford on the phone one day, and he told me there was this travesty going on in the Condor Recovery Program. He came into the office wearing blue jeans and a flannel shirt. I liked him. There are very few biologists willing to get outside the Good Old Boy network. He was willing to get involved in tough management questions."

In the screening room, the scene changed, and the video camera was now pointing down over the grassy edge of a steep hill. No condors were visible, but one was down below on a carcass, apparently, for the voices of the USFWS men debated flushing it to another, more photographable carcass. "Better flush him before he gets full, or you'll never get him over to that other one," a voice said. The sequence ended as one man started down the hill to do so.

Phillips, watching the screen, groaned and shook his head. "I can't believe they'd let that get on tape," he said. "This photography could be considered a violation of the Endangered Species Act. It's against the law to harass the birds in any way."

Another tape went into the machine. This one showed a man in a parka kneeling alone on a brown grass hilltop, pointing a hand-held radio antenna first in one direction, then in another. The wind raced and buffeted through the grass of the hilltop and through the man's beard. His en-

terprise, without narration, looked both dramatic and foolish. He might have been witching for water in the wrong direction.

"It's like a scene from a Swedish movie," said one of the film-makers. Everyone in the screening room laughed. No one here was sympathetic to radiotelemetry of condors. "Bergman," agreed another of the film-makers.

A new tape went into the machine, and a condor chick appeared on the screen. David Phillips recognized it. "This is the first chick, the one they didn't kill," he said. The next scene showed John Ogden standing outside the nest, holding up a spring scale and weighing the chick. "That's totally the wrong way to hold it!" Phillips shouted. "Look at how he's holding it! He's supposed to hold it by the ring."

Ogden was holding the scale by its shank, not by the ring on top, as he should have.

Another tape. This one showed Noel Snyder and other members of the recovery team concealing a cannon net, then arming its charges for a test firing. "They've had a spectacular lack of success in catching anything," narrated Phillips. "Down near Lake Casitas, they started a fire. It was very dry. Some turkey vultures came down, they fired off the net, and a spark set the grass on fire. A rancher down there told me they didn't even have a shovel. Pump trucks came and they couldn't contain it. It burned a couple of hundred acres. Finally the water bombers came and put it out."

The videotape failed to show the detonation of the net, but it showed the aftermath. The camera followed Noel Snyder as he walked out into the area covered by the net and looked about him. "Missed completely," he said. He scratched his head, first with one hand, then with the other.

"Scratching his head!" said Phillips. "Perfect."

Another tape, this one shot in Peru. An Andean condor appeared on the screen, nearly filling the frame, and the film-makers grunted appreciatively. Soaring, the bird allowed its legs to dangle, as its northern cousin sometimes does. Then the scene changed, and a group of men were holding an Andean condor on the ground. Two men stretched out one long, black wing, and another man, with a device that seemed to be part pliers and part pizza cutter, prepared to affix a plastic wing-tag. He punched through the flesh at the forward edge of the bird's wing, and the condor shuddered. Phillips and the film-makers winced, and someone groaned audibly.

A final tape. This one showed the arrival at the Los Angeles Zoo of the immature condor captured on August 13, 1982, the first bird trapped for zoo breeding. From the back of a panel truck, a group of men removed a large, streamlined box. Moving as gingerly as a bomb squad, they carried it away. "That's the 'sky kennel,'" said Phillips. "The progeny of the bird inside will not be released into the wild before the year 2000. Its offspring will be used to establish first one and then another breeding population."

A house on stilts awaited the bird, and the zoo men carried the sky kennel up the ladder. They set it gently on the floor. While ornithologists and cameramen clustered in the doorway, one of the zoo men carefully opened the kennel. A hooked beak went for the man's fingers. He snatched his hand away, grinning, and the beak withdrew into the box.

Slowly the beak emerged again. A flashbulb popped, and the beak jerked back.

David Phillips was leaning forward in his chair. "Make a break for it," he urged the young condor. "It's your last chance. You'll never get back to the wild."

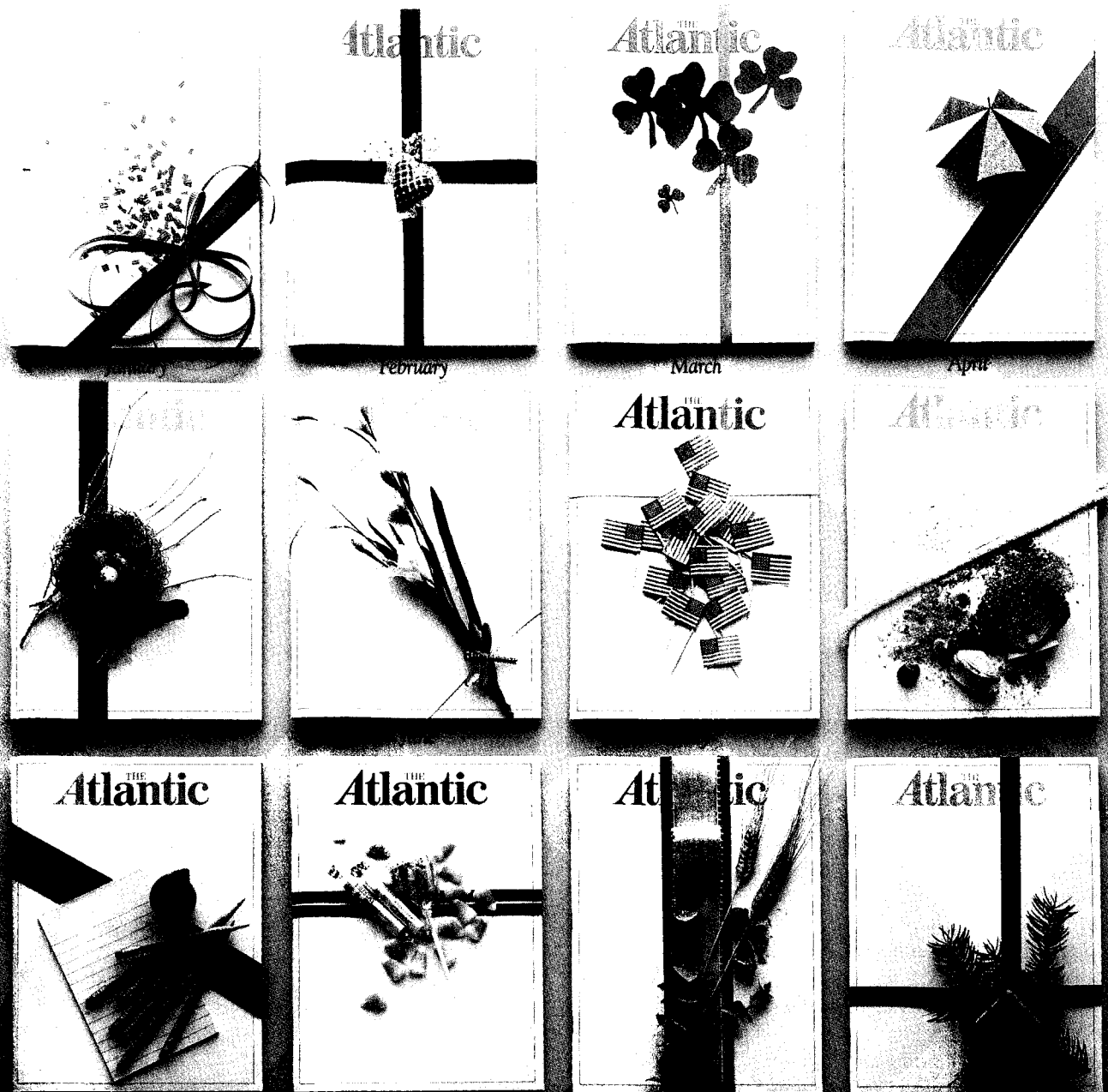
"I THINK BASICALLY WE ARE DEALING WITH aesthetic opposition," Noel Snyder says. "People who are repelled by the idea of condors interacting with man. I like the image of the condor as a wild creature too. Personally, I don't find it aesthetically pleasing to see a radio on a condor. I think it's an abomination. I look forward to the day when we don't have to do that kind of thing. I don't like the concept of captive breeding *per se*. I think it's a bothersome concept. But I don't think we have any choices now, unless we think that aesthetics are so important that we'd like to see the species go extinct. I think that there's no choice but to have man interact with the species if it's going to be pulled out of the fire."

"That's baloney," David Phillips says. "Noel Snyder's whole life has been handling birds, banding birds, collaring birds, following birds. He's so goddamn dependent on that. . . . Look, we went down to this workshop he and Ogden were holding—this was before we got into an antagonistic position—and they were telling us how wonderful their *radio towers* were going to be. All the birds were going to be marked. They would know where they were at every moment, because they would have it rigged into a computer so the birds would appear as dots on a screen. And I said to them, 'Yeah, you wouldn't even have to go *outside* to find them.' They said, 'Yeah! Yeah! They'd be right there on the screen!' Noel Snyder is a product of his environment and his training, and all his work has been *heavily* manipulative management. For him to say 'I hate these radio collars' is really kind of a joke. *He likes to handle the birds*. He's a hands-on biologist."

"I don't really understand them," John Ogden says, of the environmentalists who take Phillips's position. "I guess some of it is philosophical. A little bit of it is evil. I think some people have lied. I think some people have been very Machiavellian."

"The Condor Recovery Program was organized sixteen years ago," says Eben McMillan, a seventy-five-year-old rancher from condor country, a former friend, colleague, and informant of Carl Koford's. "At that time there were recommendations as to what should be done first. Factors leading to mortality in condors should be eliminated in relation to their importance. The first two things that the evidence seemed to point to were shooting and poisoning."

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And to this day those bastards—and that's all you can say, you've got to call them something—to *this day* they have dodged around those things premeditatively. They don't know any more today about condors, or about shooting or poisoning, than they did sixteen years ago."

"We don't know what the mortality problems are," says Noel Snyder. "All we can hope to do is overwhelm them with reproductive success."

"Captive breeding as an answer to excessive mortality makes no sense whatsoever," David Phillips says. "They say, 'We're going to overwhelm them with reproductive success until we find out what the causes are; that gets us over the hump, and it gives us a margin to work with.' Maybe so, if you could do that in a way that didn't decimate the wild population. But if what you're doing is taking birds out of the wild, then you're not getting the wild population over any hump, you're digging it into a deeper hole."

"You're going to face a tremendous threat from genetic problems when you get down too low," says Snyder. "It's not the last bird. You're lost long before you get down to the last bird. That's the concept I think people miss. Captive breeding is the *sine qua non*. The chances that we're going to win it without captive breeding are too small to want to go that route. If you decide we need a captive population, and I think we should, then it makes no sense to do it in a half-assed manner. You've got to really do it, and you've got to do it fast if you're going to get over the genetic problem."

"Amos Eno, of the Office of Endangered Species, once told me, 'The habitat is gone,'" Phillips says. "The best we can ever hope for is to produce enough condors to keep throwing them out there. We're never going to be able to have a self-sustaining condor population. *That's where they're coming from*. If they end up with enough breeding pairs that they can keep throwing condors out into the wild, then why worry about hunting closures on Forest Service land, or off-road vehicles, or oil and gas leasing, or timber sales, or habitat acquisition? Why bother? You've got yourself out of all those problems. If the condors get killed, so what? You just produce more. Now, that's not my idea of the way to manage wildlife. I like the idea of a self-sustaining wild population, and the management of human activities to allow them to live."

"I think about power lines," Snyder says, "and I think, Cripes, it's got to be power lines. I think about lead, and I think, Geez, how can they survive all that lead? Then I think about hunters, and I think, God, what about the hunters? Every one of those is a good, strong possible cause of mortality. For us to put a major portion of our budget right now into studying one toxicant, as opposed to getting a captive population or doing a telemetry study, strikes us as foolish. Misspent funds. We'd like to do those toxicant studies, but the money doesn't reach that far."

"How difficult is it to do a systematic evaluation of food sources, and rigorous testing to see if they contain X, Y, or

Z?" Phillips asks. "If you put your priorities on ten major suspected causes of mortality, and gave those \$50,000 per year each, you'd approach what they're spending on their capture program. For years we've wanted them to study the effects of Compound 1080 on turkey vultures—for years. They've dragged their feet on that."

"Why all the interest in 1080?" asks Snyder. "You can study the toxicity of 1080 to vultures—great. Does that tell you that 1080 is killing the California condor? No. Because you do not know whether the California condor now is eating food that's contaminated with 1080. I think there's been an excessive interest in 1080. I fear much more the potential of lead poisoning. Condors are carrion feeders, and some carcasses contain lead, because people shoot things out there. We know from birds in captivity that you can kill New World vultures very readily by giving them carcasses contaminated by lead pellets."

"Don't move them to the L.A. Zoo, then," says Phillips. "Topa Topa contains considerably more lead than any wild bird ever."

IT WAS A COOL, BRIGHT DAY IN LATE SEPTEMBER, AND twenty human beings had gathered along the summit of Mount Pinos, most of them wearing parkas against a brisk wind. Below, a badlands of broken ridges stretched away to the west. To the east, dim with haze, was the southern end of California's San Joaquin Valley, to the northwest the Carrizo Plain. It was all condor country. Everyone had binoculars and intermittently scanned the sky. Two spotting scopes had been set up on their tripods at the very summit. The tripods had a ceremonial look, I thought. We might have been one of those sects waiting stubbornly, on high ground, for the end of the world.

In fact we were several sects. John Ogden, of National Audubon and the condor-recovery team, stood on the mountaintop. So did Jerry Emory, former executive director of Golden Gate Audubon, and an opponent of the recovery team. The two men spoke from time to time, their conversation polite, only slightly strained. There were several others from either faction, but most of the gathering were rank-and-file birdwatchers, unaligned.

I am an impatient birdwatcher, myself. Several golden eagles appeared very distantly that morning, but no condors, and after several hours of waiting, I slipped away down the slope. I found a patch of needly ground within a cluster of gnarled Jeffrey pines. The trees cut off the wind, and the needles were warm. I dozed a while, then read a paperback, a Penguin William Blake.

Deep in the Blake, I heard sounds of excitement from the summit, and looked up from my book to see a condor passing just below me. It was an adult. I saw the reddish neck and head, and then the bird banked and showed the white triangles under its wings. It was the first living condor I had seen.

I returned to the summit. John Ogden and Jerry Emory

stood side by side, watching through their binoculars, momentarily united. There was a mile of void behind the first bird—no distance at all for a condor—and then came an immature condor, its head dark, the white under its wings mottled with dark feathers, several of which fluttered steadily in the wind.

The two birds were large, clearly, but in that gulf of air there was nothing else for comparison. (On another day, in the foothills to the north, I would see a red-tailed hawk dive at a condor. The red-tailed, one of our biggest buteos, with a wingspread of four feet, beside the condor would look like a sparrow. It would look like a fighter plane strafing a bomber. But today, with my first two condors, the striking thing about the birds was the steadiness of their flight, and awareness of that came slowly.) The immature condor, flying straight away from me, seemed to stay large in my binoculars for an unnaturally long time. The wings tilted slightly once or twice, then returned to horizontal and never moved again, despite the strong wind that day.

The air currents worked continually in the long fingers of the primary feathers, but the wings themselves were as fixed as the graduated horizon line below them in the binoculars. At the wingtips, the primaries splayed out, the index fingers pointing up above the planes of the wings, the small fingers pointing below, the others fanned out between. Then the condor seemed to grow small too fast. The spread fingers became just tassels at the wingtips. The wings began to tremble and break up, but the unsteadiness was in the intervening air, not in the bird.

"To soar, you have to have muscles," says Dr. Roland Ross, emeritus professor of ornithology at California State University, Los Angeles, who began his study of condors in 1919. "You have to *use* the muscles. The young one builds up his muscles because his folks are up there, they're coming in and he's skittering around. Every meal that he gets comes out of the sky. Everything in his life is downhill; everything in his life is jumping into space and then coming back to be safe, to get home. If you don't have



OTHER PEOPLE'S PHOTOGRAPHS

You try to get out of the way,
but the agile young man
who crouches against the brick step
with the black box sees only,
in front of the rhododendron,
the young woman with black hair.
Three months from now, at home
in Japan, when the snapshots come back
in envelopes, they'll hardly notice
you in the background, never
articulate why they choose
a different shot for the scrapbook,
putting you away, so that,
fifteen years later,
the two children who today
are yet to be conceived
can come across a glossy print
in an old carton they know
they're not to be playing with,
under their grandmother's obis
and the stained tuxedo.
"The American man in the sweater
that looks like a bathrobe,"
they'll whisper to each other

from time to time, knowing what
they mean without telling
themselves what it is, until
one afternoon the boy,
the elder, on the way home
from his violin lesson, will die,
his coatsleeve caught on a hook
protruding from the subway train,
the sinfonia concertante
crumpled under the wheel.
His sister will live alone with
what you were to the two of them
and grow up to be acclaimed the greatest
film director of the first half
of the twenty-first century,
embellishing all the while her memory
of your knowing smile, how you embody
a freedom she only dreams of,
and your funny sweater, how the sleeves
can fill her with sadness.
Then here and there in the corner of a screen
you'll begin to take on lovable disguises.

—Richard Newcomb

those incentives, you have no *reason* to jump off, you have no reason to soar, and you have not developed these long, tendinous muscles that have to do with the intricate art of soaring. If the condor is a pig grown in a cage with garbage all his life, he's a feathered pig. When you get three generations of feathered pigs, pigs is all they know how to be."

"That's a crock," says Dr. Warren Thomas, director of the Los Angeles Zoo. "These people have a twisted emotional idea of captivity. This is not like Jack London or *Born Free*, where animals are adventure-seekers. Animals are creatures of habit. What they seek is a full belly and a safe place to live."

THERE WERE FORTY-EIGHT PEOPLE IN THE LOS ANGELES auditorium—twice as many human beings in this one room as there were California condors in the world. I counted fourteen beards, and more plaid wool shirts than business suits. The four Fish and Game commissioners in attendance sat behind their microphones on the stage, looking weary or bored or irritated. The condor was the agenda item that had drawn the crowd, the discussion would last most of this day, March 3, 1983, and the commissioners had seen most of the faces in the audience many times before.

The anti-capturists included David Phillips, of Friends of the Earth; Mark Palmer, of the Sierra Club; Eben McMillan, the seventy-five-year-old rancher from Paso Robles; Eric Caine, a shoestore manager from Modesto, in the San Joaquin Valley, who has taught himself about condors. Representing the captive breeders were Dr. John Rodgers, of Patuxent Wildlife Research Center, in Maryland, one of the institutions that wants condors for captive breeding; Brian Walton, of the University of California Santa Cruz Predatory Bird Research Group, another institution that wants condors; Dr. Warren Thomas, director of the Los Angeles Zoo, a third such institution; Mike Cunningham, of the Los Angeles Zoo, keeper of the condor called Topa Topa; Marcia Wilson Hobbs, president of the Greater Los Angeles Zoo Association; and Noel Snyder, of the USFWS. The officially unaligned included Professors Steve Herman, Daniel Botkin, and Daniel Goodman, of the Fish and Game Commission's California Condor Advisory Committee. (The committee generally takes a position closer to that of the anti-capturists than to that of the captive breeders. The commission generally ignores the recommendations of the committee.)

Dr. Snyder and Mrs. Hobbs sat together. Mrs. Hobbs, a leading fund-raiser for the L.A. Zoo, is the daughter of the real-estate investor William A. Wilson, who is a member of the kitchen Cabinet and currently special envoy to the Vatican. Mrs. Hobbs herself was almost a White House appointee—to the chairmanship of the Marine Mammal Commission—until outcry from scientists and environmentalists forced the Reagan Administration to cancel the announcement. The law requires that members of the Ma-

rine Mammal Commission be "knowledgeable in the fields of marine ecology and resource management," and Mrs. Hobbs, who has no training in science, was knowledgeable in neither. She has been effective, though, at lobbying in Washington for the captive-breeding program. In 1979, when the state designated the San Diego Zoo as the site for the breeding program, the Los Angeles Zoo was miffed. Mrs. Hobbs subsequently went to Washington and spoke with Secretary of the Interior James Watt and with various presidential advisers, and shortly thereafter the L.A. Zoo was designated as a second breeding site.

"She pulls all Noel Snyder's strings," one of Snyder's opponents says of Mrs. Hobbs. "She's going to get him the funding to carry on the project." If it is true about strings, then Mrs. Hobbs had dropped them for the moment. When Dr. Snyder heard anti-capture testimony that he considered particularly egregious, he was allowed to slump forward in his chair and let his forehead rest on the seat back before him.

"We believe that the program now proposed would in all likelihood doom the wild condor population," David Phillips testified, about Snyder's plan.

"We're not rushing into anything," Mike Cunningham testified. "If we wait till there's no hope for condors in the wild, then we've reached the point where there's no hope for condors anyplace."

"It is in the best interests of the bird to push the bird to its maximum potential," Dr. Warren Thomas testified. "Take the first egg, allow the birds to double-clutch [to produce a second egg], if indeed they will. Take the second egg or the second nestling. We feel that it would be in the better interest of the wild population for each pair to at least hatch and rear that nestling to a point before we take it."

Dr. Thomas's notion of "pushing" a species that is already pushed to the brink—by shunting their offspring to his zoo—is extreme, and is not a notion shared by all of his faction. "I'm not a wild breeder type," John Ogden said, when I asked him later about Dr. Thomas's suggestion. "That's Warren's background in life. He's a zoo man."

But to anyone reading between the lines of the testimony that day, it became clear that the zoos are in the ascendancy and that something like Dr. Thomas's modest proposal is in store for the condor.

The USFWS and the zoos are now planning three condor-breeding facilities, each with five pairs of birds, to be built with eggs taken from the wild and the progeny of birds in captivity. "It may be prudent to take additional free-flying condors into captivity, under certain conditions," the USFWS says. Among those conditions are "the appearance of genetic anomalies in captive-produced progeny; breeding dysfunctions in captives already obtained, including disease and premature death; failure of forced pairings to result in viable matings." The captive breeders have left themselves plenty of loopholes for further runs on the wild population.

"You still have the final say," Dr. Thomas assured Fullerton and the commission in his testimony that day. "If we come to you for birds later, then hopefully we come to you with the rationale and the arguments that will show that this is an absolute necessity."

Fullerton knew all about the rationale of the capture people, for it is his office through which they flow. They began in August of 1982, as the capture program got under way. The first nestling taken for captive breeding was a victim, the recovery team claimed, of parental neglect. The nest site was under constant surveillance. Every three or four days, the team would call Fullerton's office, report that the parents were tardy in feeding the nestling, and request emergency permission to take it. Fullerton would say no, the parents would return and feed the nestling, the hungry cries of the recovery team would temporarily subside, and then, three or four days later, Fullerton would pick up his phone to hear those cries again—the parents were neglecting the nestling again and the team urgently requested emergency authorization to rescue it. Finally Fullerton granted permission, and the nestling was taken. It weighed thirteen pounds, an acceptable weight for a bird its age. It fattened up rapidly in the zoo. It proved to be male.

The second bird, flying though immature, was trapped on December 5. The Fish and Game Commission, mindful of the need to achieve a balanced sex ratio in the captive flock, had stipulated that if the captured bird was female, it would be kept as a mate for Topa Topa, the celibate sixteen-year resident of the L.A. Zoo. If it was male, it was to be released. The bird was to be kept at the capture site only long enough for sex determination.

USFWS videotapes show the capture of this bird. One man holds the powerful beak closed with both hands and pins the head to the ground. The brown eye flicks around the circle of men over it, showing white at the corners, and the nictitating membrane winks madly. Another man extends the bird's left wing for the camera. He marvels at the length and breadth of it, then refolds it. Next the bird is on its back, and fingers are parting the down to reveal a patch of gray skin. The needle of a syringe goes in and draws a sample for blood-sexing.

The bird proved to be male, but terrible weather set in, the recovery team claimed, and releasing the condor would have been dangerous. For two days it sat on the ground in the sky kennel; then the zoo veterinarians, weighing it, determined that the condor had lost too much weight. It was taken to the L.A. Zoo, where it stayed for a week. The winds subsided, and the bird got up to weight, but the zoo veterinarians now thought the bird might have aspergillosis, a mold-fungus disease, and it was kept a little longer. The holidays came, and tests on the bird were delayed because no one wanted to be in the lab to do them. Finally, at a January 7 meeting of the commission, the recovery team petitioned for more condors and asked permission to keep the December 5 bird. It had already spent

three weeks in captivity, they argued, and it might be dangerous now to release it to the wild. The request was granted, and the bird officially began its lifetime of captivity.

The rationales continued into the breeding season of spring, 1983.

Shortly before the March 3 meeting, the team took its first egg from the wild. The pair that had produced it left their old nest, found a new site, and produced a second egg. This was a demonstration of double-clutching, and, as such, a vindication for the recovery team, who had predicted that the California condor would double-clutch. Their opposition had steadfastly pointed out that the phenomenon had been observed only once in this species. The beauty of double-clutching, according to the zoo people and the team, is that it will allow the captive flock to be built "without penalty to the wild population." In this prediction, the recovery team proved wrong.

The team followed the pair whose egg they had taken, found their new nest site, and kept the cave under observation. Soon they were reporting to Fullerton that the birds were behaving strangely. The male was nipping at the female in flight, harassing her, preventing her from getting back to the nest. The second egg was getting chilled, the team feared, and they requested emergency authorization to rescue it. For Fullerton, at his remove in the state capital, it was a difficult situation to assess. The pressure from the team was strong, he would say later, and it came in the course of a single day. He assented to the removal of the second egg.

USFWS film footage shows Noel Snyder liberating this egg. The cameraman down in the blind uses a very long telephoto lens, and the nesting cliff undulates in the heat waves of the intervening atmosphere. Snyder is almost to the cave entrance when the cameraman involuntarily tilts his camera upward. There, sailing along the cliff face, is a condor. The cameraman aims quickly down at Snyder again, but the bird sails on beside its shadow on the cliff, and for an instant man and bird are in the same frame. This is presumably the female that, according to the Research Center, has been neglecting her egg. She appears to be trying to return to it. Snyder enters the nest and exits a short time later with the satchel. He and the other man work their way down the cliff. They reach the foot of the cliff safely, and the last scene shows a helicopter flying the egg off over the chaparral.

This helicopter was not just transportation, according to the recovery team; it proved to be a useful behavior-modification tool as well. When, watching the film of the rescue of the egg, a puzzled Fish and Game commissioner, William Burke, asked about the supposedly negligent female flying past the cave entrance as Snyder is entering, he was told that the helicopter was responsible for her return. The noise of the machine's arrival had "broken the cycle" of the male's harassment, the team believed, allowing the female to return. A helicopter is so effective at this that just twen-



ty minutes after Snyder departed from the nest, the female was sitting on the dummy egg he had left behind. (She was not to be left alone with her dummy egg and her illusions; the team later re-entered the nest and replaced the first dummy with a second filled with temperature sensors.)

This female and her mate have now lost four eggs in a row under the scrutiny of the recovery team: two eggs last year to accidents, two this year to men. The two eggs lost to accidents suggest, to the team, how poorly condors manage eggs when compared with men. That the team's scrutiny itself could have had anything to do with the accidents last year, or with the pair's erratic behavior this year, the team refuses to acknowledge.

The team entered the nest of a second breeding pair and took its first egg. The condors abandoned their nest, found another, and produced a second egg. This second egg was accidentally broken by the birds. To the team, this again suggested how inefficient condors are at hatching condors. That the human surveillance of this pair's first nest, then the nest's invasion, and then a hurried search by the condors for a second and perhaps less ideal site, could have had anything to do with the accident is a possibility scoffed at by the men of the team.

Charles Fullerton, the Fish and Game director, mindful that the Santa Barbara Pair were the last birds that could contribute offspring to the wild, recommended that their nest be left alone. The team pressed its case directly to the members of the Fish and Game Commission, who agreed in a telephone vote to allow the removal of the Santa Barbara egg. This egg was taken so late in the season, as the recovery team itself agrees, that the pair will probably not have time to recycle successfully.

The promise that double-clutching would not penalize the wild population has proved empty. Unless the Mystery Pair have produced an egg in their as yet undiscovered nest—if indeed they have a nest—no new condors will enter the wild population this year. A whole age-class will be missing from the wild. The three known breeding pairs will have produced four condors for zoo cages, none for the sky.

(Since this writing, the condors have confounded the capturists, the anti-capturists, and me. The second pair has *triple*-clutched, and are now raising their chick in the wild.)

Four to one is still not a good ratio. The Condor Recovery Program is a program badly out of balance. Its emphasis on captive breeding is fine for the zoos and the biotech-

nicians of the recovery team, but bad for wild condors. Captive breeding attacks the wrong problem. The condor's troubles are not with reproduction. Condors are reproducing well in the wild, as even the USFWS now agrees. The condor's trouble, all factions concur, is mortality in its range. The captive-breeding program, in the rush with which it is being implemented, threatens the survival of *Gymnogyps californianus* directly, by its removal of birds and eggs from the wild population and by its harassment of the wild birds left behind. (If the condor survives the recovery team's unrelenting surveillance of its nests, the stress of losing egg after egg, the forced abandonment of old nests and the continual search for new, and the helicopters, and the shell games played with dummy eggs, and the radio collars, then it will have proved a tough old buzzard indeed.) Captive breeding threatens the condor indirectly, by diverting attention and funds from the bird's true problems and from components of the larger program aimed at solving those problems. Like a fat, first-hatched eaglet that kills and eats its siblings, the captive-breeding program has pre-empted funds for acquisition of crucial lands, for hunter education, for law enforcement, and for poison studies, and nothing important is happening in any of those areas.

No one knows the exact causes of the condor's decline, but there is little doubt about the general agency. When Lewis and Clark reached the Oregon coast at the beginning of the nineteenth century, they found condors plentiful. They shot one condor at the mouth of the Columbia in November of 1805, wounded and captured another in February of 1806, killed two more in March. The tightening of pale fingers on the triggers of fowling pieces, and variations on that theme, have led to the decline of the condor. Cannon nets, blood-sexing syringes, miniature radios, and all the other apparatus of hands-on biology seem too much like new wrinkles in the same old game. What condors and other endangered species need most from us is a little space and to be left alone. It is a radical proposition for *Homo sapiens*, but a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand.

THE EGG RESTED, A GIANT, OVATE ELLIPSOID, ON A floor of wire mesh, under the eye of a television camera in the San Diego Zoo. A door opened and a human hand reached in. It tapped the egg, turned it, tickled it with fingertips. These were approximations of those nudgings and rollings of the beaks of the parents. They were to let the egg know that there was life outside in the universe, and that the life awaited it. The hand withdrew and the door shut. Recorded sounds of African vultures played.

The door opened again. Hands reached in—a woman's this time—and they lifted the egg from the mesh. The woman, grim of mien, a zoo emblem on one khaki shoulder, carried the egg like a vial of nitroglycerin down hallways and through doors, followed by zoo staff and cameramen. She weighed the egg. She candled it, turning it against an intense light and watching the embryo roll inside. The condor was having a brighter prenatal life, certainly, than it would ever have had in its dim cave. The woman returned the egg to its mesh floor.

Under the eye of the camera, the egg's inhabitant began to pip out, and in time its small beak nodded weakly in the hole it had chipped. From time to time, a hand reached in and broke a few pieces of shell away, enlarging the hole, then set the egg down again.

The small beak, nodding at the entry hole it had pecked into the world, detected no aroma of ammonia or rock dust, or fishiness. There was light instead, the intense beam of a spotlight, fixed on the egg for the benefit of the camera.

The hands could not keep off the egg. They removed it a final time, and an obstetrical team of three women in khaki uniforms and surgical gloves went to work on it, one removing shards of shell with tweezers, another spraying the inhabitant with an atomizer of saline solution, a third swabbing it now and again with a red fluid from a tall plastic bottle. They delivered the chick by Caesarean peeling, and carried it to a glass incubator of the sort that receives premature humans.

The chick, named Sisquoc, was the first California condor ever hatched in captivity. The zoo and the recovery team have made much of the event, and Sisquoc's arrival was wonderful, as is the arrival of any new creature. But the hatching was also sad. Sisquoc will always be a kind of simulacrum of a condor. The voices that welcomed the chick into the world were fake—recordings of an alien species from another continent. The parental eye was a camera. The chick's natal smells were not of birdlime or chaparral but of alcohol and female human beings. The hook-beaked heads that now feed it are puppets made of wood and paint. Sisquoc's little brother is a robot, a dummy egg packed with temperature sensors. If Sisquoc's descendants someday return to the wild, that will lend a kind of nobility to the chick's life and its sacrifice, but by no means is it certain that its descendants ever will.

Growing up, Sisquoc will stretch its wings and fan them. It will extend them, flap experimentally, then extend them again as it stands on the ground. Grown, the bird will elevate them half-opened each time it jumps down from its perch at feeding time. But it will never set them high above earth, and in the long fingers of the primaries, the wind will make no music. □

A NEW LIFE

A SHORT STORY BY JANET BEELER SHAW

RONNA TOLD KRISTIN THAT IT WAS TIME FOR THEM to give up caffeine, to cut down on grass, wine, french fries, to shape up, join a gym. In fact, to join The Limberyard, which was right down the highway from Kansas City Mutual Insurance, where they both worked in the mail room. "Now's the time," Ronna said. "The big three-O is coming up for us both. We've got to save what we can before it's too late." Kristin thought maybe it was already too late. Ronna insisted. "We've got to take control here as a team." Kristin let Ronna talk her into buying a shiny black leotard and black tights just like Ronna's. "Wonderwomen," Ronna said, and signed them up for a trial run at the gym.

"I'm too skimpy for this gear." Kristin pulled a strand of her blonde hair across her lips and tasted balsam. Without looking in the mirror, she knew that her shoulder blades and the sharp bones in her hips stuck out. "There aren't any men here, are there?"

"What guy would come to a place called The Limberyard? Too bad, you could show off your classy rear." Ronna patted her own. "Mellow out now, and let's pump some iron."

Dressed in her new gym outfit and her old running Nikes, Kristin followed Ronna into the mirror-walled gym, where the thick, warm air smelled of sweat and a gardenia-scented chemical deodorizer. Over the loudspeaker a Ramones tape howled. A gray-haired woman in faded blue sweats and a red bandanna pumped a chrome machine known as a pec-deck. A tall woman hauled down the bar of the tricep-pushdown; her narrow nose and thin lips reminded Kristin of her mother's face, though Kristin could imagine the disdain her mother would have had for this place. The women on her mother's

side had lived on farms and raised large families—they worked, they didn't work out. But, like Ronna, these women in the gym seemed full of energy and purpose. Maybe Kristin would catch it. "Where do we start?"

"Don't you love it?" Ronna flung herself onto the sit-up bench. Her face was flushed, her forehead and arms gleamed as if she'd already been exercising.

Kristin crouched in front of the squat machine. She slipped her shoulders under the padded bar, as she'd seen the woman in the bandanna do, but when she tried to stand her legs trembled.

The gym instructor's husky command came from somewhere behind Kristin. "Blow the weight up, honey. Breathe deep, then blow out."

Kristin blew, pushed, stood. It was a small victory, but she needed it. Anyway, this would be something to do. She wanted to keep very busy.

After their workout, Kristin and Ronna showered, dried off, then sat in the sauna. Ronna squeezed water from her thick, dark hair onto the floor. "I can't resist joining up, can you?"

"Something about it depresses me."

"Everything depresses you. You are basically a depressed sort of chick. That's what I'm trying to spring you out of."

"I don't like lying around in someone else's sweat," Kristin said.

Ronna tucked the top of her towel under her arm. "All you're talking here is damp orange vinyl. There's no place you can go somebody else hasn't already been, toots. We're all just passing around used goods."

Of course Ronna said that because her lover was married, but Kristin pushed her. "How about all *your* talk of a fresh start, then?"



ILLUSTRATIONS BY VIVIENNE FLEISHER

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Everything is relative." She tossed back her hair and left Kristin alone in the pine-scented cave of the sauna.

By the time Kristin dressed and got upstairs to the desk, Ronna was already signing her contract, the instructor in her pink sweatshirt looking on. "Can you hurry a little?" Ronna said to Kristin. "It's *Tuesday*, remember?"

Maybe it was because Ronna rushed her that Kristin signed her maiden name to her contract. She had to study the name a moment to realize that it was hers, the way she was sometimes startled to recognize that troubled, pen-sive face in a store window as her own. Kristin McKenna—she let it stand. Why not, if you were beginning a new life?

DRIVING THEM IN HER FIESTA TO THE PARKING LOT of Shopmore, Ronna broke the speed limit twice. She had arranged for Kristin to meet Gene today. After work one afternoon, over beers at The Laurel Tap, Ronna had confessed to her affair with him. He worked nights on the police force; his wife, Sally, worked half-days as a legal aide. So the only sure time he and Ronna could get together was late afternoon. "We're crazy about each other," Ronna said. "But of course it's awful hard for us to have any kind of normal relationship. For example, he'd like to meet my friends. You're the only one I think would understand. You're older than the other girls, experience-wise." As much out of curiosity as to please Ronna, Kristin had agreed to the meeting.

Ronna parked by the bags of peat moss and the flats of tomatoes and onion sets. The sweet, rotting scent of fertilizer bloomed in the April sun as they waited. Then a blue Chevy wagon pulled up nearby, and a man jumped out and made his way to them between crates of potting soil. He was wiry, with thinning brown hair, glasses, an inch of beard. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, and across his chest in a denim baby sling rode a plump-armed blond baby, cheek pressed against the work shirt.

"He's got a child?" Kristin said.

"He was going to leave her for me, but damn if she didn't get pregnant! It killed me." Ronna's chin puckered and a rash flared on her throat as though she would cry, but she called, "Hi, sweetie!"

Then Gene was at Kristin's window. She saw a reflection of her face swim on the surface of his glasses. After a quick, assessing glance, he reached past her to grab Ronna's outstretched hand.

Ronna made a kissing sound. "Meet my pal Kristin. This is Gene Jacobson."

"I've heard about you," he said. "Ronna says you're the greatest. You really looked after her when she got this job."

Kristin touched the baby's soft arm tentatively. "Who's this?"

"Tim. Six months of relentless energy."

She looked for a moment at the carefully trimmed line of Gene's moustache, and then the baby turned his head and fixed her with his solemn gaze. His pudgy fist closed on a loose strand of her hair. When he pulled her head closer, she inhaled a sweet mix of soap, baby oil, and clean baby sweat. Blue veins threaded under the translucent skin at his temples. "Hello, Tim," she said softly.

The baby's delicately arched lips opened, but he made no sound. With her hand, she encircled the small fist entangled in her hair. His fingers felt like miniature shrimps.

"He's crazy about blondes," Gene said.

"His mother's blonde," Ronna said. "So I've heard."

"Want to hold him?" Gene asked.

As though they'd rehearsed the moves, Gene opened the door, and Kristin held up her arms; he slipped off the baby sling, and handed her the baby.

"Hop in," Ronna told Gene. "Let's go get us a soft drink." Then he was in the back seat, his hand on Ronna's shoulder, and they were driving north past the beltline.

The baby lay on his back in Kristin's lap. When she bent over, he grabbed her hair in both his hands. "Tim." The ping of his name on the roof of her mouth pleased her. Guiltily—why would she think such a thing?—she imagined laying her lips on his. She would taste the freshness of his skin.

When she glanced up again, Gene was leaning forward and joking with Ronna about a guy on the force who'd been ordered to knock off twenty pounds.

Ronna had told Kristin that Gene was her hero. She lived with her mom, so to be alone she and Gene drove off into the country and made love in the wheatfields or under the cottonwoods by the river. When he could get away, now and then, for a whole afternoon, he packed them a picnic of smoked turkey, deviled eggs, and beer, and they went to a motel on the beltline. Sometimes they took fancy underwear for her, kimonos for them both, cowboy boots. He's a wild man, Ronna said.

Gene pushed up his glasses and rubbed his eyes as though his head ached. The bridge of his nose was sun-burned and peeling. "How'd you get in the mail-room game, Kristin?"

"I was teaching third grade at St. Thomas, but I got laid off. Lewis, my husband, taught math in the high school. Math's more secure these days."

"Have you got kids of your own?"

"She was widowed. I told you that." Ronna cut a corner close to swing into the carhop section of an A & W on the outskirts of town.

"I'm sorry. I just thought she might have kids. She seems to like Tim." Gene dropped his glasses back into place. Through the lenses his eyes were larger, their blue darker.

"It's okay," Kristin said.

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"Not all of us *want* kids." Ronna yanked off the lavender plastic headband that matched her T-shirt and tossed it onto the dash. "Three root beers," she told the carhop.

"Take it easy." Gene stroked Ronna's throat. "Hey, your hair's damp."

Ronna let her head fall back, trapping his hand. "We joined a gym today. If we don't look after ourselves, no one else will." She'd told Kristin that she had been on her own since high school. Before moving back home, she'd hitchhiked all over the West, and had worked in Arizona as a short-order cook, and in Utah as a hand on a ranch. She had gone to a junior college for a semester, but had dropped out. "It was all baloney," she said of her college days. "I don't know how you lasted so long, Kristin. It's all hot air. With a diploma and half a buck you can get a cup of coffee." It looked as if she were right. Here was Kristin, sorting mail too, and although Ronna had her adventures to look back on, Kristin had only five years of scholastic drudgery, and three years in a tiny grade school. And Lewis.

Kristin leaned down over Tim again. He gazed at her without blinking. Something about the baby made her think of Lewis—Lewis at the last, anyway, in the hospital. He'd curled into the fetal position, his knees to his chin. Meningitis, the doctor said. When the resident brought his sterile tray to give Lewis a spinal tap, the instruments had spilled onto the floor. The syringe rolled under the bed. Kristin ducked down and took it in her hand—had they chosen this enormous one because Lewis was so tall? She wanted to ask, but she was crying, and the doctor told her to wait outside. After Lewis died, she decided she was through with love. The pain of it spread out around her on all sides, like deep water difficult to move through.

Tim pummeled her stomach with his kicks, waved his arms. Ronna finished her root beer and handed the baby sling to Kristin. "Since you two get along so well, how'd you like to take him in that park for a while so Gene and I can take a ride and talk things over."

Gene looked down into his empty glass mug. If they had set her up, Kristin didn't mind. The small park next to the A & W was filled with young mothers in jeans and kids playing on the swings and the jungle gym. It was better than going back to her little apartment alone.

"Does he have a bottle?" As she asked, she realized she'd made a choice, though she wasn't sure what she'd chosen.

Gene handed her a quilted plastic shoulder bag. "Seems like you know what to do."

"You're a living doll." Ronna patted Kristin's thigh.

Letting herself out of the car, she forgot to ask when they'd come back. She turned, but Ronna was already driving off, white dust spinning up behind her wheels. It was Gene who waved good-bye.

She was alone with the baby. The wind off the plains tossed the silvery cottonwood leaves. On the benches under the trees, the mothers chatted and laughed. One nursed her baby under her shirt. When Kristin walked

over, they smiled, asked about her child. He nuzzled her shoulder, the damp circle where his mouth rested growing larger. Watching crows fill the pines along the field, she leaned back on the bench, the baby's weight a radiant warmth across her breasts.

The late-afternoon shadows on the wheat field beyond the pines reminded her of the farm. She'd lain on the porch roof and pretended the house was a ship sailing across the waves of wheat. Her mother raised four children there. If you had a child to care for, days took shape, simplified, held their own meaning.

The baby slept, and perhaps she did, too, though she heard the voices of women and children all around her. When he woke she gave him his bottle of orange juice, cradling him across her lap as the woman next to her held her child.

When Gene called to her, she looked up, startled. He came from Ronna's red car across the park. She got up quickly, slung the bag over one shoulder, cuddled Tim on the other. "Are you okay?" he asked.

She nodded. Perhaps she had slept; she felt dizzy—though maybe that was from the exercise and the fresh air.

"I mean about this babysitting. Ronna can be pushy."

"I can take care of myself."

But, as though she needed protection, he took her elbow and they went to join Ronna, who rested behind the steering wheel with her head tipped back. She blinked up at Kristin with a dazed, satisfied frown. "How's your little boyfriend?"

ON TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS AFTER WORK, RONNA and Kristin met Gene at Shopmore. If the weather was good, Ronna and Gene went off in his wagon, and Kristin took Tim in the Fiesta to the park. If it was rainy, she took him into Shopmore, pushed him slowly up and down the aisles, stopped to sit in the cafeteria section. There she held him on her lap, and taught him to hang onto her fingers, to pull up. He pushed his face against hers, his lips on her cheek. Soon he'd be talking. She'd teach him the names of things, her own name. She bought a book, *You and Your Baby*. On Mondays and Wednesdays after work, she and Ronna went to the gym.

Ronna was doing crunchies on the inclined board, her gold chain with its teardrop charm swinging behind her as she raised herself, elbows to her knees. She'd braided her hair. She looked Indian, tanned already, although it was only May. "I wish I still smoked." She watched Kristin sideways.

Her knees cracking, Kristin did deep knee bends with a weighted bar. "But look what good shape you're getting in."

"I need something for my nerves."

"What's wrong with your nerves?" Kristin didn't speak to Ronna of her own. Lewis had been dead for over a year now, but still she often woke before light, her heart crash-

ing. Something was wrong, something that couldn't be fixed, but she was unable for an awful moment to remember. Then, when she *knew*, no matter how she tried to arrange the pillows, she was unable to sleep again. More than anything else, she missed sleeping with him, curled against his long back, her arm over his side, her knees tucked behind his. It had been such a safe place. These days, she gave up and fixed her breakfast, and thought of where she might take Tim—maybe there was somewhere she could show him puppies, kittens, ducks, some of the animals she grew up with on the farm.

Ronna lay back and chewed on the end of her braid. Upside down, her face looked childlike, unformed. Kristin kept up her slow rhythm of lifting while Ronna talked.

"Sally's giving Gene grief about what does he do with Tim, where does he go, who does he see. Gene says it's hard to get away. Not that Sally's so crazy about having a baby. 'You were the one who wanted him,' she tells Gene. 'You take care of him. He's yours.' So he says. When she got pregnant, she said she wanted an abortion. But he said he couldn't live with that. So now she expects him to take Tim all his free time. It's wearing him down. Like, he's just burned out on these quickie meetings of ours. I tell him we should get married. He says he *is* married. He says he'd like to build another room on his house for me! It's all such a dead end. At first I thought I'd do anything for him, like I'd lie down and die if he asked me. But I'm coming apart. What do you think, Kristin?"

Kristin didn't answer. A fist of anxiety blocked her chest. How would she see Tim?

Ronna reached back and grabbed Kristin's ankle. "Hey, don't be so sad for me. Wonderwomen, remember?"

When Kristin caught her breath, she said, "That's a comic strip, Ronna. I don't hear us laughing."

Kristin crossed the gym to ride an exercycle. She pedaled fast, pumping heat fiercely into her chest. She could bike all the way across the plains and over the mountains, a single, long, ferocious effort all this exercising and clean living had prepared her for. She could swing Tim onto her back and run away.

How had it happened that she loved this baby? She wasn't the kind even to notice other women's kids. The subject of children had barely come up between her and Lewis. First they'd had to get through college, then they'd needed jobs. They spoke of a family as something they'd attempt when they had some savings, maybe even a place of their own. After all, they both worked with kids all day. But none of those she'd taught had ever seized her heart. Tim was the only one to do that. She loved a child who wasn't hers and she wanted *him*. Not another. Oh, God.

On the way to meet Gene at Shopmore the next day, Kristin offered Ronna the use of her apartment for their meetings. "It's homier, and it's close by. You'll have more privacy. I put out clean towels."

Ronna teared up. "You are a goddamned sister, you know that? What can I do for you?"

"Take some hamburger out of my freezer to defrost, if you think of it. That's plenty. Let's not talk about it."

Ronna grabbed her hand. "I'll get Gene to start your supper for you. He owes you too, and, anyway, he loves to cook. He should have been a mother. When we go to a motel, he always wipes out the washbasin so the maid won't find it watermarked."

Kristin slid the house key into Ronna's shoulder bag. "You think he'll go for this?"

"Will he ever!"

When Kristin let herself in that evening, she smelled onions, tomatoes, browned beef. Rice steamed in a separate pan. A damp towel was folded and laid on the bathroom hamper. The bed was made. Maybe it hadn't been unmade. Maybe they had spread the quilt on the floor, as she and Lewis had done on summer afternoons. She didn't want to think about it. She had enough beef and rice for two nights, and reheated it tasted even better. On Thursday she left chicken in the refrigerator and found a fricassee waiting for her.

Except for the delicious meals Gene made, and an occasional damp towel, she never saw signs that they'd used her place. Of course, Gene was a cop. Maybe he checked out the room, put everything back exactly where it had been, picked up after Ronna, who habitually left hamburger wrappers and soda cans on the floor of her car until Kristin threw them into a dumpster. It was almost as though they hadn't been there at all.

KRISTIN, GENE, AND THE BABY WAITED IN RONNA'S car while Ronna ran into Shopmore for shampoo and hand lotion. The day was hot, and Kristin sat sideways in the back seat, her legs stretched out, Tim dozing in her lap. Gene watched Ronna hurrying between cars and vans in her denim skirt and red T-shirt, then he turned and slung his arm along the back of the seat. "That old photograph over your rocking chair. I like it."

It occurred to Kristin that she and Gene had never been alone before. "That's my grandma and her sister. That's her sewing rocker, too. They lived on a farm next to ours up north of here. I think of their place when I'm in the park with Tim. I remember the way the wind blew day and night, and the shapes of the clouds, like fat animals in the sky." That she had said so much surprised her. She looked down at the sleeping child in her lap, the pearly sweat on his temples.

After a moment, Gene said, "The cut-glass pitcher is nice too."

"That was a wedding gift."

"I don't suppose you want to talk about your husband."

"I don't mind." He hadn't asked about her life before; she liked it.

"You probably miss him a lot."

"I miss the way I felt with him."

"Which was?"

He was watching her so closely that she looked out the window at the stream of cars pushing along the highway. "Quiet, I guess. We worried about things, of course, but as it turned out they were the wrong things." Then, with alarm, she heard herself ask—either to change the subject or because she wanted to know—"How do you manage all this?"

"You mean Ronna?" When he smiled, he looked less tired, younger.

"Two lives."

"It's pretty much a mess. I want you to know that I *know* that."

When she didn't respond, he went on. "I've made some dumb choices, but I'm not dumb."

The drone of the traffic was a dull roar like a wind. A line of clouds moved seamlessly across the rolling hills beyond the shopping center.

"We shouldn't have gotten you into this," he said.

"What you do is your own business."

"I mean involved with us. You're not the kind."

She wished he would look away. She felt a rush of color to her forehead and cheeks. "I'm not involved, actually." Was she? Was she an accomplice, as they said in the movies? And maybe, in spite of what he said, she *was* the type. If you want to know someone, you watch what they do.

"You're a sweet lady," he said. Then he reached to open Ronna's door for her. As Ronna pushed her bag into the front seat, he went on, "Who did you say you were seeing now?"

"She picks up guys now and then." Ronna winked at Kristin in the rearview mirror. "They go for tall, blonde types. Short, dark chicks like me don't do so well."

"You're doing fine," Gene said to her.

When Kristin got home that evening, she found a pan of brownies cooling on the counter.

"**H**E SAYS I'M DOING FINE, BUT I'M NOT DOING fine! I'm doing lousy!" Ronna had cried for a long time in the parking lot outside The Limbryard. Now she was inside, doing sit-ups and sniffing.

Stretching her hamstrings, Kristin lay beside her on the orange-and-green-flecked carpet. "If you don't feel so good, we could leave."



"Do you think I care if I cry here? Who do you think I am, anyway, to care about what other broads think? You think *they* don't cry? This is a totally rotten life, and you know it as well as I do." Her face was swollen and splotchy, but she kept at the sit-ups, her braids swinging.

"Take it easy."

"I knew this was going to happen, that's what kills me! I predicted it!"

"Predicted what, exactly?"

"What I haven't told you. Gene says he doesn't see how things can go on between us. He says there's too much guilt for him in this sneaking around. Suddenly it's *guilt*! Where was his guilt when he was so horny last winter? What he means is that it's over."

Kristin pressed her forehead to her knee and closed her eyes. She let her breath out slowly. "Over? Just like that?"

"Two years of my life, two years and a half, I've given to that bastard!"

"But how can it be over?" Kristin was afraid to look at Ronna. She looked instead at her own pale, triangular face in the gym mirror. Take it easy, she told herself. But she was scared. Her neediness made her light-headed. Her ears buzzed, as though she'd drunk wine on an empty stomach.

"Well, maybe it's not completely over. He says he'll meet me today to talk it through." Ronna pushed up on one elbow, tears running down beside her nose. "I know this isn't our usual time, but please say you can babysit."

When they met Gene at Shopmore, Ronna had herself under control. After her shower, she'd smoothed on herbal lotion and pulled on new underwear, skin-colored and shiny. She had dried her hair under the blower and threaded gold hoops in her ears. "Hi, honey," she called to Gene.

"Looks like rain." He bent to Ronna's window. "Let's get going."

Clouds massed in the west. Wind blew grit up from the parking lot, flinging it against the windshield. Gene had Tim's head covered with a blue blanket.

When Kristin held out her arms for the baby, Gene asked, "Where will you wait out the storm?"

"Here. If it passes over, I'll go to the park." She didn't look at him; she watched the rosy, smiling face of Tim, who reached for her, clung to her neck.

Gene fastened the car seat he always brought with him now. Marks the color of the clouds slanted below his eyes, as though he'd had trouble sleeping. Ronna jumped out, holding her skirt down, and ran to the station wagon, her gold hoops swinging.

Through a film of dust coating her windows, Kristin watched until Gene pulled away. Ronna was shaking her head, gesturing as though tearing cobwebs. Like the roof of an Army tent, the khaki clouds sank lower. But Kristin headed for the park. She wanted the open space around her.

In early June, the side ditches were already choked with Johnson grass and cockleburrs, the pine tassels releasing their pollen into the wind like green smoke. Now and then a shaft of sun struck through the boiling clouds to pick out the tin roof of a silo. She drove beyond the farmsteads and into the prairie, which seemed to move eastward under the wind. It came to her that she was searching for her own house, though the place had long ago been torn down. All that would be left was a well cover and a windmill in the corner of some wheat or corn field. And wasn't it farther out, almost to Cross Plains? She hadn't been there since they'd moved to town, her senior year in high school, but in her mind she clearly saw the weathered gray house with

its long porch, the collie sleeping under the ragged lilacs, the copse of black alder where she and her sisters played dolls. In the side yard, her grandmother, in a flowered cotton dress, swung a chicken around her head to wring its neck. In the flat light of the kitchen, her mother blanched and peeled canning tomatoes, squeezing seeds into a blue speckled bowl. They did not talk while they worked, and they worked all day and into the long evenings. They were sturdy, joyless women. What needs they'd had of their own Kristin had never heard acknowledged. They were women without illusions, who could not abide ambiguity. How had her own life become so confused and uncertain? She turned the Fiesta around in a lane and headed back to the park.

When she reached it, she pulled into the empty lot and kissed the top of Tim's head where his blond, downy hair was damp, laid her cheek there. She felt as though her ribs had cracked, each breath pushing a shard of bone into her lungs. She recognized the pain: she was mourning, whether for the baby or for her own lost clarity and sureness, she couldn't decide. "Let's get going," she said aloud, and lifted Tim from his seat.

The wind was a strong, steady hand on her back. It pushed her toward the pines, and when she'd crossed the



MOUNTAIN PASS

How we sought safety, but loved danger.

—Louise Bogan

Hours in low gear, I have climbed
south from Ciudad Victoria,
away from the boy who hawks
lizards beside the road,
the old women who wait for the bus
that slaughters a man's pigs
because he herds them
into the wrong journey.
I have left money for the ground
I slept on, passed the last *Alto* sign,
where a young *federal* threaded
his hands deep into my suitcase,
found nothing I needed
and waved me back onto this road
that twists down in my mirrors
like a hair shaken loose
onto the skirt of the ragged mother,

Sierra Madre, who rocks me
back and forth until safe.
I find, one level moment above it all,
a horse dead on the shoulder—
its final master as startled as I—
stepping into its wings
and gliding as easy as the air rising
from all I've left behind
gone over my shoulder
before the sign *Curva Peligrosa*
wakes me, its words so lovely
my ears pop and I shift,
clutch the map promising so much ahead,
and brake hard, hard.

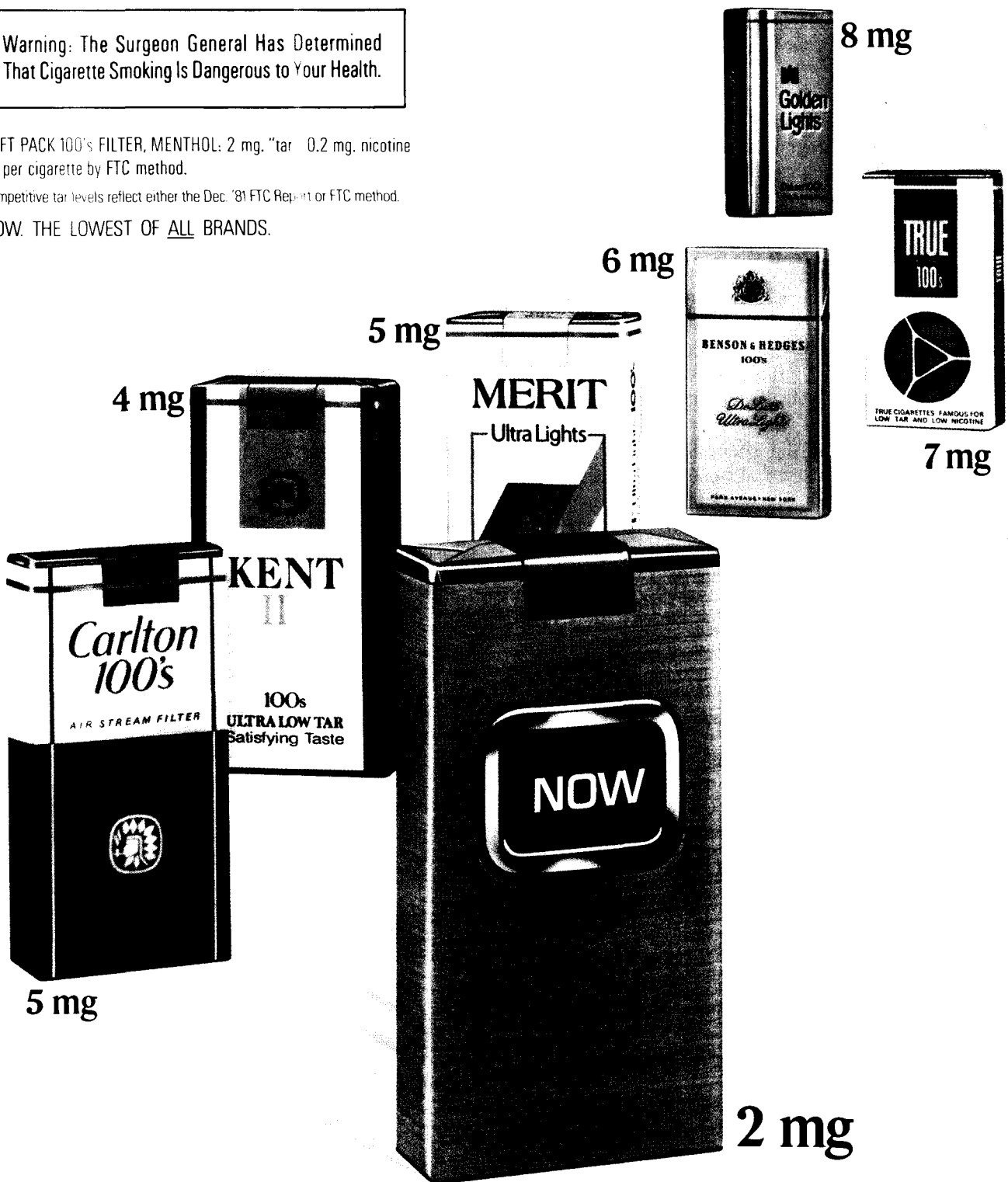
—James McKean

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ditch there, it pushed her out until she was knee-deep in the green wheat. All around, the earth stretched out like a firm floor, but she thought now that the ancient explanations were truer—although the world looked wide enough, if you weren't careful you could fall off the edge. Monsters would eat you. You had to be very careful, and who knew what precautions would serve? Tim hung onto the collar of her plaid blouse, his large eyes narrowed against the wind. "Never play with matches," she said to him. "Don't run into the street. *Remember.*" But who can be another's protection from the interior dangers, which can't even be imagined until suddenly they are right there, close enough to touch?

Rain spattered across the wheat like buckshot. As she turned to run back, she saw that Gene's station wagon was in the parking lot, and that he waited for her in the passenger seat of the Fiesta. She threw Tim's blanket on him, bent over him as she ran. By the time she leaped into the car, her hair was plastered to her head, her face was wet, water streamed from her bare arms. When she unbundled Tim, he started to cry irritably—wet, cross, and teething. She offered him to Gene, but he shook his head, so she bounced the baby on her shoulder. "Poor little fellow," she crooned.

Gene leaned forward on the dashboard, resting his chin on his arms. Mascara was smeared like an oil stain on his collar. He slipped his glasses into his pocket and pressed his fingertips to his eyelids. "I broke it off with Ronna. She wanted me to take her home. She said you could bring her car by later."

Her chest collapsed from letting out a long breath. She had to comb her wet hair off her forehead with her fingers in order to see his face.

He scrubbed his eyes with the backs of his hands. "I used to think of myself as a good man."

"It's a hard time," she said cautiously. Tim was quieting, sucking his thumb.

"I've hurt people. I'm sorry for that. I told Ronna I was sorry."

"I don't imagine that helped much."

He looked at her as if she'd slapped him. Maybe she had. "No, it didn't help. But I'm going to straighten things out."

"Sometimes life just won't straighten out." She spoke against Tim's head.

"You sound shaky."

"It's just I'm so tired." Rain flooded over the roof of the car, battered the puddles that had already made a pewter lake of the gravel lot. Wheat lay dark and flat all the way to the horizon.

"I'd feel so much better if I could help you, Kristin. You deserve help."

"I get along—"

"We'll go to your place, the three of us, and I'll fix us some dinner."

"Your wife—"

"She's at an office picnic. I bought some rib-eye steaks

for us, and you can fix a salad. You've got lettuce and sprouts."

So he'd worked it out. All of it. She imagined the three of them in her small kitchen, Tim in his seat, she and Gene at the round table, their plates heaped with steak, mashed potatoes, butter beans. Rain would drip from the eaves, squirrels scutter across the balcony, night come slowly on. A happy family scene.

Tim began to cry again, banging his head against her shoulder. He wanted his bottle, his supper, and to be put to bed. In her apartment, she and Gene would be alone while the child slept. "It's late for him," she said.

"A quiet supper is all." As though he had lost his balance, he leaned to her suddenly and brushed her cheek with his lips.

Her throat ached—to be held again. To have the baby near. Gene's thumb traced her chin, radiating a complicated pain.

"I'll follow you back. Drive careful," he whispered. "We all need a rest."

He opened his door, letting in a gust of wet wind that smelled of onion grass and mint. But she caught his arm. Quick, she told herself. Quick! Don't think about it. She handed Gene the baby, began pushing his things into the plastic bag. Her hands shook as she unhitched the car seat.

"Take him to his momma!"

"You need someone, Kristin."

But she was shoving Gene now. "You don't know. You can't possibly know. Get going!" She was in a panic not to weaken. Get him out of here, get the baby out of her sight.

He stood half out of the car, Tim thrashing in his arms. "Just at least let me fix you your dinner. We'll talk."

"I'm not going back now. I'm going to sit here and watch the rain. Go home." She turned her face and heard him shut the door. She closed her eyes, clenched her teeth. In a minute, over her thudding pulse, she heard his car engine sputter, then catch. Don't look. Don't think. In a minute more they'll be gone. A rush of water and wet gravel retreated behind the motor sound. When she opened her eyes, she saw his taillights reflecting long red ribbons on the highway.

Tim's blanket lay on the floor of the car. She picked it up, pressed it to her face, then clutched it in her lap, nesting her hands in the soft folds. The summer storm was already passing, the shimmering curtain of rain wavering eastward like the northern lights. Behind the rain the broken clouds were the ocher of windfall pears. She eased down in the seat, studied the sky. She wanted to feel relief, or even moral certitude. But she felt neither wiser nor a better person, only more alone. After what seemed a long time, though it may have been only minutes, she pushed the key into the ignition. As she lifted her head, she caught sight of a row of towering cumulus that the lower-passing rain clouds revealed. The great hump-backed shapes like camels, the setting sun bronze on their hindquarters, drifted over the drenched plains. □

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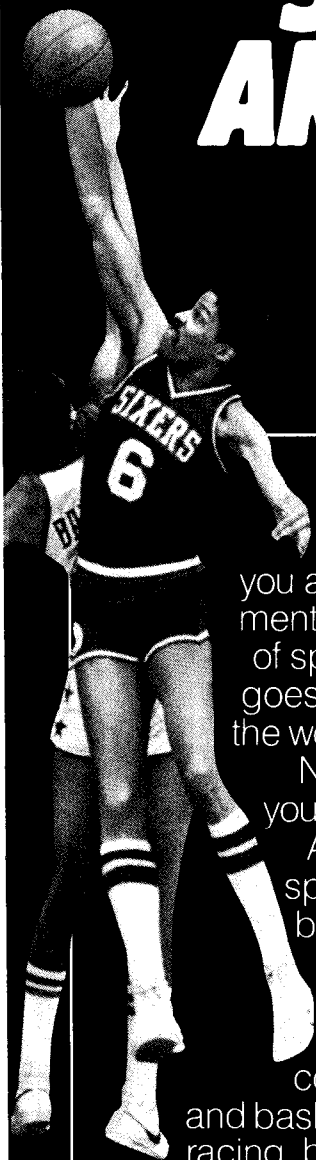
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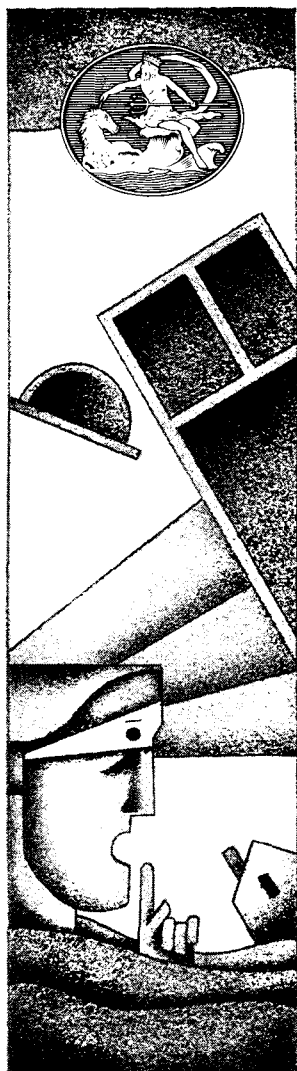
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LITE COLLEGE

BY STANLEY MIESES



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HISTORY

Originally called Less College, the school was founded in 1967 as part of Gablinger University, which at that time represented a pioneering venture in the field of facsimile studies. Following the demise of the parent institution, Less College survived in a basement in Milwaukee and in a cubicle on Madison Avenue. The decision was made in 1981 to unite the two campuses, and the school was renamed Lite College. The Lite Trustees appointed as its first President Mrs. Evelyn Wood-Busch, whose leadership advanced Lite College before you could read about it.

THE ACADEMIC PROGRAM

Undergraduate programs lead to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Crafts, Bachelor of Science Fairs, and Bachelor of Fine Wines. Each program of study is designed to provide the student with the skills to attain competence in a specialized field without feeling well rounded. In addition, an evening division for non-matriculating students, the Merns School, offers a Bachelor of Style degree, which looks the same for less.

The following is a partial listing from the 1983-1984 Lite College Course Catalogue. Where applicable, prerequisite courses are also listed.

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LITE MUSIC/LM 319/Baseball Stadium Organ (Emenee)—Intensive study of motivation music, including

"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "Che La Luna," and "Hava Nagila," and its effect on black and Hispanic ballplayers. Guest lectures by Jane Jarvis and Eddie Layton. (Prerequisite: LM 105/ The Roots of Mantovani.)

LITE CINEMA STUDIES/LCS 201/ De Film Industry—A series of guest lectures by Robert De Niro, Brian De Palma, De Forest Kelley, and Catherine Deneuve. (Prerequisite: LCS 102/ Eating Raoul Walsh.)

LITE PHILOSOPHY/LP 100/Introduction to Philosophy—Readings from selected philosophers include Bombek, Rooney, Brothers, Lebowitz, and Buscaglia. (Prerequisite: one semester of Lite Understanding.)

2. HUMANITIES— FOREIGN LANGUAGES

Students at Lite College are able to choose from French, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Chinese, and Atari. In addition, this year the Lite Foreign Language Department offers a full program in English as a second language. Available courses include LE2 105/English as a Second Language on Citibank Computers, and LE2 107/ English for Driver's Tests.

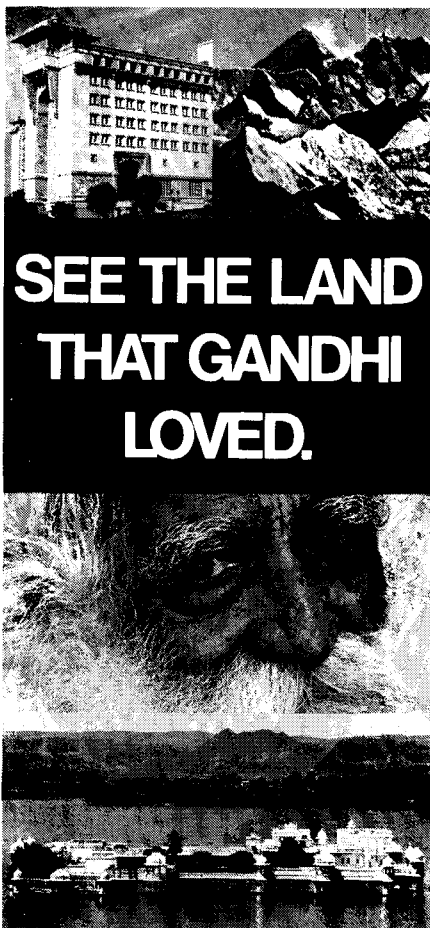
LITE FRENCH/LF 221/Inspector Maigret's Best Bets (Tocqueville, Jr.)—A colloquial tour of "the other Paris," including the arrondissements of Le Gran Concours, Arlemmes, Isle de la Statennes, and Parque Regeau.

LITE FRENCH/LF 303/The Discreet Dandruff of the Bourgeoisie (Hix)—Learning to conjugate in French through the improvement of personal habits.

LITE SPANISH/LS 279/Flan Through the Ages (Montalban)—The evolution of pudding in Spanish culture.

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LITE READING/LR 211/Peace and Consent (Oscar and Mayer)—The reading of two novels concurrently is concluded. (Prerequisite: LR 210/War and Advise.)

LITE CREATIVE WRITING/LCW 101/Introduction (Butkus)—Simple declarative sentences are pooled from students' efforts. (Prerequisite: LCW 100/Lite Typing)

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MOVIES

ALFRED AGAIN

BY LLOYD ROSE



CRITICS OF ALFRED Hitchcock's films divide fairly neatly into two camps: those who believe that the movies he made in the thirties (he directed his first film, *The Lodger*, in 1926) were his best, and those who feel that his best work came in the forties and fifties, culminating in *Psycho* (1960). The finest of the pre-war movies, such as *The 39 Steps* and *The Lady Vanishes*, are superior entertainments: witty, fun to watch, and crisply put together. The postwar movies are more slovenly in look and pace, but brim with the necrophilia, sadism, misogyny, and bitter, amused irony that coalesce into a world view in Hitchcock's work.

I prefer the postwar movies, but I don't know that I could claim that mine is an aesthetic appreciation. Their kinkiness amuses me, and I find their queer, dark obsessions simultaneously embarrassing and fascinating. Hitchcock, who so openly compared movie-going and voyeurism, gives us the ultimate cheap, shameful thrill: are we seeing only what he means to show us, or is something seeping into view that he might rather have kept hidden?

Of the best postwar movies, including *Notorious*, *Strangers on a Train*, *North by Northwest*, *Shadow of a Doubt* (my favorite), *Vertigo*, and *Psycho*, *Rear Window*, legally available for the first time in over a decade and now being given general theatrical release by Universal Classics, is the most straightforward and innocent. There are no onscreen murders, and the murderer himself is seen only from a distance for most of the film; we spend the majority of screen time with the "good" characters. The connection between sex and death is muted. This is not *Notorious*, in which Ingrid Bergman can win Cary Grant's love only by nearly dying, nor *Shadow of a Doubt*, in which a young girl's rite of passage is her discovery not of sexual love but of murder. *Rear Window* isn't

Lloyd Rose is the literary manager of the New Playwrights' Theatre in Washington.

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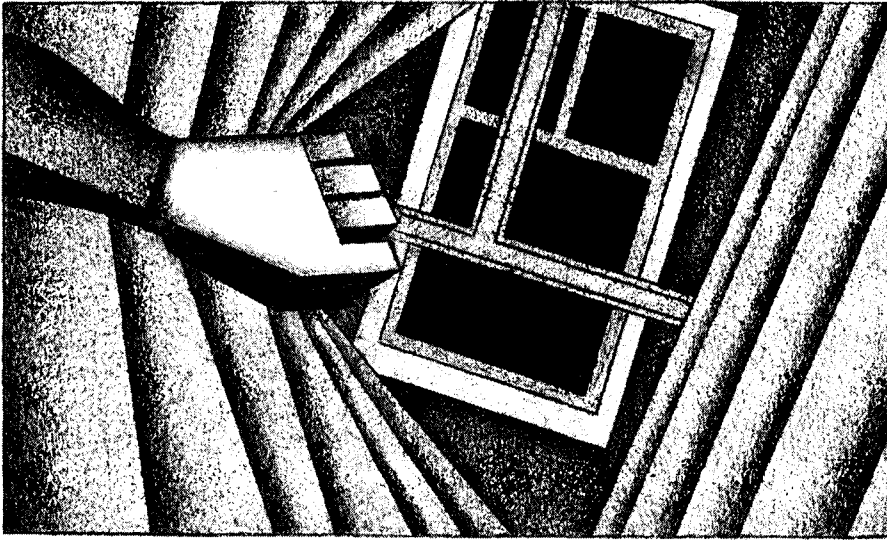
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intent of our founding fathers? We don't think so.

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sloppy with unresolved tensions: Hitchcock is in tight control, and he puts the audience through the hoops as skillfully as he ever has.

The plot is admirably simple. Jimmy Stewart plays a news photographer who, confined to his apartment by a broken leg, assuages his boredom by spying on the windows of his neighbors across the court, and comes to realize that one of them has murdered his wife. Grace Kelly is the woman who wants to marry Stewart, and who finally wins his devotion by her pluck in helping catch the murderer. The suspenseful climax comes when Stewart, alone and helpless in his apartment, inadvertently reveals himself to the killer, who comes across the court to stop his spying for good.

The point has been made that Stewart, who is balking at marrying Kelly (she is too "high society" for the rough-and-ready nature of his professional life), finds in the murderer a dark alter-ego acting out his repressed desires. I'm as susceptible to Jungian shadows as the next person, but the pairing doesn't work here, for the simple reason that Stewart is engaged to Kelly, not married to her. If he wants to get rid of her, all he has to do is break it off.

Hitchcock had a grim view of marriage: wife-murder is the crime at the heart of many of his best-known films. *Rear Window* is notably sardonic on the subject—the apartments across from Stewart's window contain not only a wife-killer but a nagging bride and a childless couple who have given all their frustrated parental love to their little dog. (When the murderer kills it for digging at a suspicious spot in the flowerbed, we are much more affected

than we are by the death of his sick, complaining wife.) This attitude gives a certain sourness to the movie's "happy ending," with Kelly surreptitiously reading a fashion magazine. It is not going to be an ideal relationship.

This is, I think, an example of Hitchcock's acrid feelings poisoning his humor rather than giving bite to it. His toying with the audience's moral attitudes is much more sophisticated and amusing. Kelly and Stewart become so enthralled with the prospect of having discovered a real killer that they are disappointed when he is (temporarily) shown to be innocent. Kelly characterizes the two of them as "ghouls," and the audience is implicated too. Hitchcock later gives the screw an extra turn by having one of the neighbors, a lonely spinster, start to commit suicide as the film's primary plot—the apprehension of the murderer—is drawing to one of its climaxes. Caught up in the story, we keep forgetting about the poor woman, and Hitchcock keeps reminding us that we keep forgetting.

BEING JERKED AROUND so mockingly by a master is entertaining, but in any real moral sense the point is meaningless. Stewart and Kelly are, after all, watching a murderer; we are watching a movie. What we respond to is dramatic structuring, which is no more intrinsically moral than the morphology of a plant. To say that our response means that we're ethically deficient makes about as much sense as saying that the people who jump in their seats and scream at a movie like *Poltergeist* believe in ghosts.

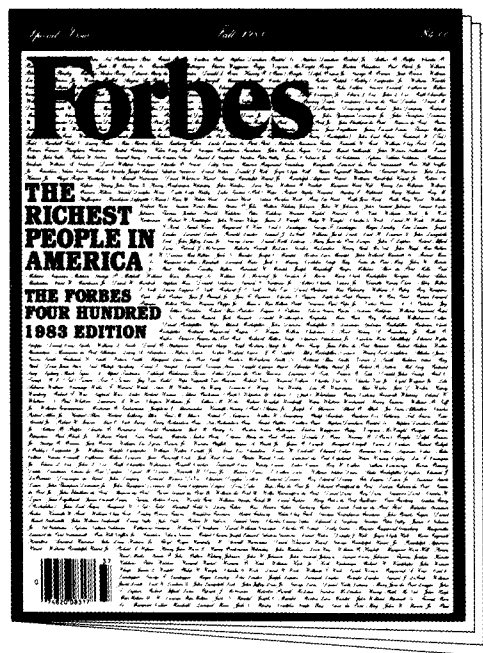
Hitchcock does give us one morally telling incident. Finally confronting

Stewart, the murderer is desperate and terrified. He keeps asking what Stewart wants from him, and Stewart has no good answer: he wasn't acting out of disinterested decency, he was merely curious. It's a peculiar moment, and our sympathies shift. While not exactly glad to see the crippled Stewart under attack, we may feel that on some level he deserves it. This is Hitchcock's biggest joke on us, and it's a good one.

The movie is cheerfully grisly in a very English way. Hitchcock's obsession with unnatural death may seem to Americans to be odder than it actually is. The English, after all, gave us Jack the Ripper and Brides-in-the-Bath Smith, not to mention the trunk murder, in which a headless, limbless torso turns up in luggage, usually on a railway platform. With credit given to Poe, the English may be said to have invented the detective story. Dorothy L. Sayers, in particular, displayed a fascination with some of the more graphic unpleasantness of crime (in one of her stories, a stomach preserved in a jar is stolen), and even gentlemanly Conan Doyle had a woman receive a package containing two human ears. So Hitchcock's sending a dismembered body away by rail or burying a head in a flowerpot is almost traditional.

Rear Window is carefully worked out: every detail is in place and every detail works. Each apartment into which Stewart spies, for example, contains an example of a man-woman relationship that is a variation of Stewart's relationship with Kelly. Hitchcock keeps his point of view consistent (except for one small break, it is always Stewart's), and he tells his story within the confines of a single set. This is tour-de-force filmmaking of a sort, and Hitchcock has been highly, and I suppose justly, praised for it. He was legendary for planning a film so thoroughly in his head that shooting it was an anticlimax: to me, the films sometimes *feel* like anticlimaxes. They're so perfect that they're slightly dull. The meticulous planning ensures that no messy little surprises, no chance moments of grace or pleasure, will intrude. We're not so much in the hands of a master as in the grip of one. Even the movies of his I enjoy the most are a bit airless, and *Rear Window* is airtight. Skillful and amusing, it's also dry, suspenseful without being spooky, an academic exercise on the themes of marriage and murder. □

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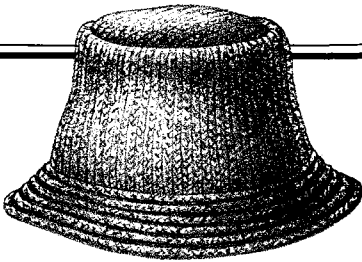
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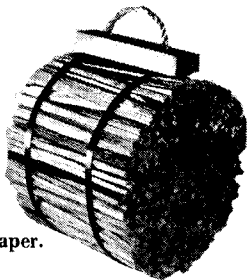
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BY WILFRID SHEED

CLASS: A GUIDE THROUGH THE AMERICAN STATUS SYSTEM
by Paul Fussell. Summit Books, \$14.95.

THE KINGDOM BY THE SEA
by Paul Theroux. Houghton Mifflin, \$15.95.



"ENGLAND IS AN imaginary country," says Paul Theroux at one despairing point in his travels around the UK coast: which gives both its friends and its enemies plenty to play with. Consider, for instance, what an anglophile like Paul Fussell has managed to do with one of England's grimmest institutions. In transporting the notion of a class system stone by stone to this country, he has somehow turned the reality from a dungeon into a playland tunnel of horrors, with skeletons screaming "Boo" and everyone having a good giggle.

Fussell believes, no doubt correctly, that Americans don't like to talk about class. What I, as a superannuated English refugee, don't understand is why anyone would want them to. After listening to the English chuffer interminably over who is and is not a gent, one yearns for some good old American reserve. In the same vein, the English talk about race a bit, "wogs" and such, which also seems to annoy people.

It strikes me as gallantly romantic to suppose that one can have class talk without race talk, but Fussell is American enough to try it, and he has written a whole book about class without once mentioning race. To an English snob, this just isn't serious. Why talk about class at all if one can't talk about "niggers"? But an anglophile needs his dream of class, because without it the England he thinks he loves disappears in a cloud of soot and a puddle of petrol.

The result here is a sort of "class without tears." Although the book may sound supercilious to squeamish Americans, it is, compared with the real thing, a gentle idyll about a brutal subject. Fussell's class system may growl and glare at people, but it wouldn't hurt a fly.

Indeed, it is only the author's insistence on the word itself that distinguishes *Class* from a score of how-to books. Americans will actually talk about class all day, as long as you call it something else: highbrow, lowbrow, power elite, preppy, "the other America." Behavior is our game, because you can do something about behavior. But class is like a funeral bell, sounding across water from the Old World. Abandon hope. Rest in peace. You are what you are. Fussell has tried to anatomize class distinctions in matters ostensibly open to choice (hats, lawns, clichés), but he makes it dolefully clear that you can't do much about these, either. Armed to the teeth with taste tips, the middle class will still *try* too hard and blow it, while the proles will simply roar past the point. Breeding will out. Read it and weep.

Stripped of its late-Victorian fatalism, *Class* actually looks quite a lot like Russell Lynes revisited, tweeds vs. yachting caps and all that, and it is best read as the same species of sport. This is decisively not the author of *The Great War and Modern Memory* at full stretch but a flaneur funning himself. One imagines a bunch of bright upper-middles assembled at a country house vying with each other in dredging up horrible examples and ghastly practices among the lowers—in other words, behaving Englishly. This house party of one has its funny moments, but the subject is still behavior, in and out, up and down. Has our host anything substantial to add to that? Well, Mr. Fussell has revised our class structure one more time, leaving us with two out-and-out upper classes and an upper-middle, perched unattainably above a middle-middle, and then no fewer than three sets of proles, who, in turn, look down on two layers of destitutes. The daring move here is to throw out the

Wilfrid Sheed is a novelist and critic whose most recent book is Clare Boothe Luce.

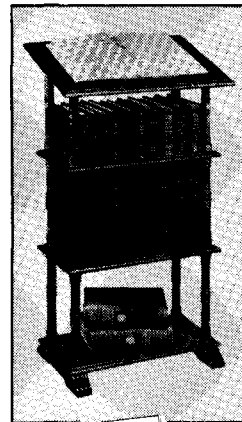
lower-middle altogether and replace it with proles: e.g., upwardly striving louts like those hearty young executives in the beer commercials who are not middle at all but high proles aping their betters at casual play.

This sounds about right. The English landlady class, which reads the *Daily Mail* for news of the Queen Mum, usually translates into something either more vigorous or more slatternly over here. But someone has to suffer when you draw new boundaries—and our poor middle-middle has to be stretched by Fussell to bursting to accommodate evacuees from the disbanded lower-middle. For instance, the people who take *The New Yorker* for their bible are forced to crowd in with people who talk in excruciating euphemisms and say "homes" instead of "houses." They are all linked in Fussell's chain of being by their deadly earnestness, while the upper-middles are transcendently distinguished by their sheer playfulness. But since this playfulness consists in things like calling one's cat Spinoza and one's Bloody Marys Bloodies, surely some middles could be squeezed up a notch. This sort of playfulness doesn't really seem too hard for even an earnest fellow to master.

Then, again, even with nine classes to play with, I can't find enough caste differences between the top two, the out-of-sight rich and the uppers, to justify their having berths to themselves. The author seems playfully inconsistent here, because he claims in a burst of democracy that class is not primarily a matter of money but—in this case, at least—entirely a matter of how you got your money: whether by inheritance or only mostly by inheritance. The mere uppers, it seems, have been irremediably stained by trade. But surely one might dare to hope that a few years at Kent and Princeton would protect against the ravages of "some attractive, if slight, work . . . controlling banks and the more historic corporations," etc.—and if this kind of work constitutes a class distinction, one would have to break the country into shards to find the others.

Likewise, I'm not sure why we need all those proles—except that if we dropped one batch of them we would be dangerously close to the old six-wicket game. Fussell's out-of-sight poor have clearly been concocted to pair off with the out-of-sight rich: if one goes, the other goes too, and we're down to two up-

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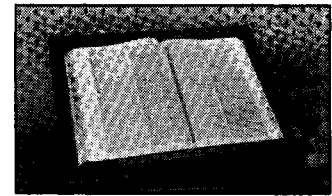


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pers, a spreading middle, and three lowers. But it doesn't really matter. The classifications turn out to be just another part of the game, and the other players are quite free to devise their own classes, crisscrossing upper haberdashery with middle lawn furniture to their hearts' content.

Which being so, I should like to propose a class of my own, consisting of Fussell's X people, those brave souls who fancy they have escaped the class system altogether. X's always dress down a peg: if the invitation says formal, they wear a dark suit. They drink cheap but "excellent" wine; they seldom eat out, preferring to dine unconventionally at home on Indo-Chinese (or "organic" or "health") food; they favor ironic lawn furniture, if any. In short, they are academics, manfully keeping up with last year's un conventions. In the outside world, ironic lawn furniture went out with funny answering services: one does not perpetuate one's jokes. Likewise, dressing down for banquets may have been daring stuff back in Edith Wharton's New York, but now that one can barely raise a quorum of dinner jackets, it is just loutish. As for not eating out, at last I have learned why the restaurants in college towns are so wretched.

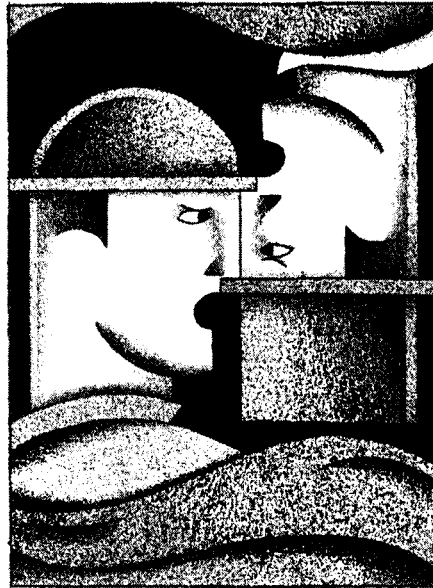
A town occupied entirely by X's would probably have no restaurants at all, except for a hot-dog stand for those citizens who want to "go [no doubt ironically] ape American" now and then; it would also have drab streets, because "the front yard must be nondescript." The back yard, being private, is everything. In short, Xville would be much like parts of England where the X's and U's went into hiding in their back yards years ago, while jeering at the squalor and mediocrity of the towns they had abandoned. Perhaps we should call them the "out-of-sight X's." Paul Theroux's book, which we'll get to in a moment, is a lingering look at the garbage dump behind the back-yard hedge.

Eventually there wouldn't even be any churches in Xville, because "X people never go to church. . . . Furthermore, they don't know anyone who does go, and the whole idea would strike them as embarrassing." Mind you, these people are also "instinctively unprovincial," and they know obscure parts of Paris and Rome "unostentatiously" but well. They just don't seem to know many Romans, let alone cardinals, who are *really* embarrassing. In contrast, Paul Theroux

(who doesn't go to them either) finds churches reassuring, a good sign in a town. So Xville in this respect would be even drabber than England. It would be the ultimate wasteland toward which the class system tends. Because America doesn't even have old cathedrals to preserve.

It is nice to hear that the X's are also extremely sensitive to other people; otherwise, we could be in trouble. So far are they from not being a class that their anti-laws are more stringent than the rules of a London club: you will do the unexpected in the following ways. And they write the books.

Paul Fussell tips his own hand early as an X, when he has his upper and upper-middle ladies imitating English country



fashions—once, he says, because England was strong, now because it is weak. He is, of course, talking about college teachers' wives. In real life, the English country gentleman once captivated the whole world not out of strength or weakness but because he was the best thing of his kind, like a Château Lafitte or a good Cuban cigar. The English country woman was, contrariwise, a mess, and the uppers caught on to this quite quickly, by upper standards, and turned back to the Continent. Only in the Academy do women still struggle into their plaid wool skirts and Shetlands, the uniform of the X's, who are not sensitive about *everything*.

With the same blind devotion to Englishness, the X's never praise each other's food and wine, because their "excellence [is] taken for granted." This

custom dates from a time when one's staff bought the wine and cooked the food, and it adds one more cheerless touch to the bleak community of Xville. I only hope that X's are allowed to praise each other's books, although the excellence of these, too, should be taken for granted. I myself have a kindlier explanation for their reticence, which is that X's just have stone palates, from too many hours in the cafeteria and from too many meals whose rottenness can be taken for granted, and that their silence is mainly one of numb resignation. More "excellent" cheap wine and little-known house brands of liquor. Oh, my. A chap's book is another matter.

I toyed with the idea that the X chapter was satire, in the manner of Kingsley Amis, whose *One Fat Englishman* counseled Americans to leave the cigar band on if they wished to be "in." However, there is a tone of almost middle-class earnestness in Fussell's closing passages, which seems to rule this out. Anyway, the X chapter is a small part of a jolly book that I would rather leave on a note of friendly quibble. Fussell does a real service in denouncing the word "prestigious," a French bastard if ever I met one, but would a Latinist really say "in suburbiam" for "in the suburbs"? Either suburbia is a neuter plural, like the dread "media," in which case "in suburbibus" is your rendering, or else you just leave it alone. In no case do you use the accusative. The gods of language are prankish, and anyone who lays down the law in their precinct is sure to split his britches sooner or later.

On this level—its best and most frequent—of quibble and counter-quibble, *Class* is a fine prickly pear of a book, willfully wrong in places, dead right in many more, and anyone who reads it will automatically move up a class, the way we do it in America. Although Fussell stresses individual salvation for the elect, in the Calvinist manner, I picture shoals of readers throwing out their funny T-shirts and ripping off their bumper stickers. Our status system may be complex, but there's nothing in this book that can't be learned.

Having removed birth and to some extent breeding ("some [X's] . . . come from the proles, or even the destitute"), Fussell has thrown the whole game open. Because from X to upper-middle—the great good place—is just a hop, skip, and a jump. In the end, Fussell reminds me of the kind of beetle-browed

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teacher or drill sergeant who scolds his charges mercilessly and calls them all hopeless, then waits with a glint to see how they come round. An American finds it as hard to give up on people as a European finds it easy.

THOSE X'S CONTINUED to haunt me as I waded through Paul Theroux's *The Kingdom by the Sea*—because they are nowhere to be found. The British coast round which Theroux plods is manned instead by the missing lower-middles of Fussell's America: clean, respectable, suspicious; not desperate, because they can't remember expectation, but vaguely indignant. "If I had only one word to describe the expression of England's face I would have said: insulted," Theroux writes. So much for the wreckage of a *real* class system.

Theroux represents a different stage of the American affair with England. It is very hard to keep the English myth going if you actually live there. Theroux writes like an old husband who has seen his beloved without makeup once too often. Outside the golden pale of Oxbridge and selected parts of London lurks a quite stupefying drabness, as if all that is bright and alive had been rushed to certain key sectors to show England at its best, while the rest is stuffed into a closet.

When a Britisher mocks America, he is, of course, comparing his best with our worst, and Theroux will have none of it. Instead, he rummages in the closet to find the other England, which he writes about with all the condescension of a Mrs. Trollope. By giving his people funny names, he establishes right away who's on top around here. In fact, he captures the *hauteur* of an English travel writer so successfully that at first one doesn't like *him* very much. Having done brilliant imitations in two recent novels, *Picture Palace* and *The Mosquito Coast*, he seems a bit at sea with his own persona, like a singer who doesn't know what to do with his hands, and one isn't sure that one wants to spend a long trip in his exclusive company. He seems to be standing around awkwardly in his own anecdotes when he should be getting out of the way, and his traveling habits are disconcerting: just as one wants to settle down in some comfy place, he is forcing us to our feet like a scoutmaster and striding ahead of us over the sands.

This is a problem endemic to travel

writing. The author doesn't have to be anywhere special, so his moves are governed by whim and restlessness. Nor, in this case, are we heading anywhere, as in *The Old Patagonian Express*: we're simply going round in circles, or whatever that peculiar shape is. At times, one might have preferred our pilgrimage to dip inland: seaside people are much of a muchness, even on Long Island (where the custom, which Theroux finds uniquely English, of driving to the sea and just looking at it flourishes), and inlanders might have given the book a sense of development.

All this, including the author's querulous self, changes when we get to Wales and changes drastically when we get to Ulster. But first there is the endless plod



through Limbo along the South Coast. How many miles do we have to go, Sir? Bournemouth, Bognor Regis, Bexhill-on-Sea. Quaint villages, pointless villages (nicely described, if you're going there—the landscaping never falters), and everywhere, landlady after pitiless landlady, and oaf after oafish fellow traveler, making guarded but still fatuous remarks about the Falklands war, then in progress. Every now and then, the author remembers his manners and strains to be polite, but the effect of unrelieved second-rateness clings to the page. Whatever is good on this coast is dead or non-human: the buildings, the rocks, the sea, to which the dead souls stare out as at an escape they should have taken once, an adventure missed and now a graveyard.

"The English take their pleasures sad-

ly." The company of day-trippers and those who cater to them in seaside resorts could wipe the smile off Tiny Tim. But Theroux's irritation is not just tourist-seasonal, as we discover when he hits the Celtic fringe. In Wales, where the tourists are as oafish as ever, the natives seem to open up for the first time, and in Ulster, where there is plenty to be suspicious about, there is a warmth and candor that breathes life glowingly back into the author and his book. The Ulster accent, he explains, sounds angry, indeed ferocious, but through all the snarling he couldn't find a single bigot: not because the bigots were covering up but because they have cordoned themselves off in fanatical bands, leaving a populace of scared, lonely souls (the English don't want them, the tourists have left) who talk with the zest of lighthouse keepers when someone chances along.

With Scotland, things begin to freeze over again, but the place is saved by its very strangeness. England is incurably familiar. In Wales and Ulster, respect enters the author's voice, and we realize how much it has been missing before. These people are no longer specimens but fellow human beings, and the author seems to snap out of a spell and become better company himself. It is as if England had taught him to sneer even as it sneers at itself (the Brits have written murderously about those seaside resorts), and now he is out of its clutches at last and can be his old self. The moment a man is most likely to turn against an adopted country is when he feels himself becoming part of it.

Thus, two cases: Paul Fussell, an American who might like to be English, but somehow isn't, and Paul Theroux, an American who has tried it and seems to have had about enough. Both are fastidious men, both are full-fledged X's, or, in England, E's. (The people who hand out these letters decided some time back that English U's break all their own rules, so the U's were thrown out of their own club and replaced by E's, for Educated. Meritocracy triumphant.) But Fussell cannily does his dreaming in Princeton, where he can rail at the native American Boob and take England on faith and memory. Theroux, determining on this biopsy of a trip to avoid castles and cathedrals and anything else that might seduce him, has sailed right through like Ulysses tied to his mast and found, beyond the phantoms, nothing.

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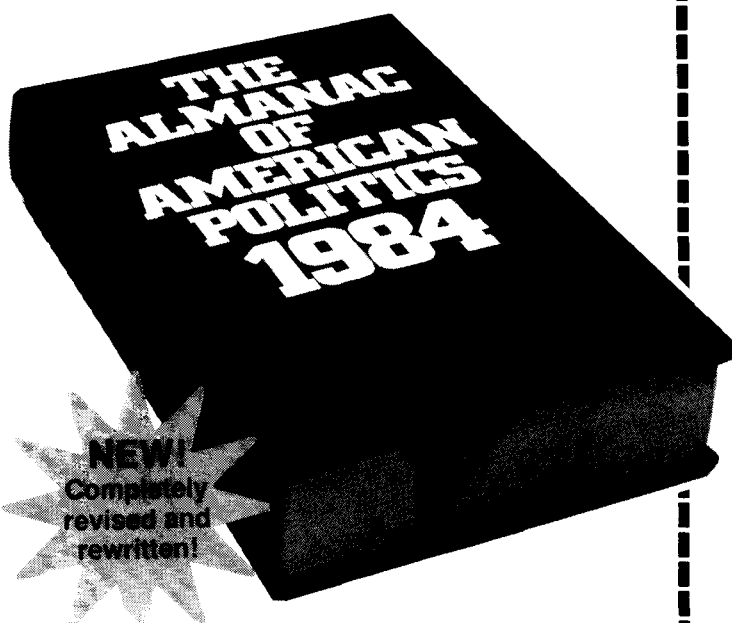
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October report on
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SELF INQUIRY
 by **M. Robert Gardner**

LITTLE, BROWN

Nothing to write home about, anyway. He did find bits and pieces of charm and a few of those famous eccentrics, as precious as good pottery to the tourist trade, though even these less good than they used to be. An Englishman might protest that you can't judge a nation by those scruffy resorts, but that's how Theroux judged Wales and Ulster, also. To the eye of a stranger, which may be easily deluded, a Welshman or an Irishman seems, for better or worse, like a complete person unto himself, while an Englishman seems all too often merely the sum of his class characteristics. "They were even worse to their own people than they were to ours," said my father, a Sinn-Fein-minded Australian. So maybe that's it.

Meanwhile, growing up among the weeds is a new class of proles who take less peacefully to the Great Nameless Insult, and delight in nothing so much as aimless destruction and venomous graffiti that scar the landscape like acne. If these hobbledehos keep it up long enough, the E's, reveling in their own back yards, may find themselves someday too horrified to leave. There is no place a ruling class of almost any sort would rather have them. □

THE JOURNALISM OF THE RIGHT

BY **JAMES FALLOW**

REFLECTIONS OF
 A NEOCONSERVATIVE:
 Looking Back, Looking Ahead
 by *Irving Kristol*.
 Basic Books, \$19.95.



IN ONE OF THE essays collected in this book, Irving Kristol calls himself "perhaps the only neoconservative." This is showmanship, of course. When he wrote this, in 1979, the neoconservative movement was already into its middle age. Through the 1970s, writing in *The Public Interest* had developed the academic and public-policy side of the theory, and writing in *Commentary* the cultural-criticism side. By the end of the decade, there was no shortage of people

James Fallow is Washington editor of The Atlantic.

who were either proud of or resigned to being classified as neoconservatives. Indeed, the occasion for Kristol's comment was his review of a book by Peter Steinfels about the neoconservative confederation.

Still, there is something to Kristol's claim, for he is different from most others in the movement. The distinction does not concern ideology; it has to do, instead, with temperament.

The public face of neoconservatism is typically a scowl. Who has seen a picture of Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick smiling? Her public demeanor epitomizes the most familiar neoconservative attitude: admonitory; cheerless; locked in grim combat with those seen as the enemies of American power, a capitalist economy, and Western democracy.

Irving Kristol can sound this way, as illustrated in this book by a few essays from the seventies about the threat from the "New Class" and the "adversary culture." But his heart does not really seem to be in it. Kristol says that, unlike his friends, he wasted no time fussing about the nuances of "neoconservative." Even though the term was first applied by Michael Harrington, who did not mean it as a compliment, "the sensible course . . . is to take your label, claim it as your own, and run with it." Also, "having been named Irving, I am relatively indifferent to baptismal caprice." Kristol has something in common with another cheerful Republican, William Safire, of *The New York Times*. Safire's winking hints that politics can be a game allow him to sound less embattled than, say, Patrick Buchanan, even when making exactly the same case. Similarly, Kristol most often sounds like a man who is having a good time, rather than someone speaking from the spleen.

This effect is heightened by Kristol's seeming awareness that neoconservatism has been good to him. He has, after all, become a public figure, christened godfather of the movement, on the strength of an oeuvre consisting of two volumes of previously published pieces (*On the Democratic Idea*, 1972, and *Two Cheers for Capitalism*, 1978). The present book is also a collection of essays, mainly from *Commentary* and *The Wall Street Journal*, plus several substantial pieces recycled from book number one. Unlike Norman Podhoretz and Joseph Epstein, Kristol does not make a point of acknowledging his own ambition. But his career interest in the movement remains

in the background, a part of the story that the worldly reader will recognize and understand.

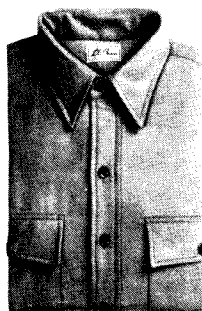
Most of Kristol's essays are positive in their approach: they argue for a certain outlook, rather than for viewing-with-alarm. Three related themes run through the essays.

The first is that the capitalist system has political as much as economic consequences. Capitalism does not guarantee liberty, Kristol says, but it does make liberty possible. "Neoconservatives do not think that liberal-democratic capitalism is the best of all imaginable worlds," he says, "only the best, under the circumstances, of all possible worlds." Capitalism should, therefore, receive more than a grudging recognition of its superior efficiency; it deserves a heartfelt defense from "neoconservatives [who] believe that the last, best hope of humanity at this time is an intellectually and morally reinvigorated liberal capitalism."

Kristol's second theme is that the American Revolution was a success—in fact, the only successful revolution in modern history—and that the political arrangements that flowed from it deserve impassioned support. The difference between the American and French revolutions, Kristol says, is the bourgeois, prosaic nature of the American. The authors of *The Federalist* and the Constitution did not promise citizens happiness, only the pursuit of happiness. "These [traditions] aim at a gradual improvement of the human condition—a process, moreover, in which each individual bears his share of responsibility for a successful outcome. . . ." Kristol says that such a revolution has less romantic appeal than one that makes utopian boasts. But only in America, he says, did the leaders of a revolution all die in bed; only here could a citizenry come to take its revolution's success for granted.

Kristol's third argument is that democracy is not self-maintaining. Its architects did not imagine that the play of self-interest would always and automatically lead to a harmonious result. There must also be an overlay of "republican virtues," such as self-restraint and a respect for the public good, as distinct from the sum of private desires. This leads Kristol into speculation about the modern-day state of the civic virtues. He argues, in one of the essays resurrected from *On the Democratic Idea*, that absolute permissiveness toward pornography

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is, in the end, a threat to liberty, because it undermines the public culture that democracy requires for its survival.

With minor tuning by Sinclair Lewis, some of these themes could be turned into a speech for the Zenith Rotary Club—but Kristol's point is precisely that such sentiments are unfairly dismissed as boosterism. We have an artistic tradition that lampoons the bourgeois virtues, he says; and an intellectual language that seems more comfortable with socialist liberation than with free enterprise. Capitalism lacks ideologues to speak on its behalf.

That is the void Kristol has set out to fill. Nearly every essay contends that modern politics is ideological politics, that the Western liberal-capitalist way might be undone by its neglect of its own poetry, romance, bravery. The left can march under the banner of "equality," but the right has had to mutter objections about "facing uncomfortable truths." He says that Americans are so complacent about their democracy's success that they nit-pick about its errors. American business has chosen the losing course of justifying itself on soulless, cost-benefit premises, "conceiving of itself as representing an abstract species of 'economic man,' rather than as men and women engaged in a fully human activity."

The neoconservative insistence on ideology has already made a difference in the American political culture. It has embarrassed mainstream liberals, although not many like to admit it, into recognizing that violent crime is a problem in itself as well as a symptom of other problems, and that stable families and a robust business class are important underpinnings of a healthy democracy. Unfortunately, its ideological crusades also account for the most maddening side of neoconservatism, which is clearly displayed in this book.

THE ESSENCE OF ideological politics is that ideas *about* a thing—the "larger context"—matter more than the thing itself. An ability to rise above specifics is obviously essential, but thought becomes all too easy when the details are merely stage business for another presentation of the main ideological theme. Leftist ideologues in Latin America can turn even a crop failure into one more demonstration of gringo imperialism. So conservative ideologues can turn complaints about acid rain into one more

demonstration that liberals hate American business. Tom Wolfe argued in *The Painted Word* that paintings were the least important part of modern art. Each new work was merely an occasion for hammering home some new critical theory. And what Jackson Pollock's paintings were to Clement Greenberg, the facts of politics are to Irving Kristol.

In an essay aptly titled "Ideology and Supply-Side Economics," for example, Kristol contends that the many liberals who opposed President Reagan's tax-cut scheme could not muster proof that it wouldn't work. Their real motive, he says, was their fear that it would work. If cutting everyone's taxes led, as promised, to a newly vigorous American economy, then the bankruptcy of liberal



thought would be exposed. It would be all the more galling, Kristol says, because it would prove that the liberal emphasis on economic redistribution was, and probably always had been, misplaced. "The real opposition to the Laffer curve has less to do with economics than with liberal egalitarianism," he concludes.

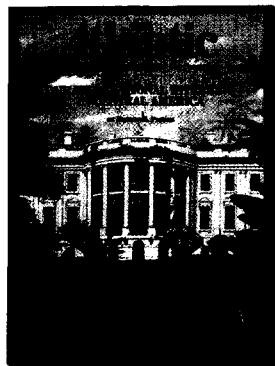
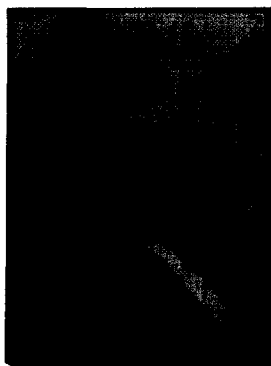
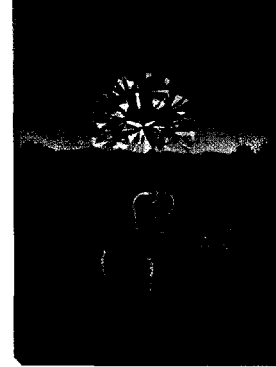
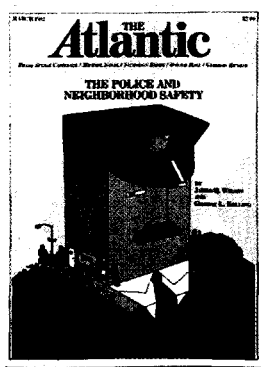
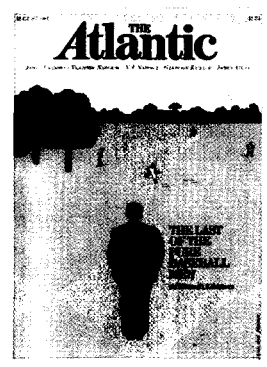
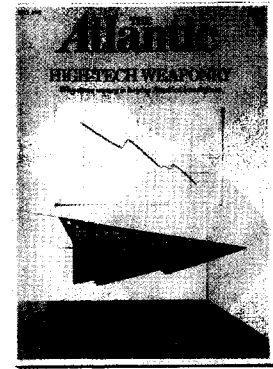
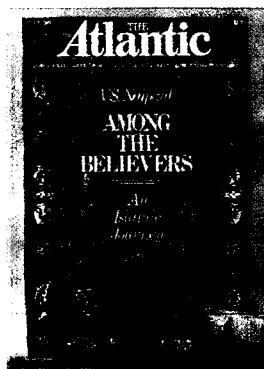
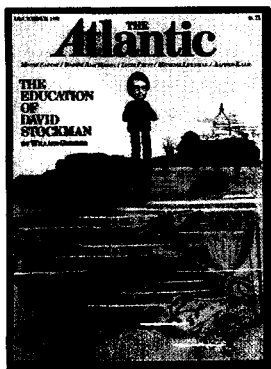
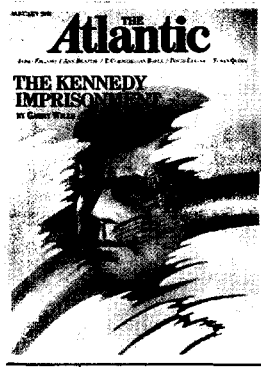
This point would be more telling if its converse were not also true: the real support for the Laffer curve had less to do with economics than with hostility to liberal egalitarianism. The case for cutting income-tax rates rested on conjecture, analogy, hope—in short, the very kind of evidence neoconservatives would sneer out of court if it were advanced on behalf of a public-school busing plan. Some people, perhaps including President Reagan, were sincerely convinced

by the supply-side reasoning, and backed the plan because of its imagined economic effects. But, to judge by Kristol's essay, neoconservatives found the supply-side scheme attractive chiefly because of the enemies it made. And once the symbolic battle was over, and a law enacted, Kristol was less interested in how the theory actually worked.

Whenever Kristol touches on specific, contemporary events, instead of larger theories of democracy and capitalism, he seems to have looked only far enough to find what he already knew was there. To prove that liberals are unrealistically obsessed with equality, he says, "I do not recall . . . a strike over [any] chief executive officer's very high salary." But sympathetic inside observers of the military and the corporation have testified time and again that top-to-bottom disparities in perks and comfort make a big difference in how their organizations work. Soldiers follow officers who share their risks; the United Auto Workers were more willing to take a pay cut in order to save Chrysler when they saw that Lee Iacocca was doing the same. Similarly, to prove that liberals are unreasonably obsessed with breaking up big business, Kristol says that antitrust actions against AT&T or IBM are symbolic exercises. If they succeeded, "all that would be accomplished is a slight increase in the number of large corporations, with very little consequence for the shape of the economy or the society as a whole." To be fair, Kristol wrote those lines in 1976, before the rippling effect of the AT&T divestiture was obvious. Still, one suspects that he wasn't looking very hard for contrary evidence even when he wrote.

Yet again on the "equality" mania: Kristol says that "if a \$100,000-a-year household thinks itself to be middle class, then it *is* middle class." In some sociological way, he is right. In economic terms (which are his context), he could not be more wrong. The worst problem in American public finance is the growth of "middle-class" benefits and entitlements, from Social Security to the mortgage-interest deduction. No less neoconservative a figure than David Stockman, in his days as a writer, pointed out that the programs were impossible to control because people near the top of the income pyramid thought of themselves as "middle-class," and therefore entitled to as much help as the next guy. Kristol himself acknowledges that modern social

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democracy "generates a momentum for equality—in the bizarre sense of special privileges for all—which, unless firmly controlled, creates an overbearing, bureaucratic state confronting a restless and 'ungrateful' citizenry." But that is in a different essay, in which he defines middle-class entitlements as a socialist pathology, and therefore has ideological reasons to consider them a threat.

There are, of course, neoconservative scholars who examine the particularities that Kristol skates past. Kristol is, however, a fair representative of the movement's journalists. From the outside, the neoconservative editorial process often seems to consist of ripping out articles from *The Nation* or going to a movie or observing a Catholic bishops' conference, and then decrying the predictable wrongheadedness. The result is literary criticism masquerading as political journalism. It can be masterful in its rhetoric, but it is only loosely connected to real events. If there were more reporting, more observation of life as it is lived rather than as it is hypothesized, more trips outside Manhattan, there might also be more conclusions that diverge from, and thereby refine, the previously established line. Neoconservatives might even escape the brittle orthodoxy that first made liberalism vulnerable. □

PAPA LIVES

BY JAMES ATLAS

*The reissue of
four Hemingway novels prompts
an assessment of the author's
reputation*



IT'S ALWAYS A gamble to reread the books one loved in youth. Most of Fitzgerald still holds up, but Thomas Wolfe is virtually unreadable. J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* turns out to be as good as I remembered it, but *Franny and Zooey* is unbearably cute. Scribner has recently reissued in hardcover Ernest Hemingway's four major works—*The Sun Also Rises*, *A Farewell to Arms*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and

James Atlas is an associate editor of *The Atlantic*.

The Old Man and the Sea—and I made my way through them again, mesmerized by Hemingway's genius as a storyteller and alarmed by the vicissitudes of his prose. The discrepancy between eloquence and maudlin self-indulgence was often visible on a single page; I never knew when he would soar and when he would lapse into the fabled macho pose that has proved so irresistible to parody. (I especially recommend Dwight Macdonald's essay in *Against the American Grain*, which begins: "He was a big man with a bushy beard and everybody knew him.") But there is something moving about this uneven achievement; Hemingway's tremendous vulnerability and his dogged efforts to master it, to push on at whatever cost, gave his life and work a terrible pathos.

Hemingway's apprenticeship, like everything else about him, constitutes a legend. By his early twenties he had found a style, the crisp declarative sentences and willfully simple diction of *In Our Time*; and with *The Sun Also Rises*, begun just after his return from Pamplona in 1925, he found his narrative voice. The dissolute expatriate scene he depicts may seem overly familiar to us now, the spare dialogue mannered, but Hemingway never sentimentalizes Jake Barnes's obsession with Lady Brett; the story's action, from Paris to Pamplona, unfolds with calculated simplicity. He had already mastered a technique of leaving things out that gave special emphasis to what he left in. Here is Jake Barnes looking over a whore: "She grinned and I saw why she made a point of not laughing. With her mouth closed she was a rather pretty girl." The only thing we're told about one Harvey Stone is that he "had a pile of saucers in front of him, and he needed a shave"—enough to convey his situation and the shabbiness of the whole boulevard scene. In a Montmartre nightclub, Jake glances over at the count who has become his latest rival for Brett and notices that "there were three girls at his table," establishing the count's decadence in a single image. Everything is understated, compressed—evidence of how confident Hemingway was of his material. I wasn't surprised to learn from Bernice Kert's gossipy new book, *The Hemingway Women*, that he wrote the first draft of *The Sun Also Rises* in two months; it has a concentrated fluency that no amount of revision can achieve, and that comes from having something definite to say.

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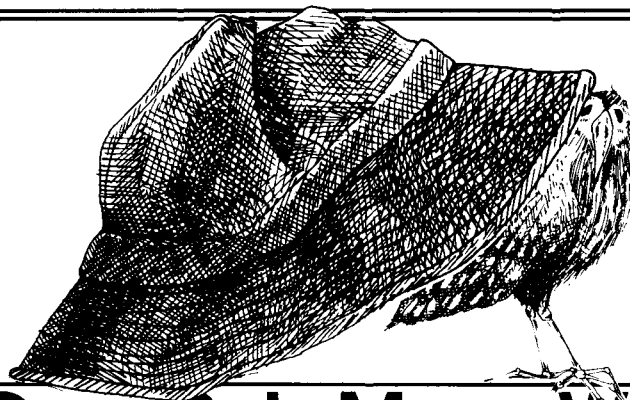
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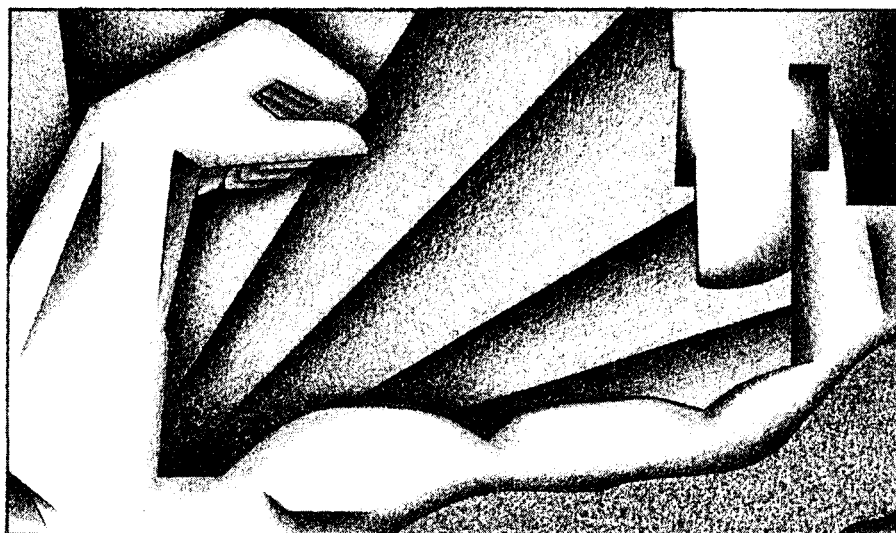
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SOME NOVELISTS CONFESS their weaknesses in their work; Hemingway confessed his strengths. He made his central characters men who stood apart from the terrible things they saw and studied life with cold detachment. Even when they got hurt, they were stoical about it. Jake suffers his rejection at Brett's hands without complaint, just as Lieutenant Frederic Henry, in *A Farewell to Arms*, endures the death of his lover, the English nurse Catherine Barkley. That Hemingway's marriage was falling apart in Pamplona, that the nurse he fell in love with while recovering from a wound received while driving an ambulance during World War I eventually ditched him for someone else, are facts of more than biographical interest; the only way he could deal with them in his work was by omission (Jake is unmarried) or by having the woman who betrayed him die in childbirth. He could never allow his protagonists to be confused or weak. They're shadowy figures, so well defended that they nearly forfeit our sympathy. One feels that these guys can take care of themselves.

It seems fair to say that Hemingway never really understood himself. His well-publicized front of bravado and he-man feats masked a nature that was somehow empty. What comes through in the huge volume of letters edited by Carlos Baker is the portrait of a man utterly deluded about the extent and sources of his pain, a malicious bully whose exploits served to fill up a life in which something—love, empathy, genuine interest in others—was missing. He could never seem to hit upon the right tone, addressing his correspondents in a garrulous, swaggering voice that always

came off sounding hollow ("Hadley and I have been very tight and having a swell time"). He dwelled with sentimental enthusiasm on the joys of domestic life while going through four wives; praised his contemporaries to their faces and dismissed them after they died; disparaged and celebrated himself in the same breath ("I am truly, and I say this in all humility, very brave; that is brave enough to sell it as a commodity. . ."). He laid bare his confusion, his resentment, his doubt, in everything he wrote, but never seemed to know it.

Hemingway's literary versions of himself reflect this self-deception. Jake, Frederic Henry, Robert Jordan in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, are men without qualities, bleak-hearted adventurers obsessed with proving themselves. Jake has to show off how much he knows about bullfights, and Lieutenant Henry is annoyingly competitive, putting down the doctor who doesn't drink and admiring the one who does; ridiculing a boxing instructor who "went all to pieces if you started after him"; boasting of his sexual prowess, his bravery, his taste in wine. Robert Jordan is another virile guy, an unreal exemplar of Hemingway's motto, "Grace under pressure." Vain about his ability to identify types of guns and planes ("Now, as they moved out of sight toward Segovia, they did not look to be the green, red wing-tipped, low wing Russian conversion of the Boeing P32 that the Spaniards called *Moscas*"), and patronizing toward the guerrillas he's working with behind the fascist lines ("give the men tobacco and leave the women alone"), Jordan is too courageous to be believed. He can ride, shoot, wire a bridge with explosives, even face his

own death with equanimity. Fear is just another obstacle to be mastered.

Whenever Hemingway leaves his heroes to themselves (usually during some lull in the action), he gets in trouble. They can't seem to reminisce without becoming sentimental. Frederic Henry recalling the joys of whoring in the Abruzzi ("Suddenly to care very much and to sleep to wake with it sometimes morning and all that had been there gone and everything sharp and hard and clear. . .") sounds like a bad imitation of Molly Bloom. Jordan goes on at tedious length about the good old days, musing reverentially on his grandfather's heroic deeds in the Civil War ("Aw hell, I wish Grandfather was here, he thought") and dismissing his father, a suicide like Hemingway's, as "that other one that misused the gun." This is the closest Hemingway ever gets to writing about what must have been one of the most traumatic episodes of his life.

A bitter loneliness afflicts these characters. The only love Hemingway ever convincingly describes is between various "buddies"—Jake and his fishing companions, Henry and his roommate—who provide the special kind of fellowship that harks back to boyhood, sharing stuff girls don't know about. Women seem to exist wholly for the pleasure of his protagonists, like the good whiskey they're always extolling. The dialogue between Henry and his lover, Catherine, is enough to make one wince:

"We won't fight."

"We mustn't. Because there's only us two and in the world there's all the rest of them. If anything comes between us we're gone and then they have us."

"They won't get us," I said. "Because you're too brave. Nothing ever happens to the brave."

And so on. Henry is gruff but tenderhearted, Catherine utterly passive—an "adolescent daydream," in Macdonald's pitiless estimate. And the love scenes in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* are even worse; Robert Jordan can't look at Maria without feeling "a thickness in his throat" (I counted four such thickenings within as many pages). The lovers' notorious talk about how "the earth moved" when they made love is more ludicrous than I remembered. Hemingway was obviously fond of the phrase; they resort to it three times on a single page, and then Maria tries it out on the wise old woman Pilar, vying with her for the distinction of who

has known the earth to move most times. Nothing is harder to write than sex scenes, but Hemingway's stream-of-consciousness rendering of this geological phenomenon ("Come now, now, for there is no now but now. Yes, now. Now, please now. . .") isn't one of the more notable attempts.

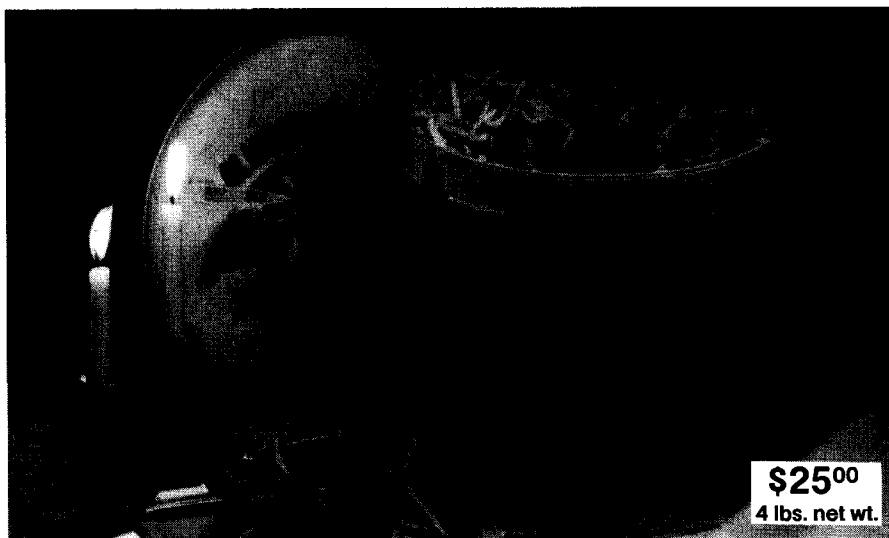
FACED WITH THE technical problem of how to put into English a novel whose entire cast speaks in Spanish, Hemingway hit upon the curious method of literally translating Spanish grammar, diction, and idiom to convey the language's character. (A case of imitative fallacy, if there ever was one.) Thus we have, repeated again and again, such peculiar curses as "I obscenity in the milk of thy mother," and "Take your bad milk out of here, you horse exhausted *máricón*." Pilar, in a highly implausible flashback that goes on for some thirty pages, speaks in a kind of stylized poetry that no one has ever spoken and only Hemingway ever wrote:

And as we stood there the sun rose over the far hills and shone now on the road where we stood and on the white wall of the barracks and the dust in the air was golden in that first sun and the peasant who was beside me looked at the wall of the barracks and what lay there and then looked at us and then at the sun and said, "*Vaya*, a day that commences."

This from a writer noted for his command of idiom.

Hemingway couldn't *not* write in this style. It was "his way of life," Harry Levin noted, in a brilliant anatomy of its features (see *Memories of the Moderns*), a reflection of his remorseless will to see, and to register what he saw with as little elaboration as possible. The linked, run-on sentences, the plain vocabulary, the internal monologues, are pared down to give the narrative momentum. Among their many virtues, Hemingway's novels are exciting to read; they course with rapid action. What gives his novels such heightened urgency is the succession of brisk images. Hemingway can sustain a breathless pace for chapters at a time, piling image upon image, scene upon scene, until the need to know what happens next submerges every other consideration. He isn't a leisurely reader.

One of the most powerful impressions one gets from *The Sun Also Rises* is of how desolate Hemingway felt by the



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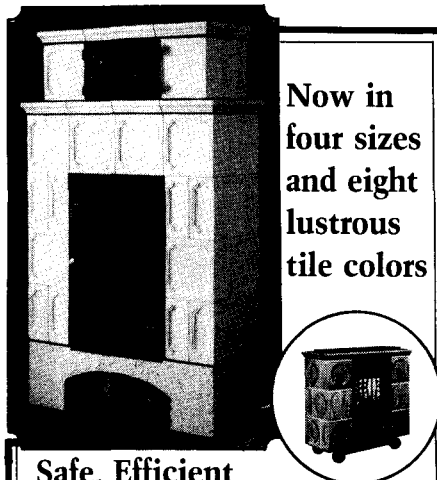
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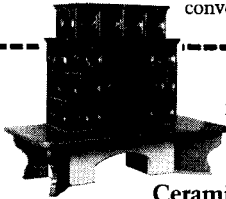
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time he was in his twenties. The novel is saturated with details that convey an overpowering sense of depression:

The flags in the square hung wet from the white poles and the banners were wet and hung damp against the front of the houses, and in between the steady drizzle the rain came down and drove every one under the arcades and made pools of water in the square, and the streets wet and dark and deserted; yet the fiesta kept up without any pause. It was only driven under cover.

For all the devoted attention he lavishes on the world—the sad beauty of Paris, the pristine clarity of a trout stream high up in the mountains—an aura of profound melancholy clings to Jake and his crowd. The fiesta in Pamplona is evoked with a detached exactitude that points up the characters' desperation: the incessant piping of fifes; the drunken men in the cafés "singing the hard-voiced singing"; the "wine-shops with light coming out from their doors onto the wet, black street" in the town at night. Against this somber backdrop, the deceptions of Lady Brett and her thwarted, quarreling lovers seem even more heartbreaking. When Brett confesses to Jake that she's fallen for the matador, and pleads with him to arrange a tryst, Hemingway manages to write the entire scene without a single reference to how Jake felt except that "it was not pleasant." After Brett and the matador go off, he returns to the café and notices their three empty cognac glasses on the table: "A waiter came with a cloth and picked up the glasses and mopped off the table." There the chapter ends.

The cinematic quality of this style, its immediacy and urgent pace, made it a perfect vehicle for the war scenes that were Hemingway's great achievement. His ability to chronicle the experience of combat was unequalled—an astonishing accomplishment for someone who never actually fought in either World War I or the Spanish Civil War. The logistics of troop movements, the panic of soldiers and fleeing peasants, the contrast between the natural beauty of the countryside and the ruin war inflicts: it was when Hemingway was working with a large canvas that he was most effective. The shelling, the wounded on stretchers, the caravans of trucks moving through the mountains in *A Farewell to Arms*, have a lurid, Goyaesque clarity:

The wounded were coming into the post, some were carried on stretchers, some walking and some were brought on the backs of men that came across the field. They were wet to the skin and all were scared. We filled two cars with stretcher cases as they came up from the cellar of the post and as I shut the door of the second car and fastened it I felt the rain on my face turn to snow. The flakes were coming heavy and fast in the rain.

Here the syntax spills forward with scarcely a qualifying adjective, depending for its effect on repetition and on strong monosyllabic verbs. Henry's portentous musings on the futility of war seem fatuous beside his clear-eyed account of how war looks.

A Farewell to Arms is narrated in the first person; *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, published eleven years later, is told by a whole cast of characters—Robert Jordan, Jordan's lover, Maria, the peasants enlisted to help Jordan blow a bridge, a famous revolutionary, various Loyalist officers, even a fascist lieutenant. The novel shifts effortlessly from voice to voice, enabling Hemingway to portray the war from every side. Jordan's is the least plausible of these voices; it's the peasants who bring home the courage and terror latent in every skirmish. The meanspiritedness that spoils Hemingway's letters and his memoir, *A Moveable Feast*, is nowhere in evidence. For those who were no threat—soldiers, peasants, doomed revolutionaries—Hemingway was capable of unaffected sympathy, and his intuitions about what they must have gone through constitute a radical imaginative feat. The scene where a few guerrillas make their last stand on a hilltop, fending off a battalion of fascists only to perish when planes are brought in to bomb them from above, is nearly unbearable to read. Praying madly, firing at the strafing planes, they're caught at the very moment of death:

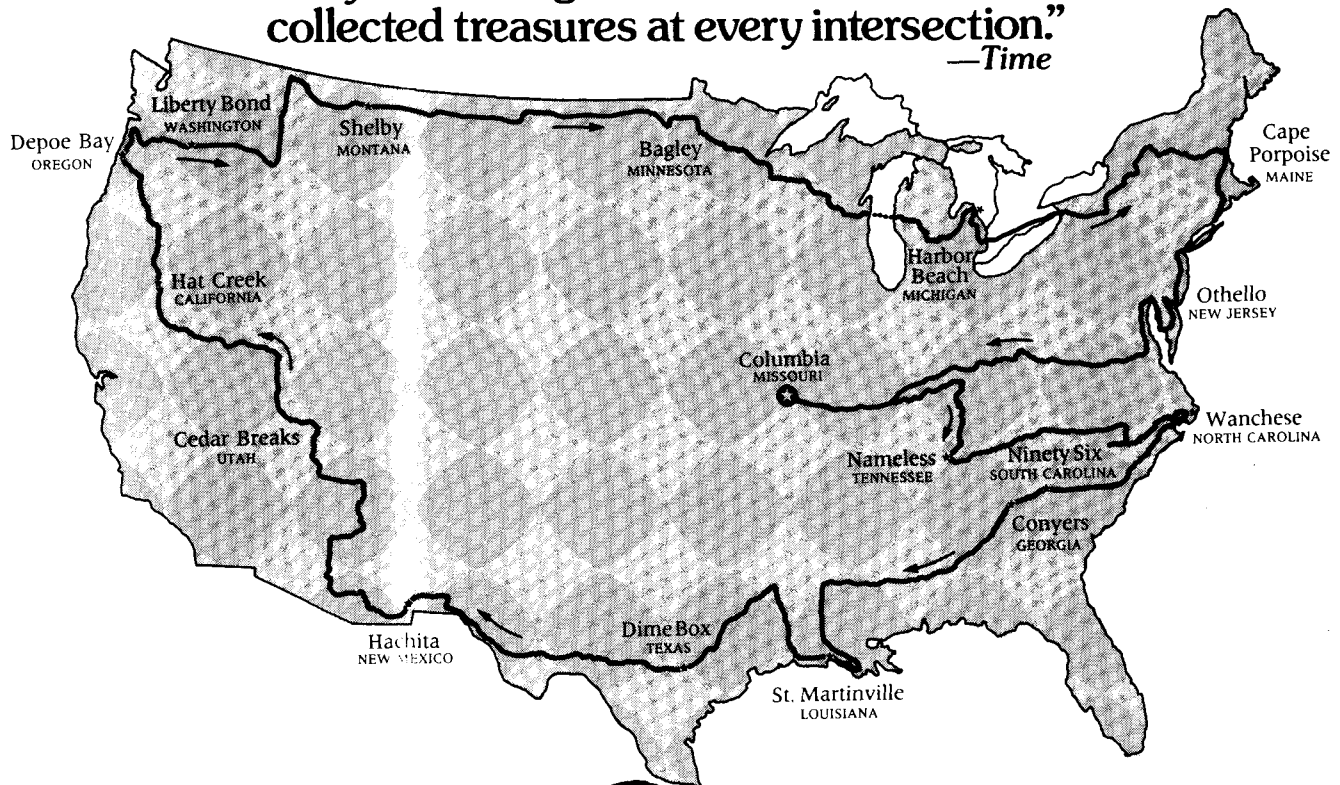
Then, through the hammering of the gun, there was the whistle of the air splitting apart and then in the red black roar the earth rolled under his knees and then waved up to hit him in the face and then dirt and bits of rock were falling all over and Ignacio was lying on him and the gun was lying on him. But he was not dead because the whistle came again and the earth rolled under him with the roar. Then it came

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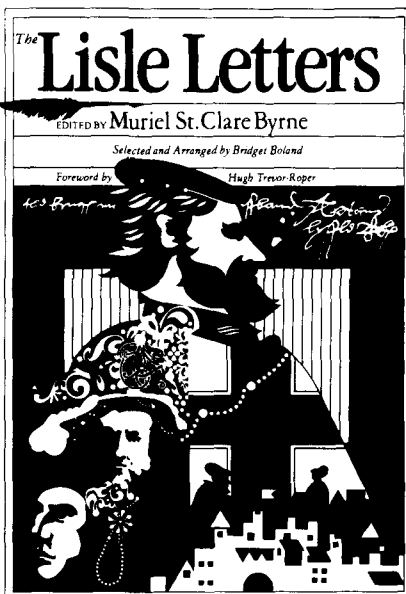
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 Also available from The Atlantic Bookstore, page 125

again and the earth lurched under his belly and one side of the hilltop rose into the air and then fell slowly over them where they lay.

Hemingway's terse valediction is a masterpiece of indirect summary: "The planes came back three times and bombed the hilltop but no one on the hilltop knew it."

For Whom the Bell Tolls made Hemingway a hero of the left in Spain, but he was too shrewd an artist to write a partisan book. The fascist lieutenant who storms the hill is given equal time to brood about how war is hell, and when, on the last page, Jordan lies dying behind a tree, submachine gun at the ready to take a few fascists with him, who should ride into view but this same lieutenant. Men are men, and both sides suffer equally: a hackneyed truth, perhaps, but a profound one.

THE END OF Hemingway's career was a sad business. The last novels were self-parodies, none more so than *The Old Man and the Sea*. The internal monologues of Hemingway's crusty fisherman are unwittingly comical ("My head is not that clear. But I think the great Dimaggio would be proud of me today"); and the message, that fish are "more noble and more able" than men, is fine if you're a seventh grader. "The sea is the sea. The old man is an old man. The boy is a boy and the fish is a fish," Hemingway explained to Bernard Berenson. "All the symbolism that people say is shit." He was right about that.

Why do so many American writers have disastrous final years? I suspect the public attention devoted to their careers has something to do with it. Hemingway claimed to have nothing but contempt for the journalistic creation known as "Papa," but the safari-suited, marlin-hunting tough whose exploits filled the pages of *Life* magazine was a persona he created himself. The vow of unworldliness demanded as a condition of belonging to the order of artists wasn't for him, and he made sure everyone knew it. Hemingway resisted the narrowness of the writer's life in America as strenuously as he could—hunting, fishing, covering wars—but he was always haunted by that next book. Like Fitzgerald and Faulkner, Dos Passos and James T. Farrell, he had done his best work by the time he reached his forties, but he forced himself to go on, toting up

the number of words he produced each morning until he killed himself. Maybe if he'd found some other way to live his life, some role that honored his achievement without demanding that he exceed it, he wouldn't have felt compelled to keep on writing when he had nothing more to say.

Even so, he managed to produce—since we must keep score—three novels and an imposing opus of stories that have lasted, as he knew they would. For all his bluster, his conspicuous roistering in far-off lands, his stubborn production of bad books, he was an obsessive craftsman who created through sheer hard work one of the most distinctive prose styles in the English language. To read through these handsome, plainly designed editions of his best-known works is to be reminded that whether or not he "beat Mr. de Maupassant" or "fought two draws with Mr. Stendhal," as he once boasted to a reporter, Hemingway could go the distance with any novelist of the twentieth century. □

SHORT REVIEWS



HANDMADE IN AMERICA by Barbaralee Diamondstein. Harry N. Abrams, \$49.50. Fourteen masters of such crafts as glassblowing, weaving, and basketry have been interviewed by Ms. Diamondstein, who asks intelligent questions about why and how they make the things they do. The answer to why is basically consistent. These men and women love their clay, thread, wood, or metal, and are perpetually pleased by what their particular substance can be made to accomplish. The answers to how range from the extremely, even evasively, technical to explanations so forthright that one is briefly deluded into thinking one could duplicate the process. No chance. These are great and highly original experts, and their work, as the photographs prove, is complex as well as beautiful.

COLD HEAVEN by Brian Moore. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$14.95. The heroine of Mr. Moore's latest novel suffers considerable inconvenience because, as a determined agnostic, she declines to

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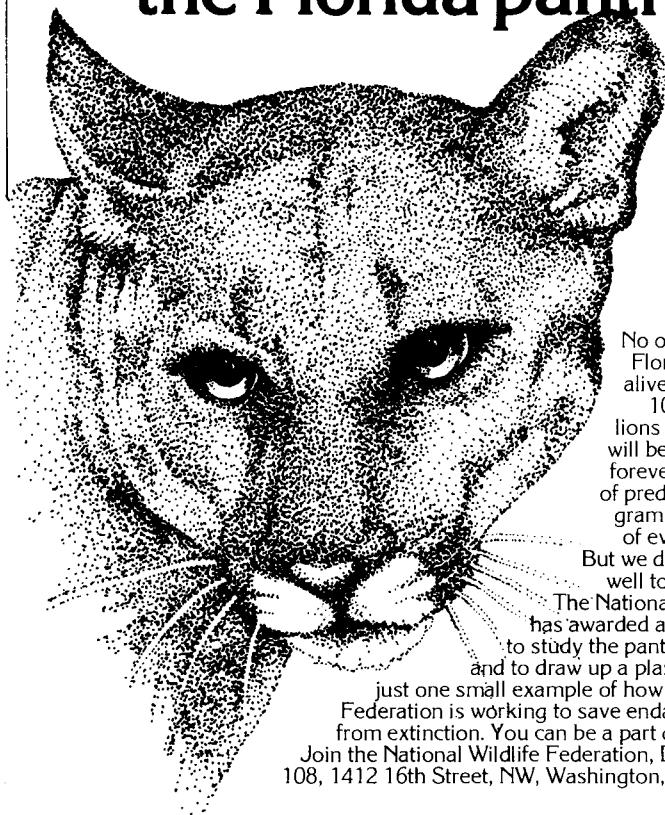
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cooperate with a vision of the Virgin Mary. Readers of little faith will do well to avoid this excursion into the miraculous. The devout may find the tale rewarding or, possibly, infuriating.

THE GARDEN OF ELOQUENCE by Willard R. Espy. Harper & Row, \$16.95.

Mr. Espy loves the English language and deplores what he considers its current abuse and underemployment. In the hope of stimulating a salutary understanding and use of rhetorical refinements, he has contrived a dream—too fanciful for description—explaining the nature of each linguistic device and reinforcing that explanation with effective and amusing examples, from "actio" to "tmesis." He was inspired to this work by the Reverend Henry Peacham, who attempted, back in the sixteenth century, to bring some order to the exuberance of Elizabethan English. Portions of Peacham's original *Garden of Eloquence*, suitably edited, are included in Mr. Espy's book, and readers with a low tolerance for whimsy may actually prefer these relics.

THE DEVIL'S STOCKING by Nelson Algren. Arbor House, \$16.95/\$8.95.

Algren began his last book as a report on a murder case in Patterson, New Jersey—a case in which the guilt of the accused was doubted by sympathetic observers despite his conviction. Eventually, Algren decided to transform the material he had gathered into fiction. Although this process enabled him to enliven fact with the kind of gritty semi-underworld episodes that he handled with notable skill and assurance, it produced a loose-hung book in which the remains of reportage and the inventions of the novelist never quite fit together. But if the whole is a bit shaky, many of the parts are splendid, and worth reading for their own brilliant sake.

THE ROSENBERG FILE by Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$22.50.

Thanks to the Freedom of Information Act and a suit brought by the sons of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, a vast amount of previously sequestered material became available for study by Mr. Radosh and Ms. Milton. Their conclusion, most convincingly presented, is that Rosenberg was indeed the director of a spy ring that delivered technical information, including whatever the members could learn about

American atomic research, to the Soviet Union both during and after World War II. Even readers with no previous interest in what J. Edgar Hoover miscalled "the crime of the century" should be intrigued by the authors' analysis of the court proceedings. The prosecution was hampered by the government's fear that its own scientific witnesses might, through pressure or carelessness, reveal matters thought to be still safely secret. The defense was positively hamstrung by fear that statements might emerge that would alert the FBI to facts it had not yet discovered. The trial that resulted from these unacknowledged restrictions was very strange indeed. It was not, however, a frame-up of the Rosenbergs. Their execution remains a useless act of barbarism.

IN THE BEGINNING by *Everett Fox*. Schocken, \$14.95. On the assumption—supported by scholarship—that the Book of Genesis originated as oral literature with a certain poetic element, Mr. Fox has made a translation that attempts to reproduce the rhythms and sound patterns of the Hebrew text. (The puns have proved impossible.) The result of his work is something very different from the usual English version, less literal in its narrative, and with a more obvious resemblance to other antique texts. Its effect will probably vary in accordance with whatever preconceptions a reader brings to it. In any case, the accompanying notes and commentary provide a fine illustration of the intricate problems of translation.

THIS MAN AND MUSIC by *Anthony Burgess*. McGraw-Hill, \$14.95. In addition to being a novelist, critic, and translator, Mr. Burgess is a self-taught, although not amateur, composer of music. He is understandably interested in the relationship he perceives between the creation of a musical score and the creation of a literary work. His arguments, thanks to technical terms, are not always easy to follow, and his conclusions are sometimes questionable, but his prose is always elegant and his ideas are provocative.

MARBOT by *Wolfgang Hildesheimer*. Braziller, \$16.50. Mr. Hildesheimer has written fiction and also a well-received biography of Mozart. He has now produced a biography of Sir Andrew Marbot, complete with illustrations, foot-

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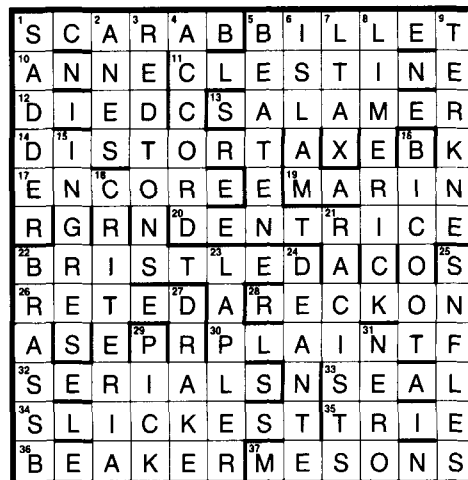
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notes, and references to the work of previous scholars. Marbot, an English aesthete and critic of the Regency period, met absolutely everybody worth meeting, corresponded with distinguished personages, conducted a love affair with his mother, and disappeared, presumably by suicide, before reaching the age of thirty. His speculations on the influence of unrecognized psychological motives on an artist's work were far in advance of his time. His notes on the subject were, unfortunately, left in fragmentary if stimulating condition. Now, this fellow Marbot never existed. Mr. Hildesheimer has amused himself by employing a structure for fiction that is unusual but not, strictly speaking, new, for what is fiction but the partial biography of somebody who never existed? What Mr. Hildesheimer has truly invented here is a good, sound excuse for avoiding dialogue and direct accounts of action while introducing bits of historical information on everyone from Goethe to Berlioz. There may be even more to this deadpan jape than immediately appears. Marbot describes activities at Byron's Pisan villa (of course he visited Byron—who didn't?), where Byron, Shelley, and Hunt are happily reciting their verse to each other, undeterred by Byron's wandering pets and Hunt's disorderly children. Such a scene could have occurred only between July 3, when Byron returned from his unsatisfactory summer house, and July 7, when Shelley sailed to what would be his death. During that time, Hunt and Shelley were trying to organize a projected magazine, Hunt was installing his family, Shelley was worrying about his wife's health, and Byron was trying to deter the authorities from throwing his mistress's relatives out of the city. What Marbot reports is unlikely to the point of absurdity. Would a general check reveal similarly discrepancies in all of Marbot's adventures?

TIKAL by Daniel Peters. *Random House*, \$16.95. Mr. Peters has, one suspects, studied every bit of information on Mayan society of the eighth century that archaeology can provide, and used most of it in his new novel. What archaeology cannot provide is individual characters to give human scale and animation to the mass of background material. Mr. Peters has not provided such characters either.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers to the September Puzzler, "ABSOLUTELY!"



The diagram admitted no ifs, ands, or buts.

Across. 1. SCARAB 5. B(ILL)ET 10. ANNE (hidden) 11. CLAN-DESTINE 12. DANIFIED (anag.) 13. SALAMANDER (anag.) 14. DI-STORT (rev.) 17. E(NCO)RE 19. MAN-DARIN (*drain* anag.) 20. DENTIFRICE (anag.) 22. BRISTLED (anag.) 26. RE(BUTT)ED 28. REC(K)ON (anag. + k) 30. PLAIN-TIFF 32. SERIALS (homophone) 33. SEAL (double def.) 34. S(LICK)EST (*Tess* anag.) 35. TRI(BU)TE 36. BE(A-K)ER 37. MESONS (anag.) Down. 1. S-ADDER 2. BU(TANE)S (*neat* anag.) 3. RED BUTT(ON)S 4. A-C-CORD 5. BE-A-TEN 6. I-SLAM 7. LA-ND T(A)X 8. LIME-RICK 9. BUTTER KNIFE (anag.) 15. INGRES(s) 16. BANDI(COO)T 18. C(RITE-R)IA 21. RA(CIS)TS (rev.) 22. BR(ASS B)AND (*bass* anag.) 23. LAP-LANDER (pun) 24. D(EBUT)ANTE (*tube* rev.) 25. SNIF-FLES (*fins* rev. + *self* rev.) 27. DRAKE (double def.) 29. PICK (double def.) 31. N(ER)O

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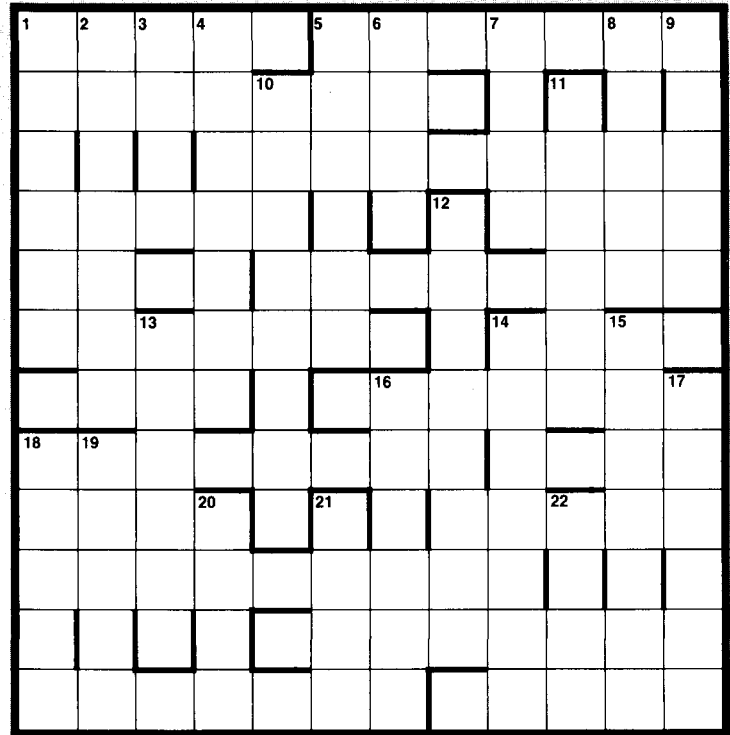
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

DIARY OF A MADMAN

The account below, which seems to consist of fragments from the diary of a madman, actually comprises the 20 Across clues to this month's puzzle. The clues are not in proper diagram order; solvers can determine their placement in the grid by using the Down answers as guides. All punctuation in the diary is mere dressing, and should be disregarded. The puzzle's answers include 8 proper nouns; one Across word (the 14th clued in the diary) is not a familiar one.

*The solution to last month's
Puzzler appears on page 125.*



ACROSS

February 2: Turned myself in (scandal!). Unfortunately, I'd flipped, going bonkers. Upset with doctor . . . argued about taking "Love Cup"—stuff containing narcotics.

Wed., March 1: On board bloody white slaver, in hold of ship. I'm padlocked securely and don't eat. Boxed with Pole; Russian is coming in.

March 7th: Heaven! Awful rough sea for me, a famous general! On one side of ship, dope's distributed.

Sat., All Fools' Day: Pilot of craft is heading for an island off the coast of Italy. At sea, spray reveals husky sperm whale. Catch a great many, one time missing black one.

Fri., May 20: Mad about mediocre home

for Napoleon. Having fit about crowded island. Must have valet, chapeau!

Sun., August 1: Restrained by ten men dressed in white . . . a sedative . . . comfort . . .

DOWN

1. Bad press about first-class extras (6)
2. Kitty atop mountain, on a tree (7)
3. Planets in conjunction on the fifth of October (Saturday) (4)
4. Crash into separate embankment (7)
5. Inside Maine hotel, I noted mouse (6)
6. Like whitish powder for a fling (4)
7. Scold class (4)

8. Get rid of article in Gaelic (5)
9. Had a meal in room I had set up (5)
10. Castle in Spain is ready to be renovated in construction project (8)
11. Attic's strangely still (6)
12. Auto has scratch mark covering the left side (8) (2 words)
13. Climb a trail (6)
14. Artist can make picture like so (7)
15. Knotted string art and stuff found in West (7)
16. Makeup for welcomer? (6)
17. Caught in deal that's crooked (6)
18. Place for hiding, say, money (5)
19. Frighten Capone with weapon (5)
20. Unprecedented spot? (4)
21. Sharp wail (4)
22. Arguments in favor of big-time athletes (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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CHEROKEE

33 ^{'84 EST.} ^{'84 EPA*}
HWY / 24 EST. MPG

S-10 BLAZER 4X4

31 ^{'83 EST.} ^{'83 EPA*}
HWY / 22 EST. MPG

BRONCO II

30 ^{'84 EST.} ^{'84 EPA*}
HWY / 20 EST. MPG

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*Use figures for comparison. Your mileage may vary with speed, weather, trip length. Actual highway and CA figures lower. '84 figures for S-10 Blazer 4x4 not available at printing.

ALL-NEW CHEROKEE	S-10 BLAZER 4X4	BRONCO II
101.4	100.5	
7.7	6.9	
YES	NO	
71.2	62.7	
5	4	
YES	NO	
YES	NO	
1150	1000	
YES	NO	
YES	NO	

Jeep



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